THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

Vol XI. COLORADO SPRINGS, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881. No. 31

H r Birthday.

She blushed as she stood by my side,
Most modest and sweetest of misses,
And said, 'twixt a smile and a sigh,
"Do you really forget what day this is?"

It wasn't the Fourth of July,
Nor the twenty-fifth day of December,
Nor the First of April, and so
I vowed that I couldn't remember.

"Why, this is my birthday, sir,"
She pouted. And, like Ulysses,
I sprang to duty at once,
Nor counted the number of kisses.

"'Tis more than enough," she cried,
With merriest prohibition.
"Dear girl!" I at once replied,
"We'll prove it by Long Division."

But if, I am free to say,
This modest and sweetest of misses
Had more than one birthday a year,
There'd soon be corner on kisses.

—Harper's Weekly.

The Arab And The Donkey.

An Arab came to the river side,
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;
But he would not try to ford the tide,
For he had too good an *.

—[Boston Globe.

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell,
For he knew, should the donkey from life subside,
He never would find his $.

—[Salem Sunbeam.

When morning dawned and the tide was out,
The pair crossed over 'neath Allah's protection;
And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt,
For he had the best donkey in all that $.

—[Somerville Journal.

The donkey was seen by a Yankee man.
Who raised his voice and loud did holler,
"How much 'll you take for that 'ere beast,
In gold or silver or paper $?"

—[Detroit Free Press.

Then the Arab said to the Yankee quiz,
This donkey's worth more than his face;
His voice a mine of richness is,
And I raise his price every time he $.

A Vessel's Flight With the Ice.

The wreck of the Danish mail steamer Phœnix, which took place off the west coast of Ireland, was attended by very peculiar circumstances, which are thus described by J. A. Allen in Nature as follows:

"The vessel (about 450 tons burthen) sailed with a cargo and mails from Copenhagen for Leith, the Faroe Islands and Iceland about the middle of January. Nothing particular occurred until after leaving the Faroes, when she ran into a severe gale, which rapidly increased to a perfect hurricane, while at the same time the temperature fell to about 50° F. of frost (18° F.) Such cold is not extraordinary in these latitudes in winter, but fortunately it is seldom associated with very high winds. Under the circumstances in which the Phœnix was placed every sea that she shipped froze, and the deck soon became covered with a foot or two of solid ice. As time passed on the continued action of the sea raised a perfect iceberg on the forward part of the vessel, while the showers of spray carried along by the steadily increasing gale covered the masts, yards and rigging with an ever thickening coat of ice. Two or three days passed without the least abatement of the storm, and then the half-smothered steamer went over on her beam-ends. The crew succeeded on cutting away the masts, and she once more righted.

"It however was clear, the gale showing no signs of breaking, that the relief was only temporary. The ice continued to form on the vessel, particularly about the forecastle, where, piled high above the bulwarks, and overhanging the sides, it threatened, by altering her trim, to raise the propeller out of the water. Under these circumstances, on the morning of January 29 Captain Kihl decided to run the steamer ashore while daylight lasted. At some distance from the land she struck on a sunken rock, and the crew, taking to the boats, only succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the shore, saving nothing but their lives, the English mail, and a bundle of blankets which (when carried ashore) were found to be useless—frozen into a solid lump. Their situation in deep snow on the desolate coast of Iceland, about one hundred miles to the northwest of Reykjavik, was very critical, and a party of three of the stronger sailors under the command of M. Jaspersin, the first officer, proceded in search of assistance. It was not, however, until about three in the morning of the 30th, after suffering great hardships, that the sound of a pony kicking in a shed guided them to a house. The farmers immediately turned out, and eventually the scattered crew, twenty-two or twenty-three in number, were picked up, some of the clever little Icelandic dogs proving themselves most valuable auxiliaries in the search. Many of the men, however, were all but frozen to death in the snow. From this time all possible attention was given to them; but one, having both legs and arms frost-bitten, died; another afterward had both legs amputated below the knees; and the steward lost three fingers of each hand. Hardly one escaped more or less injury from the effects of the extreme cold to which they had been so long exposed. Captain Kihl and the bulk of his crew soon after succeeded in getting to Revkjavik, and on April 13 they sailed in the sister steamer, the Arcturus, for Copenhagen. The officers and men of the wrecked vessel are of opinion that had Captain Kihl not decided on the 29th to run the Phœnix ashore in daylight not a soul would have been saved, as the gale did not moderate for several days after; and the steamer, buried as it was under an enormous mass of ice, must have foundered in the night."

French Themes.

Correspondence of the New York Post.

The death of M. Littre had long been expected. His vitality had for more than two years been the wonder of all who knew him. The habit of living and thinking had become so strongly confirmed in him that death could not break it so easily as he had at first fancied. The venerable philosopher took a mild pleasure in lingering on to witness the gradual development of new and correct notions of things in his native country. He saw clearly; it is not long since he advised his countrymen to expend their future energies in colonization. He fully realized that their era of military domination in Continental Europe is over. An old man, rarely leaving a sick bed and lying for days together on his back, with his eyes closed, and without taking any more nourishment than was absolutely necessary to preserve him from inanition, he nevertheless directed the line of thought which has culminated in the exploring tour to the Soudan and in the Tunisian expedition. He was a great moving force, never more powerful, never more influential than when his name was heard least on the lips of the masses. He could lay his finger upon the causes of things. No matter how deeply those causes lay hidden, he succeeded in dragging them to the light. His immense analytical power was perceptible in his treatment of every subject which he touched. Of language and literature he was master; his labors on his dictionary were monumental; even his wife could not understand where he got the time for so much work as he accomplished in a day. He was never a popular speaker; the proximity of a crowd awoke a moral shyness within him; but he could hide himself away and write an eloquent, aggressive, subtly argumentive article which would convince every person in the crowd before which he had lately trembled. When he was at Bordeaux as deputy for the department of the Seine and sat with the Left he rarely opened his mouth. He was always a moderate republican; would not tolerate the "advanced" blackguardism which some of the bright men in the capital adhered to; was eminently a patriot, but no Chauvin. He went up into the senate in 1875, and since that time has been seen rarely in public.

They say that a smile flitted over the old man's lips as he lay dying, and when his family had brought a priest to his bedside some thought that it was a smile of submission—that it indicated his reconciliation with the church whose formalities and exactions he had disdained during the whole of his manhood and his glorious old age. But it is more probable that the smile was a gleam of pity from the philosopher's spirit, pity for those who were determined that even against his will he should not die outside the pale of the mother church. "Sir," said Louis Blanc to me once, "I knew a mother who fought with her dying son, and who drove away from his bedside, by sheer physical force, the friend whom he had stationed there to see that, when the death agony came, a priest should not be brought in. The mother conquered, and the freethinker had the crucifix thrust into his stiffening hands in spite of his own wish to the contrary." Such things are common in France, and it is not strange that the occasion to catch the philosopher off his guard was watched for. Friends had been set to prevent this, as the positivists did not wish to see one of their chief glories obscured by apparent weakness in presence of the mystery of death; but it was in vain. The family triumphed, a priest came, and it will be given out that, in his last moments, M. Littre wanted the guiding hand of religion. Yet nothing can be more certain than that he did not ask for spiritual guidance; or than his unfaltering adhesion to his principles up to his latest breath. His fiery enemy, Archbishop Dupanloup, a splendid man, fanatical in illiberalism, and magnificent in his grim hatred of progress and freedom, passed away long before Littre, and ere he died saw that France was with the philosopher rather than with the priest. Dupanloup, as you remember, would not set foot in the academy after Littre was elected an academician. "What!" said he, "find myself under the same roof, be compelled to vote in the same house, with an atheist! Never!" And the inflammable old man kept his word. Littre would have troubled him but little, however, for he went rarely to the academy. He was too intensely interested in his study of philology to have any afternoons to waste in tea-table discussions at the institute; and probably he looked with a certain degree of contempt on the slow labors of the "Immortals" over their cherished memory, when he had already finished one of his own.

It is amusing to note M. de Fourtou opening the debate in the senate over the bill in favor of compulsory education by declaring that it is "an attack on the liberty of conscience." De Fourtou! The man who was identified with the meanest period of repression, with the most ignominiously disgraceful counter-revolution in French history. The whines of such insincere advocates of liberty will not prevent the introduction of a compulsory system in France. There is still almost one-third of the population which is destitute of primary instruction. Ten years of intense labor on the part of the apostles of universal education will be necessary before the present low standard in France can be raised.

The effervescent period is over.

THE MINDS OF MEN

in Paris have become more sober than they were in April and May about the Tunisian question, and all other things. There has been a great outcropping of Franco-Italian literature, and the French have become convinced that the Italians hate and distrust them. All classes of Frenchmen are somewhat startled to find that the unified Italy growing up beside their country is ambitious, and may soon become aggressive. The sympathizers with the nihilists have been punished, rather mildly, by short terms of imprisonment, but not, as was currently reported, at the instance of the Russian ambassador. Hugo's volumes of verse just published are as fresh, as breezy, as idyllic as those which he wrote at twenty. The ancient romanticist has kept the well of pure poetry in his heart quite undefiled. I do not think that the awards at the Salon are considered entirely satisfactory, and there is colossal grumbling among the "rejected," who are daily becoming angrier at the summary way in which they were treated after they had earned, as they fancied, the right of entrance by their contributions in previous years.

The Unhappy Czar.

St. Petersburg Correspondent London Times.

The czar still broods in sullen retirement in his castle of Gatchina. His majesty has paid only two or three fugitive visits to the capital during the last month. On the last occasion he was to attend the funeral cortege of the late Prince Oldenburg to the railway station. His majesty's place was duly marked out in the official program, but no two people who saw the procession agree as to whether he was behind the bier or not, and the newspapers all contradicted each other as to the czar's presence. The most probable version seems to be that he awaited the late prince's remains at the railway station. There is no relaxation in the vigilance exercised at Gatchina. General Count Vorontzhoff Dachkoff is reported to have bren unable to get on with his imperial master and to have been obliged to leave him for a time; while, on the other hand, it is stated that the count has injured his leg and is obliged to keep himself quiet. It has not yet transpired which story is the true one. The contradiction of the first reports as to the way in which the village of Gatchina was protected, a contradiction drawn up by Count Vorontzoff-Dachkoff himself, does not apply to the vicinity of the palace, which is strictly guarded and watched. A short time ago two of the young grand dukes, cousins of the emperor, were stopped in the grounds by a Cossack, who threatened to spear them if they advanced. A friend who has occasion to visit the castle to see an official tells me that as soon as he left the railway station and took the direction toward the palace he felt conscious that the eyes of the police were following him, but it was only when he was about to cross the bridge over the castle moat that he was actually stopped. Here the police officials were all officers. They ascertained his business and escorted him to the service gate of the palace, the only one which is allowed to be approached. He at once found himself in the police office, surrounded by officers. His passport was taken, and his description, the time of day, and business were all duly noted in a book, which the chief of police is supposed to examine every day.

An officer was then sent to inform the official inquired for, while my friend was kept by the police. On the officer returning with a message that the official could be seen, my friend was escorted by a police officer down the long corridors to the room of the person he wished to see. All the way Cossack sentinels, with drawn swords, were tramping up and down. It can readily be imagined that no official of the palace, however high he may be placed, is particularly overjoyed at present by the visits of his friends. My acquaintance was therefore exhorted for the love of heaven to confine his conversation to the merest commonplaces and not to stay too long. When he got to the train on his return journey he felt heartily glad and fortunate, though he could not shake off the sensation that the police were still at his back. Looking out of the windows of the corridor into the courtyards, of which there are four within the castle walls, he saw innumerable stacks of piled muskets, denoting the presence of a large force of infantry, and on the open place in front of the palace were picketed the horses of about a squadron of cavalry. Persons whose business calls them daily to the palace and who are well known are rigorously searched. For example, a priest employed in the service of the imperial chapel was lately subjected to such a close inspection that his cigarettes were not overlooked. A Cossack officer is stationed at each of the doors of the sleeping apartments of the emperor, the empress, and the heir apparent during the night. The last-named complains continually of the restraint put upon his movements since his father's accession to the throne. He is not allowed to go out riding in the park, which particularly annoys him. None of the officers or court officials are allowed to be away from the place more than two or three hours at a time, and all are obliged to be in before 9 in the evening. The court will soon remove to Peterhoff, which has a small port at the mouth of the Neva. Here four lightships will be anchored, and no other vessel will be allowed to go near. The two yachts, Slavianka and Czarevna, will always be in readiness to convey the emperor to and from St. Petersburg, accompanied on either side by a torpedo boat, manned with four marines.

Mahon on Jeff. Davis's Book.

Letter to the Philadelphia Press.

"Did General Lee or any other prominent man in the Confederacy agree with Mr. Davis in his plan of retreating to the mountains and prolonging the war by a running fight?"

"Not that I can recall," said Senator Mahone. "I know General Lee did not, and all appeared to recognise the fact that when Richmond fell the war would be ended. Mr. Davis says in his work that Lee never contemplated surrender. He had long before, in language similar to that employed by Washington during the revolution, expressed to me the belief that in the mountains of Virginia he could carry on the war for twenty years.

The statement that General Lee never contemplated surrender is not true. He not only thought of surrender, but proposed it to Mr. Davis. I had a conference with General Lee in his tent at Appomattox immediately after the surrender. He said to me during that interview that some time during the winter he had urged upon Davis the desirability, if not necessity of making terms with General Grant. He detailed to me some of the talk between him and Davis, who, he said, would not listen to making terms, but insisted that he must fight to the last. General Lee said that he explained to Davis the situation of the two armies; that Grant's force, greatly superior to his, was within nine miles of its base of supplies, and fully equipped with transportation and fresh cavalry and artillery horses; that even then it would be impossible, in the crippled condition of his transportation, to retreat; that in the spring, when Grant came down upon him, surrender would be inevitable. His idea was that duty called him to make terms without further bloodshed. Mr. Davis refused, and the result is in history.

"This talk between General Lee and myself, coming as it did immediately after the surrender, made a great impression on me. He seemed to feel so keenly Mr. Davis' refusal to make terms, that I said:

"'Why didn't you call a conference of your officers when he refused?'

"'What could have been done?' he asked.

"'They could and would have authorized you to use your own judgment, and they would have sustained your action whatever it might have been.'

"The great soldier held his head down a moment as if in deep thought, and then said: "'Well, it's too late to remedy errors now.'

"Yes, General Lee wanted to end the war when he saw that further fighting was a useless sacrifice of life. That it was not ended was not his fault, as his statements to me in this memorable interview will show.

"I told him that his officers would have sustained him, and so they would, for he had the confidence and the heart of not only the officers and men, but of the whole southern people to a greater degree than any man, and a thousand fold more than Davis, who was neither a popular nor a model president. His only gauge of a man was taken from West Point, and he had his pets, who were promoted about as often as they lost a battle. I think his book will show that he was even less of a military genius than an executive officer. If it does it will not have been written for nothing.

We Too!

From the Leadville Democrat.

The Tribune is the only republican paper in the state which is not the apologist of the crimes, corruptions and villainies of that party. It has the manliness to cry out against Brady, Dorsey and the lot, while the others smile and blink as though they thought the Star route business an excellent joke. The Tribune's excellent judgment assists it to the conclusion that either the republican party must purge itself from the prevailing impurities or that party must expect to yield the reins of power to cleaner and better men. The party has staggered along for twenty years under a load of corruption and crime sufficient to have sunk the navies of the world, and only because it had been the instrument in the hands of fate to crush out slavery. That one virtue will not last forever, will not atone for a thousand crimes, and go on thus forever. And the Tribune sees it plainly.

STANTON'S LILAC COAT.

The War Secretary's Wrath at the First View of an Historical Painting.

Washington Star.

During the winter of 1867 a New York artist who had executed a fine painting representing the death of President Lincoln, brought it to Washington and placed it in one of the committee rooms of the capitol, his object being to obtain life sittings from some of the parties whose portraits were included in the group surrounding the death-bed of the dying president, the portraits having been painted from photographs One of the most conspicuous portraits in the group was that of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, who was represented as standing a few feet from the head of the bed toward which his head was turned, a full profile view of his face being visible. His left arm was thrown behind him and in his hand he held a paper supposed to be a telegram. Strange as it may seem, the artist had represented him in a lilac coat and drab pantaloons of a fashionable cut, and as much unlike the loosely fitting garments of dark cloth, which he usually wore, as it would seem possible to make them. So confident were those who saw the picture that Mr. Stanton would be very angry when he saw himself portrayed in such a ridiculous costume that the artist was urged to repaint it, before he should visit the room, but this advice was unheeded. Mr. Stanton finally called at the room to give the artist the desired sitting. Taking a seat in large arm chair, he looked earnestly at the picture which was then rapidly approaching completion. For a moment the deep silence which pervaded the room was painfully significant. It was finally broken by Mr. Stanton, who uttered a most emphatic and indignant protest against being represented in a fashionable and fancy costume, so totally different from that in which he was usually attired. "And whoever heard," said he, of a cabinet minister wearing a lilac coat and drab pantaloons." These were his precise words. As he proceeded he grew fearfully angry, and finally rose to his feet. His face was almost purple, and his burly frame quivered with rage. His wrath was truly volcanic. For several minutes he held undisputed monopoly of the situation, for no one present had the temerity to interrupt him. The artist seemed paralyzed with astonishment, not unmingled with fear, and leaned against the marble mantel for support. His left hand grasped his pallet and brushes, and his arm hung powerless by his side, while his face was of an ashy paleness.

After Mr. Stanton had given full expression of his feelings, and his anger, consequently, become somewhat modified, a friend of the artist, who fortunately happened to be present, took a seat by his side and entered into conversation with him, but found it impossible to convince him that he had not been grossly insulted. "What would you think," said he, "if old Mr. Welles, who sits by the bedside, was represented in knee-breeches and with buckles on his shoes?" "I should think," was the reply, "that the artist had committed an unpardonable anachronism, which he has not done in your case; for though he has taken a license in the draping of your portrait, he has strictly adhered to the costume of the day, while knee-breeches and shoe-buckles belong to a by-gone period." He made no reply, but remained silent for several minutes. Finally, turning to the artist, he said: "That, sir, is your painting, and you can do whatever you please with it; but I will never endorse its accuracy or give you a sitting until you repaint the drapery of my portrait."

After making this emphatic declaration he was again silent for some minutes, when the artist, who had recovered his self-possession, ventured to speak to him, and state why he had thought it advisable to drape his portrait in colors so offensive to him, assuring him that his sole object in doing so was to avoid the monotony inseparable from a group of male portraits clad in the unpicturesque costume of our time. He also assured him that if he would give him another sitting he would repaint the drapery of his figure in any style and color he might suggest. With this assurance Mr. Stanton seemed satisfied, and immediately took a chair, where he sat patiently and quietly for an hour while the last touches were added to the face of his portrait. During this sitting he conversed very pleasantly, and was as gentle and as amiable as a child. At times his rugged features would be lighted up by a happy smile, which seemed like a gleam of sunshine after a terrible storm. On the day following the events above narrated, Mr. Stanton visited Brady's gallery by appointment, where he was met by the artist, who had so unintentionally offended him, and stood for a photograph, from which his figure was entirely repainted, to the great satisfaction of himself and his family.

Reminiscences of Wild-Cat Banking.

C. Woodward in the Expressman's Monthly.

Adams & Co. and the Adams Express company did a very profitable business in receiving from brokers and others notes of the several banks of the country and presenting them for redemption, charging double rates for this business. At that time there were a class of banks in Indiana known as free banks. Any person who could purchase $50,000 worth of bonds could deposit them with the auditor of the state, and receive that amount in bank notes ready for circulation when signed by the bank's president and cashier, and these notes were redeemable at the counter of the bank. It was an object, therefore, to the bankers to place the bank where it would be difficult to get at, and then loan out its notes and let them circulate as money. Under instructions I kept three or four men ready to start on a moment's notice to hunt up these banks, and present their notes. Many of them were located in towns which had no existence, except on paper, and were very difficult to find. At one time when all my men were away, except one who was sick, I received a package containing $1,000 on the Bank of Morocco. This bank I learned from the state auditor was located on the Grand Prairie, about fifty miles west of Lafayette, and one hundred and twenty-five miles from Indianapolis. The Lafayette and Indianapolis railroad was then running about thirty miles of that distance, and the rest of the way had to be travelled on horseback and coach. Procuring a horse at Lafayette, I started west through the prairie with scarcely a track to guide me, with $1,000 in my pocket, and I did not find a person who had ever heard of Morocco, until I reached the little town of Rensselaer, where I finally got some information.

Pushing on until nearly night I saw before me two log buildings, and riding up to one, which proved to be a blacksmith's shop, I inquired the way to Morrocco. The smith told me I was already in the town, and I inquired where the bank was located. He informed me that he kept the bank in his house, and asked what I wanted. I told him. It was then dark, and I had no alternative but to stay with him all night though he told me his accommodations for travellers were very poor. He turned my horse out on the prairie to graze, and I got a very good supper at his house. It was very warm, and he made a bed on the prairie where we both slept. I was a little uneasy about sleeping out on the prairie with $1,000 in my pocket, and he offered to put it in the bank and did so. In the morning after a very good breakfast we proceeded to the business for which I came. He went to one corner of the log cabin and commenced taking potatoes out of a barrel, and after taking out a bushel or more, produced my package, and sat down at the table and counted it. Satisfied he was right, he went to the same potato barrel and produced a bag of gold which was marked $5,000 and counted out fifty $20 gold pieces and handed them to me, and put the notes and his bag of gold back into the barrel, and covered with the potatoes. After receiving my money I asked him for his bill for meals, lodging and horse feed, but he refused to take anything and remarked, "You are the first man who ever found the bank of Morocco, and if you will keep its location to yourself I am satisfied." I promised to do so and left for home. Mr. Dunn, auditor of state, told me afterward that several persons had tried to find the bank of Morocco, but he thought I was the only one who had succeeded.

Aztec Mysteries.

A letter to the Boston Herald gives an account of some important discoveries in Aztec mysteries made by Mr. Frank B. Cushing, who was sent by the Smithsonian Institute about two years ago to investigate among the Pueblos of New Mexico the customs and history of the natives. The letter says:

"As a result of Mr. Cushing's labors Aztec history will have to be rewritten. Much of what has hitherto been received as such falls to the ground, a mass of rubbish. There are no other people so distrustful of strangers as are the Indians, so reticent about everything concerning themselves. Therefore, when questioned by strangers about their religion, their past and their traditions, they have answered, to be sure, but these answers, accepted as sober truth, have been uniformly a pack of very ready and ingenious lies. Mr. Cushing, therefore, adopted the only sensible method of getting at the bottom facts; that of becoming one with the Zunis, learning their language and living with them. Hence, we see him, a slender, light complexioned young man—he is not yet twenty-four years old—with long flowing blonde hair, confined by the Indian head band, and dressed in the picturesque full costume of the tribe, every article of native manufacture, from the cloth of the dark blue woolen serape shirt, the buckskin kneebreeches, long, dark blue stockings, leather moccasins, and artistically embroidered sash, to the rows of silver buttons and other richly worked silver ornaments that adorn his dress, and the precious ancient necklace from a mysterious cave of relics up in the mountains. This dress he wears on all occasions, even when visiting Fort Wingate, for, should he be seen in citizen's garb by his adopted brethren, their confidence in his sincerity as a Zuñi would be shaken. He has gained his cause by the use of tact, pluck and adaptability to circumstances worthy both a general and a diplomatist. In the first place he put himself at their mercy and entirely in their power. Savages finding a stranger under such circumstances seldom failed to be merciful. Thus gaining their confidence by his helplessness Mr. Cushing was made one of them and formally adopted into the tribe of the Zuni. Gradually gaining influence among them, he has obtained admission to their most secret councils, and has now been made one of their chiefs, the second man of influence in their city, standing next to their governor in authority.

"Mastering their language thoroughly and scientifically, the knowledge of this has produced the key that has unlocked a treasure house, the opening of whose doors has placed in his possession a store of such wonderful facts as to justify the application of that much abused term, "astounding revelations." Mr. Cushing has, in the study of the Zuni religion, found for certainty that the worship and traditions of Montezuma—so long accepted in all accounts of the Aztecs—have no foundation in fact, and that Montezuma was never heard of. But he has discovered a mine of mythological lore, beliefs and superstitions, gods and spirits, that throw the full light of day on the mysteries of the Aztec religion.

"Among other wonderful things is the existence of twelve sacred orders, with their priests, and their secret rites as carefully guarded as the secrets of freemasonry, an institution to which these orders have a strange resemblance. Into several of these orders he has been initiated, and has penetrated to their inmost secrets, obtaining a knowledge of ceremonials both beautiful, profound and grotesque in character. But the most marvellous thing which he has discovered in connection with their religion is the grand fact that their faith is the same thing as modern spiritualism. The Zuñis have their circle, their mediums, their communications with the spirit world, their materializations—precisely like those of the spiritists of civilized life. Their seances are often so absorbing that they are kept up all night. Their belief in the phenomena explains many strange things about their religion which Mr. Cushing was unable to account for until he hit upon it—they had kept it carefully guarded months after he was on most intimate terms with them—by telling them about certain spiritistic phenomena he had witnessed, thus gaining their sympathy as apparently a fellow-believer.

"Their language has proved a most interesting study. It is thoroughly grammatical, and has a finely-arranged system of declensions and tenses. The Zuñis are most careful to teach their children to speak correctly, and drill them thoroughly. They have words for 'grammatical' and 'ungrammatical,' 'good talking' and 'bad talking' literally translated. Strange to say, they have an ancient or classic language, just as English has its Anglo Saxon. This dead language has been handed down to their religious rites, and is, for the most part, known only by the priests. Many of their sacred songs are worded in it, and these songs are of unknown antiquity. This is a striking illustration of the conservative influence of religion in preserving the institutions of the past. There is a good opportunity for an analogy between the preservation of this ancient aboriginal tongue by the Zuñi priests and the handing down of the Latin by the Catholic church. What a field for philologists here!

"An achievement of which Mr. Cushing has reason to be specially proud is the success of his effort to locate exactly the cities of Cibola, a question which has been the cause of many an archæological dispute. This he has settled beyond a shadow of doubt, the result of his explorations corresponding exactly to the descriptions by Coronado.

"Mr. Cushing will probably stay with the Zuñis about a year longer, as there are a number of important themes which he has just hit upon, and which he naturally desires to work up thoroughly. There is a vast field waiting to be worked up by a man of such power. This summer Mr. Cushing will make a trip to Arizona to investigate an unknown tribe of Pueblo Indians, living in one of the deep 'box cañons,' so called, tributary to the great cañon of the Colorado. In these almost inaccessible depths they are said to have beautiful peach orchards and cultivated gardens and extensive flocks of sheep. Only three or four white men have entered here, and but meagre accounts have been given of the place.

"Mr. Cushing hopes to be able to bring four or five of the principal men of Zuñis to the east with him when he returns to Washington, and show them the homes of what they regard as the loftiest and most perfect type of men—the Eastern American, the men of the rising sun. It is to be hoped that he will, for they are a remarkable race, and have a wonderful, fascinating history that still holds the key of many grand secrets. The only Pueblo Indians who ever came east were two of the leading men of Isletta, on the Rio Grande, who once determined to see their 'Great Father at Washington,' and made the journey at their own expense."

Zola's Dislike of Protestantism.

Pall Mall Gazette.

If we may believe M. Emile Zola, his recent attack upon Protestantism has entailed serious personal discomfort. "For a fortnight," he says, "insulting letters have been pouring down upon me in consequence of my article on Protestantism. This does not astonish me. I even expected this deluge, for the Protestants, despite their boasted liberty of inquiry, cannot bear discussion, and get at once to biblical compliments. For a mere nothing you are called a dog or a carcass." This sounds a little ecstatic; but since M. Zola began the controversy in the highest key of which his natural voice was capable, he is necessarily driven, as the light thickens, to have recourse to falsetto. Despite this inconvenience, however, he delivers himself of many pointed as well as many bombastic sayings. After having overwhelmed Protestantism with reproach as an insincere and illogical anachronism, he kindly proceeds to make excuses for it. "It is hard, I know, after having been progressive, to find that one has become reactionary." The great times of Protestantism are over. It stimulated intellect in its day, but since the revolution it has become a barrier to progress. "Look at the drama and the novel in America, England, or in Germany. The average is very low; all is colorless and insipid, without the possibility of progress, and the reason is, I repeat it, that the sincere study of the passions is not permitted there. Science advances, while literature has become stagnant. England has a Darwin, but she cannot have a Balzac. In my opinion the blame must rest above all with Protestantism."

The grandest thing in M. Zola's last article is his attitude to M. Scherer. After the compliments which have already passed between them it must have been hard to find anything more to say. But M. Zola is equal to the occasion. Abuse being exhausted, he falls back upon his dignity. He loftily puts aside M. Scherer's accusation of his preference for things unclean. "I may at times have put my foot in a drain, for drains, alas! are not uncommon; but those who have condescended to read me will have found that I have stepped more often—too often, perhaps—on the grass and the flowers." The beautiful diversity of such a style M. Scherer, as M. Zola plainly hints, cannot be expected to appreciate. "I can understand the consternation of men of letters of your temperament, who have made for themselves a literary retreat in the dead ages, and are disturbed in their repose by the literature of the living age." M. Zola is in his own eyes the prophet of this "living age," the child of the "literary evolution," which is the outcome and crown of the new social era. "We who march onward do not perhaps know the work which we are accomplishing, but we go where our age goes, and this is what gives us our force and our serenity." To illustrate our serenity, M. Zola concludes his article by a renewed call for the extirpation of Protestantism. A new Calvin is needed to do this work. His closing words are, "Where is our Calvin?" Echo can hardly be expected to answer "Zola."

Chinamen's Secret Societies.

St. James's Gazette.

A Chinaman who does not belong to a secret society has very little chance of prospering. There are few who are unattached—mostly men from isolated villages in China, from which there are not enough immigrants to form a Hoey. Such a man may possibly be tolerated, but he cannot grow rich. If he keeps a store, no guildsman will buy from him; if he plies a sampan, he may find it scuttled some day, without the least chance of redress. If a society man fastens a quarrel on him he is ruined, and had better leave before he is murdered. The worst feature of the society, if possible, is the protection it affords to all its members, no matter what crime they may have committed. Not many years ago a wealthy Chinese merchant was murdered in the middle of the day in Beach street, the busiest thoroughfare in Penang. The murderer was a hired assassin belonging to the Ghee Hin Kongsee. He called his victim to the door, plunged a dagger twice into his side, and darted through the crowded street into the dark lanes of the Macso quarter, close at hand. A thorough and immediate search was made by the police and the friends of the murdered man. A large reward was offered for the apprehension of the assassin. Yet, though he was known to be within a space only a few hundred square yards in area, he could not be found. And yet this man was simply paid to do the murder. He had no grudge against the victim, and his employer was vehemently suspected of being a man who did not belong to the society at all. The assassin was no doubt quietly shipped off to China in a junk some time afterward. Many similar cases might be cited to prove the unwavering fidelity of the members to the bond of union subsisting between them. They will risk their liberty, and even their lives, for one another without hesitation. Indeed, if one brother betrayed another in a case of this kind, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase; and outsiders are in little less danger. If they aid in the arrest of a guildsman they are almost certain to experience the vengeance of the society sooner or later; and the mere ill-will of the guild usually means ruin. When a member has committed any grave crime and requires the protection of his brethren, all he does is to cut off a lock of hair and tie it to his arm. He simply has to show this to obtain a place of concealment or means of escape. Hence, when members of a secret society commit crimes, it is almost impossible to find even a clue to the perpetrator. Detectives are useless, and rewards are offered to no purpose.

DAY DAWNS.

The Night of Grief Gets Gleams of Sunshine.

President Garfield Holds His Own and Gradually Improves.

Telegrams the World Over of Condolence and Sympathy.

BULLETIN NO 1.

WASHINGTON, July 7—The increase in temperature and pulse in the latest bulletin is ascribed by the physicians to the higher temperature of the president's room. At 12 to-day the temperature of his room was from three to four degrees lower than that of yesterday.

BULLETIN NO. 2.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 7, 7:30 p. m.—There has been no change of consequence in the president's condition since the last unofficial bulletin. Dr. Bliss reports his condition at this hour, 7:30 p. m., as full of encouragement.

BULLETIN NO. 3.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 7.—8 p. m.—The favorable condition of the president continues. Pulse 106, temperature 100 2-10, respiration 23. Signed, D. W. BLISS,
J. R. BARNES,
ROBT. REYBURN.

Unless an unfavorable change occurs no further bulletins will be issued until to-morrow morning.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

At 9 a. m. his pulse was 94, temperature 99 1-10, respiration 23. We anticipate, of course, a similar movement for some time to come, and so to-day find at 1 p. m. his pulse 100, temperature 100 8-10, respiration 23. Last evening at 9.30 a quarter of a grain of morphia sulphate was administered hypodermically and the president slept very well during the night. In addition to chicken broth and albumen he had yesterday afternoon a small quantity of scraped beef tenderloin, which, however, he did not relish very much. This morning he is taking oat meal gruel and milk at intervals of two hours with relish. The yellowishnes of the skin so common after wounds of the liver developed to a slight degree during the day yesterday, but is not more marked this morning. We don't attach a great deal of importance to this symptom, except so far as to confirm the opinion already formed of the nature of the wound. Altogether we feel that the patient has done well as could reasonably have been expected up to the present, and our hopes for his ultimate recovery are strengthened by the events of the last two days.

(Signed) D. W. BLISS,
J. R. BARNES,
J. J. WOODWARD,
ROB'T REYBURN.

BRIGHT AND HUMOROUS.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The president's bright humor has not deserted him. He makes humorous speeches occasionally and quotes Shakespeare. His temperature is not as low in the sick room as is desired but it is comfortable. The artificial lowering apparatus works well. Doctor Bliss told Doctor Boynton this morning that the president's chances were considerably better than ever. The danger of peritonitis is rapidly passing and is now improbable though possible. The only accident likely to terminate fatally now apprehended are secondary hemorrhage and poisoning. Hemorrhage may occur up to Friday, but owing to the course and present location of the ball this is not seriously anticipated. Blood poisoning is mostly feared but there is not yet the slightest indication of it.

SANITARY EFFORTS.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The bed the president laid upon when first carried to the White House from the depot was wide and low, but so short the president's feet rested against the foot-board. He complained of the cramped position. Another trouble was the low bed placed the president too low in the room to get a breeze. The bed is now seven feet long, and plenty of room is allowed for his feet. The patient's mattrass has been arranged so that thorough ventilation passes underneath the patient. The only inconvenience the president suffered from the change proceeds from the narrowness of his bed. In the first one he could stretch his arms out at full length. However, the president's bed is only for temporary use, a regular invalid's bed, having all the improvements and comforts has been telegraphed for.

OFFICIAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—A remarkably quiet day at the White house has been passed, even more than before the president was shot. The people seem to have exhausted themselves in constant attendance since Saturday, and now that the president is apparently getting well they give him quiet with the rest he needs. Except cabinet officers and the messengers from different departments very few people have called, and matters have dropped back to where they were before last Saturday. The White house has about the same appearance that it wears when the president is absent. The telegraph instruments are quiet. Few messages are sent or received. The attending physicians can now come and go without being stopped at every step and asked concerning the president's condition. Dr. Bliss is in very good spirits. He looks brighter having managed to get some rest since the president has taken a turn for the better. He said this morning that everything was as nice as could be expected. The president passed a very good night and is better this morning. He continues to improve slowly but surely. His appetite continues good and he is very cheerful.

WHERE THE BALL LODGED.

The surgeon general greatly relies on the president's vigorous constitution, strong vitality and calm courage. He says he is the very best patient he ever saw. Although the probing was considered unwise, he did, Saturday, with Nettleton, probe gently and trace the course of the ball three and a half inches. He judged it had entered the back above the right hip, taking nearly a horizontal course forward through the body slightly fracturing a rib, and then deflecting to the right where it penetrated the liver. Whether it lodged in the anterior wall of the abdomen, he was unable to say. He hoped it passed through. Surgically it was a very fortunate wound, as the deflection carried it away from those parts where it would be likely to have a fatal effect, and especially a region where it would have no chance of recovery. The pains in the feet are probably due to the laceration of some sympathetic ganglia motor and sensory nerve. While the president is still in serious danger, every day is carrying him past the critical point.

COMPLIMENTARY TELEGRAMS.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The storehouses of the whole country are open to the president. Fine wines and liquors of extravagant age are received daily, labeled, "for the president." Those come from all over the country. One temperance man sent wine placed in his cellar thirty years ago, and never touched. Patent medicines, asking for trial, are sent. Suggestions by telegraph innumerable are sent to the doctors, and the mails now bring overwhelming quantities of advisory letters to the physicians. A scrap-book is being prepared with different accounts, editorials, public expressions, etc. It will be an immense volume. All telegrams of sympathy will be preserved. Dispatches from abroad will be kept in the records of the state department. All the cabinet and the diplomatic corps called to-day on the president. Telegrams were received to-day by Secretary Blaine at 10 o'clock. At every three minutes afterwards congratulations were received from nearly every potentate in the civilized world.

WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

WASHINGTON, July 7, 10 A. M.—Mass meetings continue to be held all over the country, and particularly in the south, where congratulations on the president's recovery and condemnation of the blood-thirsty wretch, Guitteau, and condolence to the president's family are about evenly divided. Telegrams by hundreds from foreign magnates and rulers and domestic friends, admirers and well-wishers of either party are received. These are, whenever possible, answered by the direction of Secretary Blaine, whose services and advice have been invaluable for the past few days. The messages express always the deepest regret and sorrow, and generally the tenderest solicitude and personal interest, which cannot but touch the recipient and reveal more clearly than by any other possible means the deep-seated love which the president has awakened in the hearts of the people.

IMPROVEMENT OVER YESTERDAY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 7.—The following dispatch has been sent by the surgeon in charge to the consulting surgeon this afternoon at 1 o'clock: During the past twenty-four hours the president has continued to improve slowly as anticipated. A slight rise of temperature and a slight increase of frequency of pulse occurred during the afternoon and evening. At 3:30 p. m. his pulse was 104; temperature, 100 6-10; respiration, 23. But in accordance with this durnal movement both pulse and temperature were again diminished this afternoon and showed some improvement over yesterday at the same hour.

A FINANCIAL FRAUD.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The alarming reports concerning the president's condition circulated in various ways yesterday and to-day with the evident intent to influence prices had a temporary effect. The reported story of a proclamation calling an extra session was yesterday prepared and signed by the president to be used in case that his condition should become hopeless is without foundation.

NO ESPECIAL CHANGE.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—2:30 p. m.—There has been no change since the last report, neither is any expected until after sundown, at this writing. Clouds are coming up and the indications are very good for a heavy rain. This will be about the best thing that can happen as it will reduce the temperature and make the conditions more refreshing. Mrs. Garfield desires again to acknowledge her great appreciation for the many messages of sympathy sent to her.

SEND HIM WEST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 7.—Surgeon Van Gottschalk of the Rhode Island militia who made a speech on the 4th at Newport, glorifying the assassination, has resigned to avoid trouble.

BULLETIN NO. 4.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 7, 10.45 A. M.—Attorney-General MacVeagh says the president's condition is very favorable indeed; he does not consider that the president is out of danger yet, but says he appears to be passing out of it as steadily and rapidly as can be expected.

A CHEAP PISTOL.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—It turns out that the pistol used by Guitteau was a cheap common weapon, self cocker, and as it was so easy to shoot many wonder he didn't fire more shots. The pistol was bought from O'Meara, on the 5th of June, for ten dollars.

FUND FOR MRS. GARFIELD.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The chamber of commerce members propose to raise $250,000, to be invested in United States bonds and deposited with the United States Trust company, the income to be paid to Mrs. Garfield during her life, and at her death to go equally to her children, in appreciation of the noble character of the president.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPETITE.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The president, at eleven o'clock, seemed worried over but one thing, the impossibility of getting enough to eat. Every function except his appetite is normal, and that is enormous. He turns his attention largely to it, and good humoredly asked if the doctors want to starve him to death, now that he is determined not to die of his wounds.

STILL HOPEFUL.

General H. V. Boynton telegraphs privately to his brother here, "I really believe the president will recover, I have been at the White House this morning. The case is still critical."

CONKLING'S FORUM.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Speaking of the reports afloat about Arthur, Senator Jones said the members of the cabinet have visited Arthur at his house every day and their intercourse with him was of the most cordial character. He don't believe even if Garfield dies that Conkling would accept the position of secretary of state under his successor. His forum is the senate. If he don't return to the senate he will not in my opinion accept the office at all, besides life is short for revenges, especially political.

ARTHUR'S PROTEST.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The following correspondence has passed between ex-Senator Conkling and Attorney General MacVeagh:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, July 6.—My dear sir—In the abhorrence which all decent men alike shudder at in the attempted murder of the president, I have given thought to the matter to which your attention may or may not turn. Your criminal code treats premeditated homicide in all cases alike, irrespective of the victim. Murder being visited by the greatest penalty. Perhaps no distinction between one case and another could be founded on the public relations held by the persons slain but in a case of attempted murder a broad distinction can be made between assailing the life of an individual and an attempt to take a life of special value to the whole country. The shocking occurrence of Saturday demands definition and punishment. An assault on a high executive officer, whether successful or not, should be at once punished vigorously. A man who attempts the life of the president, if morally responsible, commits an offence which the nation ought to guard against and punish by the exertion of all the powers which civilized nations may employ. I suggest this as deserving consideration. My profound sympathies are with the president and all of you. Every hour the conflict of reports keep hope and fear striving with each other. Nothing is stable except the facts and I trust that the worst is past. I wish you would express to the president my deepest sympathy in this hour which should hush all discords and enlist all prayers for his safe delivery. Please also give Mrs. Garfield my most respectful condolence, trusting all will be well,

Cordially yours,
ROSCOE CONKLING.

A FRIENDLY REPLY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7.

To Hon. Roscoe Conkling, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

Thanks for your letter of the 5th which has just been reached by me. Its suggestions will be carefully considered and its kind message of sympathy will be conveyed to the president and Mrs. Garfield at the earliest opportunity.

Signed, WAYNE MACVEAGH.

INDIAN COMMISSIONERS.

After Many Days They Find the Promised Land for the Utes.

CANTONMENT ON THE UNCOMPAHGRE, Col., July 6.—The Ute commissioners have just returned after a month's trip. They have traveled over five hundred miles on horseback with a pack train, and have examined the lands in western Colorado and eastern Utah. They endured many privations, traveling for whole days without water. They have selected a location and the Indians will be removed to it as soon as the requisite arrangements can be made.

Shooting at Maysville.

MAYSVILLE, Col., July 6.—The city was thrown into great excitement at 6 o'clock this evening by the murder of Caleb Treble and serious wounding of Henry Fletcher by N. A. Brown, a jeweler. Only two shots were fired, one striking Treble in the neck, producing almost instant death; the other striking Fletcher's face, and produced a serious but not fatal wound. Brown was immediately arrested. He declares the shooting was accidental. Fletcher, the wounded man, says he does not know how it occurred. Some persons well acquainted with Brown declare Brown insane, while others attribute it to a freak of a victim of the opium habit. There was no apparent cause for the shooting.

Calling a Caucus.

ALBANY, July 7.—Fifteen senators and fifty assemblymen were present at the conference to-night. Mr. Phillips offered resolutions for a general call for a caucus to-morrow evening, and that a committee of three circulate the call and request signatures. Fifty-seven members voted for the resolution, making that number in favor of calling a caucus, and subsequently sixty of those present signed and conferred. Robertson and some others demurred at the call, but in the interest of harmony signed it. The object of the conference to-night is to give the Conklingites a chance to go in the caucus. If they stay out they must explain their inconsistency, and the session will probably adjourn Saturday, as a struggle will be useless.

Progress of the Texas Pacific.

PALESTINE, Texas, July 7.—The Texas Pacific has reached a point about sixty miles west of Big Spring. It is going at the rate of two miles a day. No bridges are necessary. Unless rains interfere it will reach El Paso January 1.

QUOTATIONS BY TELEGRAPH.

Stocks and Bonds.

NEW YORK, July 7.

Silver bars, 1.12¼.
Money, active, 3@5.
Governments generally firm.
Stocks closed generally firm.
The following are the quotations:

Western Union	92⅜	Quicksilver (off'd)	20
Pacific	51¾	Mariposa (off'd)	1½
Wells, Fargo & Co.	125	New York Central	145¾
Erie	45¾	Panama	256
Union Pacific	129	Union Pacific b'nds	130⅛
Central Pacific	99⅜	C. P. bonds, (off'd)	116⅞
Sutro	1¾	Denver & Rio Grand	108½
C., C. & I. Co.	62¾		

The surveying party spoken of yesterday in the GAZETTE as leaving for the mountains, via Manitou and the Pass, go for the purpose of continuing the survey of the propored line through Ute Pass to the Platte.

HOLDING THEM UP.

Indians Learning White Men's Tricks.

They Hold Up a Coach and Rob the Passengers.

SANTA FE, July 7.—The New Mexican will publish to-morrow the following special from El Paso, Texas, referring to the recent Indian depredations in old Mexico:

EL PASO, July 7.—On Sunday morning, between three and four o'clock the stage from El Paso to Chihuahua was attacked by Indians, supposed to be the same band that did the hellish work last week. The driver of the coach was killed, and Thomas Key Pugh was taken prisoner. From appearances it would seem that the Indians were lying in ambush waiting for their victims, and that the party numbered twelve, as that number of holes were found in the sand on the side of the road where they had secreted themselves. The first volley killed the lead mules and the driver. The passengers then jumped from the side of the coach farthest from the Indians, seeking shelter in the loose brush and started for the town some six miles distant. Pugh was the last one to alight and in trying to get his revolver from the coach he was taken prisoner by the Indians. Mr. Pugh succeeded in writing a note which lay beside the road and read as follows:

MCMANUS, Chihuahua, Mexico:—Pay to bearer one hundred dollars. I am a prisoner, the Apaches have got me. Hurry after me.
Signed, THOS. KEY PUGH.

The passengers in the coach were Mr. Comstock, of California, representing John Mackey of California and Nevada fame; the conductor of the coach, a Mexican driver and Mr. Pugh, who is a son of ex-Senator Pugh, and a son-in-law of ex-Governor Hendricks, of Indiana. His trip to Chihuahua was a business one concerning some mining property. When the coach was found it was a mass of smouldering ruins, and the mail was in a like condition. About one hundred letters were recovered, partly burned, and will be remailed by the parties finding them. A large amount of Chihuahua money was found torn upon the ground, the Indians seeming to have no use for it.

WAR ON THE BORDER.

Five Men Killed by Apaches.

EL PASO, July 6.—Last Sunday, the 3d inst., a report was brought to El Paso that the Indians had murdered five men belonging to the engineer corps of the Mexican Central railroad, of which corps Engineer Upham was the head, at a point about fifty miles below here. It seems that two Americans and one Mexican were traveling south and came across the murdered men. They immediately turned back and came to El Paso, being afraid to continue their journey further. Upon their arrival in El Paso with the sad intelligence a party consisting of five Americans and thirty-five Mexican soldiers immediately started out to bring the bodies in or give them a decent burial. Upon arriving at the scene of the fight they found that the murdered men were Charlie Green, who lives about eight miles from Independence, Kansas, Larrie Fordham living near Boston, Mass., Guy Leavitt, of Indiana, George Wallace, of Taylorville, Ills., and Charlie Haines, supposed to be from some part of Kansas. The bodies were hardly recognizable, having laid in the hot sun since Thursday night or Friday morning, and had to be buried where they lay. The soldiers just digging holes beside the bodies and rolling them in and covering them over with dirt, the bodies being so decomposed and torn to pieces by wolves that they could not be recognized. The supposition is that the boys were driving along in the morning as usual, breaking camp before sunrise, and being attacked in the rear by Apaches they whipped up their mules in order to get to a certain mountain that would afford them some protection, when they were met by another part of the same band who were lying in ambush waiting for them to come up. As soon as they were within range the Indians began firing and the boys jumped from the wagon, starting on foot for the mountain, and were shot down by the Indians, only one reaching the mountain, where he was killed and lay where he was shot. Charlie Green was shot and burned up with the wagon. Fordham, Leavitt and Wallace lay close together and Haines reached the side of the mountain. Considerable excitement is occasioned by the non-arrival of the stage from Chihuahua due here last Monday, and fears are entertained that it has met the same fate as the one going south from here.

FACTS ABOUT UPHAM.

The Republican this morning says: Mr. Charles C. Upham, one of the victims of the horrible tragedy, was well-known throughout the state. He was born in Maine, but in later years resided in Dixon, Illinois, where his father retired as one of the most successful lumber merchants in that section. After graduating at the Troy, (N. Y.) Polytechnic Institute and serving an engineering apprenticeship on the Illinois river, he came to Colorado in 1875, locating at Del Norte. There he was afterwards elected county surveyor of Rio Grande county. In 1878, he abandoned a lucrative business to join the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe engineering party, then at work in the Royal Gorge. As locating engineer he remained with the company until the line was completed to Leadville.

Locating in the latter place, he did private work, meeting with the best of success in a business sense, but becoming fascinated with the prospects of a journey through New Mexico he accepted a position with the Santa Fe party moving south, in the spring of 1879. He became distinguished as a locating engineer, in this line his abilities being such as to give him a reputation that would have followed him for years had he lived. A few months ago, after the completion of the main line to Deming, he was offered the position of chief engineer on the Mexican Central, but being engaged at the time in settling a business proposition with Denver parties, which if successful would have occasioned his return and permanent residence in the state, he requested that the offer be allowed to remain open until he could give a final answer. The company acquiesced in this. He came to Denver some four or five weeks since hoping to complete the negotiations that were pending. The trip did not result as expected, and he returned to await developments, with the sad and untimely result chronicled.

Mr. Upham was twenty-nine years of age, a young man of manly physique and most prepossessing appearance. He was of a very kindly disposition, courteous and gentlemanly, and beloved by everybody with whom he came in contact, either in the business or social circle. Possessed of none but the noblest impulses, he was never known to do a single wrong during his long sojourn in the state, and leaves behind a memory among his old associates—especially those of his earlier days in the San Juan—that will live, and living, thrive and gain strength with each succeeding year. A countless host will mourn his death.

The deceased leaves a brother, Captain Frank Upham, present commander of Walla Walla, Oregon, and a sister of some renown as a writer; besides a father. Mr. Noah Brooks, one of the most talented of the New York editors, is an uncle.

I. O. O. F. INSTALLATION.

Address of Dr. Horn on Accepting the Chair of Noble Grand.

The installation of the new officers of Pueblo Lodge, No. 38, I. O. O. F., for the ensuing term took place at their hall last evening. The following officers were duly installed:

T. G. HORN, N. G.,
HARRY ILES, V. G.,
WILL D. GABY, SEC'Y.,
NATHAN JOHNSON, TREAS.,
L. W. MCKEAN, W.,
J. M. SOMERVILLE, C.,
H. W. HALLETT, CHAPLAIN.
G. M. YOUNG, R. S. N. G.,
O. PALMER, L. S. N. G.,
J. K. SHIREMAN, R. S. V. G.,
M. STOCKDALE, L. S. V. G.

Dr. T. G. Horn, the Noble Grand for the ensuing term, delivered the following address to the members present:

Officers and Brothers of the I. O. O. F.:

It is with feelings mingled with pleasure and regret, that I come before you to-night. When I cast my eye back over the first record of our honored and noble order feelings of pride and extreme pleasure swell up within me. Its history is one of which we may well be proud, if we should confine ourselves to its history for the past sixty years; its birth and growth in the United States only. It is enough to gladden the heart of any brother who has the honor to be numbered among her votaries. Over 300,000 devoted followers bow meekly at her altars, bound together by a bond of friendship, love and truth. This mighty throng, of which I am, very proud to be called a member, go forth from their halls of council with truth stamped upon their countenances, love in their hearts and friendship in their outstretched hand to every true and worthy brother. The aims and objects of this great institution are different and more noble than any other secret organization in the world. To visit the sick, relieve the distressed and educate the orphan is indeed a noble work, and were this the sole object of our order, it were enough to recommend it to the best citizens of the world as worthy of their patronage and support. But to elevate man, prepare him for the most honorable and trustworthy positions as a citizen, or executive of the nation, is a part of our work. Bound together by a bond more powerful than any law of nations, one that has never been broken by any good Odd Fellow, we stand to-day the admiration of the entire world. Here in Colorado Springs we are weak, but in love, or any of the noble tenets of our beloved order. But numerically and financially, brothers, it is ours to become strong—ours to take hold of the helm and steer the new ship, freighted with her noble cargo of the emblems of light and truth to the ignorant, helpless and needy. With clean hands and pure hearts must we come to these offices.

To accomplish this we must be true to the teachings of our order, to our fellow men, true to our God and brothers. This is not an institution that can be picked up on lodge night and laid aside in the morning. We must live it. Our every day life must prove to the world that we are true Odd Fellows. The past history will prove its value and justify us in giving the time and attention required to attain to the elevated position it is able to give us. The foundation stone was laid by Aaron, named by Titus Cæsar A.D. 55, because he saw that the soldiers knew each other by day or night. First started in America in the old Shakespeare House, New York, on the 23d of December, 1806. From that time up to 1819 it had its trials and difficulties but since that time Odd Fellowship has advanced until to-day she stands at the head, honored by the nation, loved by her brotherhood, respected by all. Such, my brethren is a short history of the order we represent to-night—one that has been the means, in a variety of ways, of so uniting the hearts of men that its blessings have been realized, "like the dews of heaven," by the rich and the poor, the exalted and the humble, and in conclusion let me say I thank you for the honor conferred, and only regret that I am not better able to fill so important a position, but by your kind aid which I earnestly ask and expect of all and especially the officers, I hope to serve you acceptably. Let us work as one man until Odd Fellowship stands forth the brightest of all the stars that shine their effulgent light upon the people of Colorado Springs.

Colorado State Press Association.

To the Members:

The annual meeting will be held in Denver on Tuesday, July 12, at 2 p. m., in the rooms of the supreme court, at the state house, corner of Glenarm and Fifteenth streets. The programme, as arranged last year, will be carried out, except as to the oration, which will be delivered by Major Henry Ward, of the Denver Republican. An excursion into New Mexico is proposed, but will not be decided upon until the association acts upon it. Members will find the president, R. M. Stevenson, at his office in the state house, and the secretary, W. E. Pabor, at the office of the Colorado Farmer, 337 Larimer street, where further information can be obtained.

R. M. STEVENSON, President.
W. E. PABOR, Secretary.

ARRESTED IN DENVER.

Result of the Concealed Weapon Craze.

The Sheriff of El Paso County Held Up and Searched.

The following item appeared in the Denver Tribune yesterday morning, and created a tempest of excitement in this city:

"While upon the rounds of his beat yesterday Officer Minehart observed a man whose coat, fitting closely in the back, revealed the shape of a pistol. The officer at once placed him under arrest, searched him and secured the weapon. The prisoner presented his card. It read: 'W. A. Smith, sheriff of El Paso county, Col.' The officer informed him that a card was not sufficient; he must produce his official papers. This he did, and when Mr. Minehart was satisfied that the prisoner was the sheriff of El Paso he returned the pistol and released him."

A reporter of the GAZETTE was at once detailed to work up the case, it being the general belief that some unscrupulous fellow in Denver was personating the sheriff of El Paso county. The reporter at first endeavored to ascertain whether Sheriff Smith was in town or not. Deputy Sheriff Dana was interviewed, and said that to the best of his knowledge and belief Sheriff Smith either was or was not out of town. The reporter then asked, "Do you think the man arrested in Denver for carrying concealed weapons was really Sheriff Smith?"

"It is difficult to decide at this distance," replied the deputy sheriff. "If the person was really Walt. Smith, I do not doubt but that he was also the sheriff of El Paso county. However, in such a case I prefer to await results."

"Do you think that the sheriff would carry concealed weapons?"

"He may have done so, and then again he may not. You see it altogether depends upon whether he did or not."

Thanking the deputy sheriff for the information so kindly given the reporter proceeded to make further investigations.

Officer Joe Tell was met in full pursuit of a yellow cow but he paused long enough to answer a few questions. "Yes," said he "I think the weather is extremely hot. I am opposed on principle to the carrying of concealed weapons and I would not carry even one razor in my boot if it were not for these infernal cows. There's no telling when a cow means to bite and the only way to get even with them is to go around and well prepared."

"But how about the sheriff?"

"Oh, yes, travel on the road to Manitou is pretty good now. I rather think that there is an improvement over that of last year."

"Do you think that the man arrested in Denver yesterday, and who presented the card of W. A. Smith, sheriff of El Paso county, was really the sheriff or an imposter?"

"So Boss, s-o-o-o Boss," replied the officer coaxingly to the yellow cow. "I intend to put this animal in the pound if it takes all summer," exclaimed he as the cow made a dash down Pike's Peak avenue. And so saying, both the cow and officer disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The reporter visited the mint, the state capitol grounds, the armory, the Academy of Design, the Deaf Mute Institute and the jail, but was not able to learn definitely whether Sheriff Smith had left town or not. Judging from the fact, however, that a telegram was prepared by a committee of representative citizens to the effect that the man arrested in Denver was an imposter, which dispatch was sent to the chief of police, the reporter of the GAZETTE came to the conclusion that the man arrested could not have been the sheriff, but only a man that looked like him.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

They Make County Assessments.

The county commissioners are still in session, and are doing a large amount of business. They finished equalizing the assessments yesterday. Commissioner France informs us that very few changes were made, much fewer indeed than usual. This result is owing to the careful work of the county commissioners.

The county commissioners have visited the jail, and pronounce it in the best condition.

The judges of election for the county have been chosen, and the election precincts have been established.

The assessment this year will probably fall short in the matter of cattle. Many herds have been driven out of the county and down towards the Kansas border. As for sheep, there has not been any special exodus. Many sheep, it is true, have been sent east, but the recent development of good weather and strong grass have recalled many of the truants. If there is any drop at all in the assessment of the county, it will be in the matter of cattle. Many herds were driven out last winter on account of the severity of the weather.

The commissioners to-day will turn their attention to the general business of the county, and they hope to conclude their labors to-day.

Suggesting a Name for the New Hotel.

To the Editor of the GAZETTE.

Allow me to suggest to the stockholders of the new hotel about to be built in our city to give it the name of the Palmer House, for various reasons:

First,—The name is short.

Second—There is but one Palmer House in America, and that one—the Palmer House of Chicago—is an honor to any country.

And last, but not least, it will bear the name of one of our best and most liberal citizens, Gen. Wm. J. Palmer. Let it bear the name and it will be a success.

Truly yours, JOHN H. BACON.

e dispatches report that Vice President
ur is utterly prostrated with grief.

w petty the quarrels of the stalwarts
the president. The disappointed seek-
ter places are utterly forgotten.

e one bulletin published yesterday re-
ng the president was so favorable that
ess was resumed without that deep anx-
which had for days depressed us all.

conduct of the president since his in-
were received will endear him still
to the people over whom he rules. He
en patient, noble and ready to meet his
ke the whole souled man he is.

rado weather at the present time is
perfect. The moonlit evenings are
beyond description, and the heat of the
tempered by the cool winds which
rom over the surrounding prairies.

of the saddest duties to perform was to
he news of the tragedy to the aged
of the president But when at last
s told she displayed the same firmness
as characterized her son, and proved
a worthy mother of an illustrious man.

en. Garfield lives the people will owe
of gratitude to his wife. Mrs. Garfield
eered him with her presence and her
She has forgotten herself and given
ole attention to her husband. There
en no hysterical cries proceeding from
, but firm and collected as the presi-
mself, she has done much to bring
k to the one whom the nation would
eved to lose.

not but he gratifying to Americans to
t our president is held in such high
all over the world. From every court
pe cables have been received, express-
best sympathy for the president and
people. It must be particularly
ng to General Garfield himself to feel
high and noble life is appreciated by
tion, and by every class of society.

ondition of the president, according
dispatches, continues to improve.
ns relating to the matter are vague
atisfactory, and were not received at
e until early this morning. We re-
t more definite information cannot be
ir readers. But no news must be
r good news. The case is still doubt-
there is strong probability that he
ive the injury.

icago Inter-Ocean says: "The fiscal
the government closed Thursday,
sterday the accounting officers were
riking a balance. During the year
lic debt was reduced $101,573,483,
annual interest charge was by re-
reduced about $13,000. And, in ad-
this, Uncle Sam has nearly $171,
loose change in his pocket. The re-
a party has been fortunate in select-
honest and economical managers
ublic finances."

particulars by mail are received of
ing of President Garfield the act ap-
l more horrible. The assassin was
determined. He waited patiently
arrival of the president and then de-
fired the nearly fatal shots. This
vas cowardly, and as dastardly as
. He had not even the courage to
nan, but fired from behind the presi-
he is insane, then his is the most
al insanity on record. His plans
efully laid, and his determination
rged. He imagined that the act
ing him honor, glory and fame, and
tains that idea. This is the only
anced in proof of his insanity, but a
be difficult to find ready to acquit
e crime.

ll Phillips delivered the centennial
efore the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at
college last week on the duty of ed-
en in America to give their sympa-
heir active aid to the great popular
its. He argued it was the duty of
lar to throw all the nature of his
ip into the hot contentions which
t him. He never was more eloquent
ied without regard to the opinions
those before him. In closing he
et us inaugurate a new departure,
e that we are afloat on the current of
—eternal vigilance the condition of
ty—that we are irrevocably pledged
orld not to go back to bolts and bars
not if we would, and would not if
d. Never again be ours the fastidi-
olarship that shrinks from rude con-
h the masses. Very pleasant it is
gh up in the world's theatre and
the ungraceful struggles of
ladiators, shrug one's shoul-
at the actors' harsh cries,
every one know that but for
llainous saltpetre, you would your-
've been a soldier.' But Bacon says:
theatre of man's life, God and his
only should be lookers-on.' 'Sin is
en out of man as Eve was out of
by putting him to sleep.' 'Very
ll,' says Richter, 'is the eagle when
s with outstretched wings aloft in
r blue; but sublime when he plunges
rough the tempest to his eyrie on the
here his unfledged young ones dwell
e starving.' Accept proudly the
s of Fisher Ames: 'A monarchy is a
war, staunch, iron-ribbed and resist-
en under full sail; yet a single hid-
k sends her to the bottom. Our re-
s a raft hard to steer, and your feet
wet, but nothing can sink her.'"

IRRIGATION.

crease in the population of our cit
environs has been so great that the
r irrigation is becoming scarce, and
used intelligently to continue and in-
e beautiful effects of lawn and gar-
ch are now making our city the most
e in the state. People coming from
mates have the mistaken idea that
n water cannot be given to vegetation
ry atmosphere; the fact is the testi-
om all dry climates shows that new comers and inexperienced persons generally injure the growth of vegetation by too much water. Plant life is very similar to human life, and just as mankind can be injured by intemperate use of any liquid, so can vegetation be retarded and killed by too liberal irrigation.

In view of these facts it may be well to call attention to some of the results of the experience of those who have made a practical study of vegetable life in and near this city. It is absolutely necessary in the first place that no water should be wasted on fields of grain near our city. The profits are too small and the water is needed too much for gardens and lawns. Our water supply needs careful husbanding, and all waste should be strictly guarded against. As a general rule gardens require more irrigation than lawns, and vegetables and flowers more than trees and shrubs. But many losses, which are attributed to the climate, are due to too much water.

In forming a lawn a liberal sprinkling of water is required to start the seed, but not too much or the seed will be drowned or rotted. A good watering with the hose in the evening on every other day will be ample. After the lawn is well established irrigation once a week will be sufficient. Many lawns in town are spoiled by being kept continually wet. The grass grows coarse and much of it rots, leaving bare spots in the lawn, which are very difficult to fill up again.

Trees and shrubs when first set out need a good deal of water, until they are well started, and after that but very little. With trees especially care must be taken to water little if any during September and October, to prevent a late growth and give them a chance to harden their wood for the winter. Many trees were killed last winter on this account. A good soaking just before the hard frost sets in and occasional watering through the winter is beneficial to keep the water from going too deep and injuring the roots. It is a question whether, on this town-site, a well established tree of good size needs any irrigation. There are many trees in neglected places, which are growing finely without any water except that they receive directly from the clouds. So much irrigating is going on all the time, that the soil, several feet below the surface and out of the drying influence of the sun and wind, is always moist, and the roots of a tree will travel a wonderful distance to obtain moisture. For this reason trees that send their roots straight down thrive better than those whose roots keep near the surface.

Even in gardens the testimony of many of the most successful growers in the city shows that a good soaking once or twice a week is ample. Some of the gardens are doing well with only half a dozen waterings this season. Vegetables need more water than anything else and twice a week may be necessary for their full development. But small fruits never want irrigation more than once a week, and often not that, especially while the fruit is ripening.

In fact, a good wetting once a week is enough for any lawn, and twice a week for any garden. The continual soaking carried on by some only shows their ignorance, and it is to be hoped they will be convinced and accept the facts stated above.

Another fact about irrigation, and especially in this city, is very important. No one should turn water from the ditch into their yards and leave it. It is but just that they should watch it until the lawn or garden is flooded, and then shut it off at once. A vast quantity of valuable water is wasted by overflowing on the street and walk. In our free and glorious country we often boast that each one has an equal chance. In order that this noble sentiment may be carried out here, and every one actually have an equal right to use the water that flows through our streets, there must be no waste in any direction, either of the water in the ditches or in the hydrants.

We trust that these few general remarks will prevent the irrigating ditches from becoming irritating ones. We believe that the utmost care and attention should be given the subject of irrigation. On a proper knowledge of its uses and abuses depends the reputation of our city for beauty. One cannot know too much of the uses of water. Our lawns and trees are already sources of pride to us, and are enjoyed and praised by our visitors. It is our duty to learn how to protect what we have.

PIKE'S PEAK.

How the Monarch of Mountains Impressed an Eastern Lady.

Miss Lillian Seidmore, Special Correspondent Globe-Democrat.

PIKE'S PEAK, June 21.—"Pike's Peak or bust" was the legend the intrepid gold hunters of '59 painted on their wagon tops, and there is quite that heroic spirit animating every pilgrim who starts to climb the peak in this later era of tourists and idlers. Eighteen hundred people strained their unaccustomed eyes from its summit last year, and although there are two other peaks in the state that are higher, and half a dozen of easier ascent, Pike's Peak holds its prestige and carries a meaning to every ear. No one beyond the plains especially knows or cares about Gray's Peak, or the Sierra Blanca, or Mount Lincoln, but all the world knows of Pike's Peak.

This old giant of the range that plants itself conspicuously on the edge of the plains and keeps its snowy cap into the midsummer days was an object of veneration among the Indians long before that stripling, Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, gave his name to it in the long ago of 1806. The emigrants hailed it as a land mark of their promised land as eagerly and faithfully as the Israelites their pillar of fire and smoke, and even the hardy and courageous voyagers in Pullman cars strain their eyes for the first view of the frosty cone when they are 200 miles off on the plains. It is a righteous object of reverence; but beyond the flashing of their signal fires from this most prominent point, the Indians had no well-known legends and traditions to glorify it with. Mystery, magic and the supernatural have only begun their day, and since the veracious sergeant and his sagacious mule set their six feet on the signal station Pike's Peak has been kept before the public.

The 10th of June having left the world upon its axis, a little band of heroic spirits made ready to mount the bony bronchos and toil upward from the green and lovely vale of Manitou to the rocky height above. The noonday sun was sending down its most scorching rays and the idlers on the hotel plazza were mopping their brows in the cool breeze and repeating the wearisome formula of "the hottest day ever known in Colorado." The sun was ardent, to say the least, but the crisp breeze that came rustling down from the higher cañons tempered its effects.

The sympathetic chambermaid of the Beebee house had been hovering in my doorway for a half hour before the start, urging me to take more and more wraps, and relating horrible anecdotes of the Chicogo lady "who had her nose burned to a white blister and her face so raw, ma'am, that we could hardly touch it with a feather for three days." With such gentle admonition there was no struggle when the kind-hearted one proceeded to apply her preventatives, and under a triple layer of cold cream, powder and barege veils we made the trip and returned rather fairer in skin for the bleaching process. The perspiration ran off the guide's forehead before he had strapped on the first bundle of overcoats, ulsters, shawls, rugs and furs, but the grateful sensation they imparted to us a few hours later on will cheer me through many midsummer days. The party included, among others, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Johnson, of St. Louis, and the same wicked Colorado editor, who is the author of all the fine-spun yarns about the Pike's Peak volcano and the mountain lions. The editor committed puns, witticisms and drolleries from base to summit of the mountain, and sent the guide into perfect spasms of hilarity, until the old "Peaker" informed me in a burst of confidence that he never had taken such a nice party up.

Such horses as we rode can be raised and trained only on a mountain trail, and if they could but speak what tales of timidity, stupidity and absurdity they might relate. My own Arabian was a tan-colored beast, shading off to drab and old gold, known in the vernacular of the country as a buckskin horse, and rejoiced in the sweet name of "Bird." It was a veritable misnomer, for birds do not generally sit down and roll on every piece of green grass or cool water that they come to, nor try to shake their riders off over their necks. My sudden flight to earth were heralded in all the turgid and flamboyant rhetoric of the circus ring, and equestrian feats, each outrivaling the other in novelty and unexpectedness, diversified the route. It was proposed to call the creature Jordan, because she rolled, and again it was suggested that as it was "sinched" out of all shape that it had mistaken itself for an hour-glass, and concluded that it was time to turn. Another horse for a lady rider answered to Annie, and this gentle beast was only kept from lying down in every stream by energetic pullings and vigorous thrashings. The good son of St. Louis bidden, like Louis XVI at the guillotine, to "mount to heaven," when he leaped upon his dapplee gray. and in a linen coat, broad brimmed hat and full spread umbrella, had a truly ministerial air as he preceded the line up the road. The editor rode a pensive nag that hung its head and coughed timidly now and then, but chirrupped to as Camille would push forward and crowd the other horses off the trail until a kicking and lashing from the heels of Bird brought things in order.

For the next six or seven miles the Pike's Peak trail is one series of picturesque surprises. All that green cañons, tremendous bowlders and turbulent little streams can do for beauty are there, and from the rustic spot where a small bandit on the rock demanded toll, there was a succession of grand and lovely scenes. The trail, worn deep into the grassy places by the procession of horses that go up and down it from May to October, winds on between great rocks, along the steep and dizzy sides of cañons, past cascades and waterfalls and continually upward, opens boundless views out upon the great plains that stretch like a yellow sea from the foothills of the peak eastward. With every rise there came a greater one beyond, and above it all, seeming to move and rise further and higher from us, was the rose-red summit with streaks and patches of snow bringing out its beautiful colors. Over giant bowlders, creeping a narrow path beside and under them, or along a narrow ledge of sliding sand with colossal rocks miraculously suspended above our pathway, the panting horses walked along. Ascending into higher and rarer air it was necessary every few minutes to stop and give the poor creatures a chance to breathe.

As we rose higher on the mountain side more extended views were opened backward over the plains. The lowering sun fell fiercely on the red sandstone gateways of the Garden of the Gods until they burned in flame-colored light against the yellow-gray grass. The hotels and cottages of Manitou were tiny dots in a green hollow far below, and the courses of the winding streams could be traced for miles over the plains by their green borders of cottonwood and willow trees. Wild flowers grew luxuriantly all the way, and in a little park half way to the summit, where the guides rest by a spring and wait for ascending and descending parties to pass, the ground was thick with big columbines, wild roses, harebells, daisies, pale lavender geraniums with their petals streaked with maroon and the "beautiful blue blue-eyed penstemon" of early June. At timber line the wild box covered the sandy slopes with a thick and tangled mat of green, and higher than the hardiest pines stretched a rolling mountain meadow, a mile of emerald turf jeweled with the brilliant blossoms of bluebells, buttercups, dwarf sunflowers and dainty little Quaker lady forget-me-nots.

Sixteen people passed us in the half-way park on their way down. The terrified countenance of one lady on a mule would have made the hard-hearted to laugh. She pitched back and forth in her saddle and shot a pitiful gaze at us as she went by that plainly indicated her estimate of us and mountain climbers in general. The twelve miles of steep, hard riding to the summit is trying to the most practiced rider, and for women, who have never sat a horse before, to attempt to make the trip up and down in one day is a folly that fully deserves the punishment that it gets. Twenty-four miles of horseback riding on a level road even is apt to be remembered by the inexperienced. Added to the fatigues is the horrible sea sickness consequent upon the great altitude, and few who make the ascent escape that ill. It is a certificate of a rock-bound constitution to spend a night on the summit and not be grievously ill. After the mountain meadow come three miles of broken and ragged rock, the most wearisome and discouraging part of the road. The horses' sides throbbed frightfully, the icy wind made a halt for overcoats necessary, and the scramble over these steep rocks is a fearful thing in a nipping sunset wind. The rocks of the summit that seem only reddish brown from below are of the softest pink and rose-red shades, dotted with black and golden moss patches until they strongly remind one of the exquisite colors of speckled trout. Over this sea of loose and broken granite a low, square house at last rose, and over the last rock we at last stood on the highest inhabited point on the globe.

The officer of the signal service who lives in that lofty house stood in his doorway shooting at a tin can on a pole, and in that thin open air the pop of the pistol was a short, faint little noise without crash or echo. The red ball of the sun sinking down behind the snowy edges of the mountains beyond Leadville sent strange lights and mists across the tossed and uneven stretch of mountains and parks that lay between it and the gaunt old peak. The seventy acres of wildly scattered rock fragments that crown the top afford a vantage ground for views to every point of the compass. Eastward across the vast prairie land there seems no limit to the vision, and beyond the green lines of the Platte and Arkansas rivers we amused ourselves by sighting the steeples of St. Louis in the rose and purple vapors of the horizon. The clouds, mists, shadows and faint, opalescent lights on the plains, shifting, changing and fading each moment, are more fascinating beautiful than the dark, upheaved and splintered ridges of the mountains. Stretching out over the plains, at first in blue cone upon the grass, and then sweeping outward to the horizon, the vast shadow of the mountain was thrown sharply against the sky.

Wrapped in furs and bundled in all the woolen warmth of heaviest winter clothes, the chill air of evening penetrated like a knife-edge and we sat shivering on the rocks with pitiable pinched and purple faces and chattering teeth. The afterglow in the east when the sky and the plains melted in one purple line and a band of rose color went up higher and higher, was more lovely even than the pure crimson and gold and blue of the sunset clouds.

Around the crackling fire in the station we thawed our benumbed fingers and watched the observations taken from the various instruments and sent clicking off on the telegraph wires to Washington headquarters. The sergeant wound the alarm-clock to rouse us at 4, and giving up the one sleeping room to the ladies retired to a bed of buffalo-robes in the kitchen. The awful stillness, the stealthy puffs of wind, and the sense of isolation and remoteness, were distressing at first; but the tobacco-laden air dulled us to sleep. As the fire died out, dreams of Greenland—glaciers and giddy snow-banks on impossible summits—seized us, until a shivering voice gave an alarm: "What shall we do? The alarm-clock says 2, the other one 4, and it is all red in the east."

We had climbed all those miles purposely to see the spectacle of dawn, but there was unhappiness among the pinched and pallid enthusiasts who crept out on the rocks and watched the half-light on the plains deepen. A pale and withered moon hung overhead, and miles away on the plain lay a vast white cloud like a lake, until the rising sun touched it and sent it rolling and tossing like angry waves. A crimson ball sprang suddenly from the outermost rim of the earth, glared with a red and sleepy eye upon the world, and pulled the cover of a cloud above it for a second nap before it broke in full splendor. The shadow of the mountain projected westward fell this time on the uneven mountains, whose sides and clefts were filled and floating with faint pearl, lilac and roseate mists. The black patch where Denver lay on the plains, the snowy top of Gray's peak, the green basin of South Park, and seemingly everything from end to end of the state, could be seen.

Shivering, freezing, on that mountain top, with a fur cloak about me beside all the other wraps, it seemed that there never was a winter day half as cold. In all the crevices of the rocks, wherever there was enough powdered granite to form a soil for their roots, were tiny little white blossoms, fairy stars or flowers, with just their heads above the ground, and an exquisite perfume breathing from them. Bidding the guide to sinch up quickly for the down trip, we partook of the signal sergeant's coffee and listened to his anecdotes of his lonesome life of two weeks on the mountain and two weeks in town.

You're the best crowd that's been up," said the brave man of barometers. "They all get sick when they stay over night. It took me a month to get used to it. You ought to stay until noon and see the tender-feet come up and get sick. Oh, Lord! there was an old lady up here the other day, and she says to me: 'Sergeant, don't people ever die of this sickness up here?' Oh, yes ma'm,' says I, 'a lady died the other day, and as there wasn't any one to identify her we just put her over in that snow-bank there.'"

With a lot more of such mountain horrors he kept his rafters ringing, and then bade us climb the ladder to the top of his house, which would make up the difference of fifteen feet between his abode and Gray's Peak. We looked at the grave of the imaginary child destroyed by mountain rats, gave a last look at the enchanted view and left the chilling region.

RUDAMAH.

Altogether and Always Wrong.

From the Leadville Democrat.

It doesn't matter much whether Chaffee is either in or out of politics personally. He will be felt whenever the millions can be brought to bear on the matter of the senatorship. Joe Chaffee or Joe Chaffee's man will get the nomination of the republican caucus, and will get a beautiful drubbing at the hands of the democratic opposition, headed by whom it may.

Lord Stratford and the Sultan.

Temple Bar.

Unquestionably the most prominent figure in the east at the time was that of of our great ambassador at Constantinople, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, I was with him one day in his ten-oared caique on the Bosphorus, when we passed a large garden in which preparations were being made for building. Lord Stratford told me to land and inquire whose it was. I learnt that the sultan was about to erect a new summer residence there. A mingled expression of gloom and lofty indignation clouded the ambassador's face when I told him this. He ordered the boatman to row straight to the sultan's palace. He was announced as seeking an immediate audience. Abdul Medjid, supposing, as the chamberlain said, that some sudden catastrophe had overtaken his army on the Danube, received him as a friend coming to condole and advise. But there was no friendly response to the imperial greeting. On the contrary, a painful feeling of surprise was expressed by Lord Stratford at finding such a degree of untimely levity in his majesty's mind as that he should entertain for a moment the idea of building new palaces when his empire might be on the verge of its downfall. The sultan looked much embarrassed, and stammered out a confused request to know what the Elchi Bey wished him to do.

"Tell him," said the ambassador, "to dismiss at once all the workmen. His Majesty has eight palaces already, and would he spend his money, scarcely sufficient as it is to buy bread for his troops in the field, in building a ninth palace for the Emperor of Russia to occupy? For no assistance can be expected from the allies of Turkey if they see such senseless extravagance."

The Sultan seemed struck dumb by Lord Stratford's vehemence, and only clapped his hands together to summon a chamberlain, whom he ordered to go and stop the works in the garden, for he had changed his mind about them. Lord Stratford then uttered a few plain words of paternal approval, and took leave, with all the appearance of having had his indignation disarmed by the school-boy-like submission of the Commander of the Faithful.

When, in his turn, the sultan asked the ambassador to change his mind on other subjects, a like result was not always attained. I remember a rather remarkable occasion when Lord Stratford refused to accede to the sultan's request. Mehemet Ali Pasha was the husband of one of Abdul Medjid's sisters, and was then minister of the navy. He had recently purchased a beautiful Greek slave, and he saw her one day at an open window in conversation with a Greek gardener, who was mowing the lawn behind his palace. The poor thing had been glad to find some one to speak to in her own mother tongue. The Pasha approached the girl in silence, and stabbed her to the heart with a dagger. This reached Lord Stratford's ears, and, when Mehemet Ali Pasha next called at the embassy he was not received. The sultan sent an aide-de camp to ask the ambassador why he had refused to see one of his Imperial Majesty's ministers, and his brother-in-law.

"Tell the sultan," said Lord Stratford, "that an English ambassador can never admit to his presence a cruel assassin."

A Woman's Quick Wit.

Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.

The part of Tennessee through which I have been knocked about is full of reminiscences of the war, but there is none of its bitterness left. In war time the people were greatly divided in their sentiments, and no man could tell t'other from which. This remark reminds me of a story I heard yesterday, about an estimable woman of seventy odd, who died two or three years ago, here on the mountains. One day, during the war, when the country was fairly alive with guerrillas, she had occasion to take some valuable goods with her on a trip she was making, and put them on her horse, back of her. When she had gone some distance in the woods she heard a squad of guerrillas approaching, and knowing her goods would not be safe for a moment, she straddled her horse, man fashion, and throwing her long skirt over the package behind her, completely concealed it. When the guerrillas rode up she was unable to guess whether they belonged to the north or to the south—their uniform being no solution whatever. She determined, if questioned, to play a bluff game with them, and she soon had a chance to exercise her wit. "Hello!" called one of the guerrillas. "Hello?" she returned. "What side are you on?" he challenged. She laughed a good laugh at him as she replied, kicking out her feet. "on both sides, of course; can't you see?" This brought a roar from the whole squad, and they began to banter her in her own fashion. "Which side is your old man on?" asked one of them. "He's on neither side," she laughed; "he's on his back, and has been for years." Such wit saved her, and they let her pass on unmolested.

Getting Even With a Grand Vizier.

Temple Bar.

Mr. Alison was one of the most remarkable of the able men on Lord Stratford's staff. He afterward became our envoy in Persia, and died at Teheran. He was a great favorite with the Turks, whose language he knew perfectly, as well as Arabic and Greek. Reshid Pasha, when he was grand vizier, made quite a spoiled child of him, treating him with a degree of deference which he did not show to the ambassadors of other courts, and allowing him to cut jokes on the most serious subjects without resenting their occasional impropriety.

Reshid Pasha was succeeded by a fanatical old Turk of the name of Raouf Pasha. Mr. Alison, having to transact some official business at the Porte, was received very differently from what he had been accustomed to. So marked were the respect and cordiality entertained for him by the former grand vizier, that he would meet him at the top of the principal staircase, take him by the hand, and conduct him through the crowds in the antechambers to his own room. On this occasion there was nothing of the kind. A servant led him to the presence of the great man, to whom he was announced simply as a secretary of the English embassy. Raouf Pasha took no notice. Mr. Alison put his hands in his pockets and began whistling a tune, while he looked at the pictures on the walls. The servant ran up to him, saying that the Pasha on the sofa was the grand vizier.

"Impossible," exclaimed Mr. Allison in Turkish. "That must be some flunkey. The grand vizier would receive me like a gentleman."

Raouf Pasha stood up in apparent astonishment. Mr. Alison took a seat, and in his most patronizing manner invited the great man to sit down. He then explained the case he had to lay before the porte. After a long discussion of it, the grand vizier looked at his watch, said it was the hour of his prayer, and knelt down at the end of the sofa, as the Turks delight in doing in the presence of foreigners. The Mussulman prayer winds up with a damnatory clause against all infidels, and Raouf Pasha rolled it out in a stentorian voice, as if levelled at his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words. The grand vizier then returned to his seat, and resumed the official interview. When the affair under consideration was settled, Mr. Alison in his turn looked at his watch, remarked that it was his prayer-time, and went to the other end of the sofa, where he went through a variety of gestures and genuflexions, ending with a vociferous anathema against all Turks, Mussulmans and other unbelievers in the holy Christian faith, declaimed in pure Arabic, as understood by all pious Mohammedans. He then walked out of the room without taking the least notice of the astounded grand vizier.

Gambetta's Prophet.

From the London Globe.

The gypsy woman who predicted that Josephine de Beauharnais would one day be hailed as queen has been replaced in M. Gambetta's life by the workingman who was present at the meeting held in view of an election to fill a vacancy in the corps legislatif in May, 1863. The meeting took place in a rag warehouse in the Rue de la Chapelle. M. Gambetta was present in order to press the claim of M. Joseph Blanc, the workingman's candidate who opposed M. Flavin. The latter gentleman felt so certain of his return under the auspices of government patronage, that he did not deem it necessary to attend the meeting, and simply sent a friend to represent him. This person, on attempting to speak, was cried down; and, smarting under the indignation of the moment, M. Gambetta rose to defend with eloquence and rare energy the honor and responsibility of universal suffrage. He made one of those telling speeches, full of democratic conviction, and won respect as well as roused the enthusiasm of all. Black cloth coats and blue blouses shared the enthusiasm, and vied with each other in the loudness and sincerity of their applause, while the warehouse echoed again and again. An elector present asked and obtained permission to add a few words. He was a working-man—a metal chaser and engraver. With great moderation, remarkable tact, and excellently chosen language, he placed before the public a *resume* of the different arguments adduced by each speaker, explaining, in his opinion, that nothing could be more elevated, honest, powerful or logical than the ideas M. Gambetta had expressed. This statement was indorsed by the public, and as M. Gambetta left the warehouse he was almost carried in triumph.

As he was being escorted to the door, an old workingman, in his blue blouse, stained with travel, pressed forward, and placing his hand on the shoulder of M. Gambetta, exclaimed, with all the rough frankness of a seer, "Thou shalt be president of the republic." The metal chaser and engraver was M. Toulain, who is now a life senator; and he can judge with M. Gambetta how far the prediction of the blouse clad revolutionary is from being verified, when he takes into account the enthusiasm with which his friend has been received in the provinces.

Gossip About Royalty.

From London Truth.

The queen has lately allotted a suite of rooms at Buckingham palace to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught for their London residence. These rooms had been for some years in the occupation of Prince Leopold, who has been removed to another suite on a higher story; and, as H. R. H. is ordered to go up and down stairs as little as possible, it has been necessary to built a lift for his accommodation at an expense of about £2,000. Practical people will probably think that it would have been more sensible to avoid annoyance and outlay by giving the duke and duchess the upstairs rooms; but, I suppose, this would in some way or other have infringed the rigid etiquette of our court.

An Idyl on Canvas.

In reviewing the pictures at the Royal Academy exhibition the London Times says: "We now come to the 'Idyl,' by Sir Henry Leighton. P. R. A., two fair women reclining in the shade, while a brown-skinned boy plays the pipe. The time of day is apparently afternoon, and the scene beyond the figures show a broad stretch of flat country, a winding river, and the sea in the distance. We can but take the fair and lovely purity of this picture for what it is, and say nothing of the absence of elements of life and interest. But it is at least, we may presume, allowable to explain what it is that we find lacking about this very beautiful picture, and the absence of which prevents our feeling any great delight therein. It is that in it we find nothing of the element of contrast; there is no sense of reality in the work, for everything is of the same languorous sweetness. 'A fine day, sir;' said a newly arrived subaltern to his colonel when he met him at morning parade at some Indian station, and his chief answered, 'Confound you, sir, it's always a fine day here!' This expresses tersely the sentiment with which every one now looks at the president's pictures. We know they will be finely drawn and exquisitely modelled; we know that they will be absolutely pure in sentiment, and they will represent beautiful things beautifully; but then, unfortunately, we know more; we know that the proportion of action and passion in them will be very small; we know that all the rough excrescences of humanity, which are dear to us because they are familiar, will be pruned away; we know that we shall be taken into a land 'where it is always afternoon,' where we are 'far from the beating of the steely sea,' and where we must leave behind us all the motives, fears, struggles, and hopes of which our life is commonly made up:

"'A little while to live on honey-comb is pleasant,
But one tires of scented thyme.'"

An Amazing Fish Story.

[A translation from the French in the San Francisco Chronicle.]

A rich proprietor at the interior had made to establish a pond artificial, where found themselves agglomerated three thousand trouts.

This proprietor is the father of a girling of from five to six.

She had taken the habitue to go each morning to give to eat to the trouts, at the aid of crumbs of bread.

These fishes were become so entamed that they skipped out of the water for to attrap the crumbs which the infant held in the crevice of her hand.

It arrived one day that she lost the equilibrium, and she fell, the head first in the pound, of which the water was enough profound.

At the cries emitted by the girling the father was run himself.

But what horror! He saw his infant extended without movement at the surface, where she floated as a cork.

What was not the surprise of the father in seeing that she had been supported by a mass compact of trouts.

The fishes had arranged themselves under her body as to sustain and prevent her from to drown.

If this history is truthful the fishes are not so much deprived of the intelligence as one pleased himself to believe.

Decorative Art in Dress.

Writing to the Cincinnati Enquirer, Clara Belle says: "Decorative art fancies have found their way into children's clothes. Here, for instance, is a little gray flannel dress, with four rows of wide blue braid put on with herring-bone stitches of yellow and red crewels. Again, I have seen a little cream-colored sacque, with three rows of black braid, or black velvet ribbon, half an inch wide, held down with a feather stitch on each side of scarlet embroidery silk. Other garments of summer camel's hair and similar goods have outline patterns of leaves, flowers, and other designs worked in the Kensington stem stitch, with bright shaded or self-colors in gay, positive tones. A good suggestion is that, as merchants are now selling at low prices what they call summer silks in checks, hair lines, and small chene patterns, it is an excellent opportunity for buying at least a part of a dress, if not a whole one. Even the thinnest and least expensive of these silks, when lined, look well as raffles and flounces, and they shir and plait to excellent advantage. When in bright colors, they are just the thing for parts of children's dresses. All sorts of hats and bonnets are worn by little girls as well as pokes. Palmettos are popular, and may be turned into Gainesboroughs, sundowns, sailors and mascottes, as well as pokes. Then the pique and shirred lawn bonnets, with poke fronts and backs, like a wagon top buttoned on, are more worn this summer than ever.

Froude as a Controversialist.

Saturday Review.

Mr. Anthony Froude, as we all know, is nothing if not a controversialist. He has passed indeed, in his time through almost as many "phases of faith" as another prominent writer of the day, but in none of them has he ever lacked the courage of his opinions or the courage of attacking their opposites. In his early Oxford career he was an ardent disciple of Mr. Newman's, and wrote as he has just reminded us, lives of the saints. From Newmanism, as it used then to be called, he suddenly turned to what is now designated Agnosticism, and instead of "Lives of the Saints," we had "Shadows of the Clouds" and the Nemesis of Faith" from his facile pen. But soon another change passed over the spirit of his dream, and he became convinced that these "roads, both of them, lead to the wrong place;" and he next posed as the apostle of that robust, if somewhat illogical form of English Protestant orthodoxy, which takes Henry VIII. and good Queen Bess as its patron saints, and treats all who opposed them in politics or religion as no better than fools or fanatics. In that drastic and uncompromising temper which he had partly acquired from his second master, the biographer of Frederick the Great, he composed his history of England. He has more recently indeed given us a sketch of Julius Cæsar, which might seem a sufficiently neutral and undogmatic subject, yet even there his irrepressible theological or anti-theological instincts proved too much for him, and he could not refrain from ending with an elaborate parallel—which to most readers appeared equally foolish and indecent—between Cæsar and Christ. He has now been good enough, beguiled perhaps by the illustrious example of his old master, to give us a sort of "Apologia pro Vita Sua" in the shape of a series of letters on the Tractarian movement, which has been published in Good Words, and which we may expect to see reprinted with *quorum pars magna fui* as a motto on the title page.

An Almost Useless Palace.

London Truth.

Buckingham palace, except during the eight days it is annually inhabited by the queen, and the four evenings in each season when it is devoted to hospitality, remains empty and useless. The charming grounds (of the beauties and extent of which very few, even of Londoners, have an idea) are abandoned to the gardeners, and the splendid collection of pictures (there are some of the finest Dutch paintings in the world in the Long gallery) are rarely looked upon except by house-maids. It, therefore, seems the more unfortunate that when sovereigns do come to this country the palace should not be open to them, as it would involve neither expense nor trouble, beyond sending up some cooks and servants from Windsor.

Refreshing rains have done much to improve our city.

The president is better. Every bulletin reports an improvement.

The Fourth is safely over. It narrowly escaped being a day of national mourning.

It is time that the insanity plea were put an end to. The latest manifestation is a desire to kill Secretary Blaine.

The population of London on April 1st, was nearly four millions. This is a gain in ten years of more than half a million. The percentage of increase from 1871 to 1881 was 17.2, while in New York it was 28.0.

There is one word now which will very likely cease to be used by anyone, and that is "stalwart." "I am a stalwart," cried the would be murderer. Does any politician want to introduce it into his speech now.

If the president recovers, there is only a light punishment which can be inflicted upon his assassin. The case can be tried only as one of assault with intent to kill, and the extreme penalty is fifteen years imprisonment.

The editorial comments which we publish to-day are from representative papers of the country and furnish a good idea of how the attempted assassination is regarded by the people. In these comments there are tributes paid to Garfield which we hope he will live to read.

Will the English ever be convinced that their railway system of having compartment carriages is not a good one? To be locked up in a carriage with a stranger who may prove to be either a madman, or a murderer, is certainly not pleasant. Several notable murders and assaults have occurred in these compartments, and the latest, that of a Mr. Gould, will perhaps convince the railway officials that their system is a little faulty.

Mexico will hold an agricultural and mechanical exposition next November in Orizaba. This city is situated on the railroad which runs from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and therefore American goods can be easily sent to the exposition. It is a pleasantly situated town, high up among the mountains, and free from all malaria. Our manufacturers will undoubtedly take advantage of the opportunity and exhibit their goods.

The crime of which Platt is accused is a private offence at the outside. If he is innocent, then the methods adopted to ruin his chances by assailing his reputation and so defeat his election are neither honorable nor decent. If he can be beaten in no way except by circulating lies, then we hope he will go back to Washington. The whole affair is disgusting, and the reports, whether true or false will do much to bring harsh criticisms down upon the politicians.

Poor Platt again. The dispatches relating to him are far from complimentary. And as to being true, that is very questionable. A man in his present position will think twice before committing a moral indiscretion in the hotel at Albany, where he must know he is constantly watched, and where his every movement is telegraphed over the country. He may have been a fool to resign his senatorial position, but it is too much to suppose he will be a still greater one by being naughty right before the legislature.

The Tribune calls the robbery of a stage an act of bravery. This is a good way to encourage such acts. It gives the highwaymen just the notoriety they desire. For ourselves, we cannot see what great courage there is in "getting the drop" on unsuspecting passengers and at the revolver's mouth forcing them to hold up their hands or be shot. The Tribune caters to a reckless element when it praises such deeds as brave ones, and unless bidding for favors of some description, we beg it to refrain from praise and adopt censure instead.

The Republican accuses us of not being patriotic because we object to the firing of pistols, crackers, etc., before the proper day. What must be the judgment of the indulgent and sensitive Republican when they notice that our city forbids the display of juvenile enthusiasm even on the Fourth, except in certain localities? And we endorse the mayor's orders, not because of a lack of patriotism, but because the custom of burning powder and endangering public and private property, and life as well, we believe foolish and unreasonable. There are other ways enough to celebrate the day without indulging in dangerous playthings.

It is a relief to believe that Charles Gitteaux was insane when he committed the rash act which came so near robbing the people of a president. It is a relief to feel that his act was prompted by no political faction. We do not believe that any investigation will disclose a plot of any description, and it seems more certain every day that what he did he did for himself, and that his own disordered mind was the only prompter. It is useless to argue that the Conkling faction was in the least responsible. There was no plan to make Arthur president, and Gitteaux was acting entirely for himself. He at the best is a half witted, weak headed idle cur, already cursed by the nation.

Our dispatches report that the Kremlin is in flames. This historical citadel lies on the north side of the river Moskava, and with its fantastic domes and high walls, towers and battlements, forms one of the most interesting features of the city of Moscow. Through one of its many gates even the emperor is obliged to pass with uncovered head. The Kremlin is a collection of cathedrals, churches, palaces and monasteries, and in the cathedral of the Assumption all the Russian emperors since Ivan have been crowned. If Moscow is destroyed, then an old city will be lost. It was founded in the twelfth century, and was for five centuries the seat of government. It has several times been nearly destroyed by fire, and in 1812 was set on fire, compelling Napoleon to leave his quarters in the Kremlin.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

Aside from sympathy and a sense of personal loss; outside of all fears that the business of the country would suffer by the death of the president, there has been general alarm felt at the thought of Chester Arthur becoming Garfield's successor. No one seems to have any confidence in the man, nor does he deserve it. He has never been conspicuous as a statesman, and there is no reason to believe that he would as president suddenly develop any executive powers, or that he would be worthy to occupy the important position of chief magistrate. He has never been above petty political tricks, and his nomination was a disappointment to the country at the time it was made. Since coming into office he has done all in his power to disgrace his position, and instead of attending to his legitimate business he has plotted against his superior officer, and has done his best to defeat his nominations. Too weak-minded to have an opinion of his own, he has allowed himself to become the tool of a superior intellect.

But whether qualified to occupy the position or not, the fact remains that if General Garfield does not survive his wounds, the vice president will by law succeed him. Nothing can be done but to accept the inevitable. In nominating a man whom no one at the time believed worthy of the office, the republicans made a fatal mistake. Death of the president was not properly taken into consideration. If the country is spared the necessity of seeing Arthur succeed the president, the nomination of a vice president in the future will perhaps be more carefully considered. It is too important an office to be given without consideration and judgment. It is not necessary to call attention to the evils which might arise should the president die and one opposed to his course succeed him. Radical changes which might possibly affect the peace and prosperity of the country can be made, and investigations stopped, while the entire policy could be changed.

It is possible that Arthur would disappoint those who predict that his course of action would be detrimental to the country's welfare. But we cannot afford to try the experiment, and it is the duty, the plain duty of the leaders of the party, not to nominate one who cannot occupy the presidential chair with the confidence of the people behind him. It seems as though there had been lessons enough already given. We trust that we are not to have another and a severer one.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Not since the brutal assassination of President Lincoln, sixteen years ago, has the country been so shocked as it was to-day when the news that President Garfield was shot and probably fatally injured came flashing over the wires. The feeling was one of personal grief; irrespective of party all keenly felt the blow and from every one arose expressions of deepest horror and sympathy and regret. The hope is universally expressed the wound will not prove fatal, and every telegram with its important communication is closely watched and anxiously waited for.

We must necessarily publish only imperfect and vague reports. We can give no news calculated to allay fears of the death of the president, for the telegrams are not positive, and the actual condition of the sufferer is difficult to determine. That the wound is painful and likely to become mortal seems an assured fact. A man must be possessed of an iron constitution to withstand the effects of such a shooting. The assassin was so near, his determination so great, and his opportunity so unlimited, that it will be wonderful, indeed, if the president is able to recover. At last accounts his condition was becoming more critical, and as one reads of his suffering, his tender thought for wife and family, the passions are stirred to deepest depths. While the whole sympathy is for the wounded president, for his murderer only hate and a wild desire to avenge the deed is manifested.

It is too early to assign causes for the deed. The most charitable excuse possible is that it was the result of a disordered mind. There seems to be no possible reason why any sane being should commit an act so barbaric and so unusual. The president was universally liked, and there was no political excitement of importance enough to make enemies who would adopt methods so severe. It is not time to judge one, nor any faction. To blame one party is to accuse unjustly. The facts must be fully known before any definite opinion can be given. It will be true we think that no one was the instigator of the crime, and it must be that the assassination was the work of only one man, and that the deed was planned by him alone. For the good name of our republic we hope this may be so.

We refrain from all obituary notice. While hope remains that the life we honor may be spared, we shrink from performing that duty which would so grieve us all. But the thought of what the consequences would be should the president die cannot be forced from our minds. All know the faction which would be elevated to power, and there is regret that the thought of who would be president cannot be a pleasant one. Garfield would be an almost irreparable loss, and his successor, alas too late, we realize the fact, is not one we would choose.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those who are not familiar with an editorial table would be surprised at the number of letters found upon it. There are communications of every description. Complaints, commendations, questions and advice are showered indiscriminately upon one, and every writer casually mentions that an early answer would be agreeable.

A conscientious editor will endeavor to return his thanks, his explanations and his advice as quickly as possible, but there is one class of correspondents which may be best answered in a public manner, and to the men and boys, women and girls, old and young, composing this class, we address this editorial communication. We refer to those who ask the very easily answered question, what they shall do to earn a living, and if our city offers them inducements enough to leave their present homes and come here. One of our friends says he has a good education, but no money and no health. Another evidently has no education, and no idea of business, but wishes to work a little, "just enough to pay the expenses of living." Another has a wife and children who declare they must "see Pike's Peak or bust," and he wants to know if he can do something in our city or state to pay the expense of indulging his family. One woman declares herself a good critic and would review our books for her "living" expenses alone. A young man wants to come out here because he has taught school "down south," and his experiences there have fitted him to instruct our "Indian scholars." Another enterprising person has never been accustomed to work and wants to come west where no one will know her so as to compare her "degradation with her past life of luxury." In fact the reasons assigned for wishing to come are as numerous as the questions asked about the size, location and attractions of the city. A young physician pleasantly asks if there are many doctors here, how much they make in a year, and if their fees are greater than those asked for in Denver or the east.

We have no intention of ridiculing any letters addressed to us. They deal with that question of "what shall I do for a living," and we believe that is a topic altogether too serious to be made light of. It is asked by thousands who have but just come into active life from our universities, and by many others who have tried and failed and now in despair look to other and new fields with the hope that there they may find something to do, anything which will support them and provide, not the luxuries, no, but the necessities of life. We recognize the fact that situations are not plenty in the east, and that the cities are overcrowded. For this reason we are glad to answer any inquiries concerning our state and city, and in answer to many letters we would gladly say to the questioners that they could come to us with full assurance that their wants would be immediately supplied. We most heartily wish that we had as many places to dispose of as there are applicants. But such of course is not the case, and we advise many to remain where they are and not take their chances here.

There are many wrong ideas entertained in the east regarding western life. There is little written on the subject of life beyond the Missouri which is not from the bright side. Correspondents usually send home interesting letters, and from ignorance perhaps, or for some other cause, neglect to give the information which can be relied upon by those wishing to try their fortunes in a new home. If certain facts were only known many would be saved from disappointment when they find upon coming west that their expectations are not realized. The actual state of affairs here is perhaps better than in the east, and situations are more easily obtained. But merit is no less considered. There are many to select from, and it is as true of this country as any other that the ablest man gets the employment. There is no royal road to success here. Work has to be as well performed, rules of business are as strict, and there is as much labor to be performed for a salary as there is in the east.

We advise all having any intention of coming here to consider carefully what they are about to do. It is much easier to give up a good position than to find a new one. It is not possible for any one to advise what another should do. All must act for themselves, and the west does not deal in any sentimentalism, but judges one on his actual worth.

OUR PRESIDENT.

While there is life there is hope. The frequent bulletins concerning the condition of the president are eagerly scanned. If the news is favorable the anxious people turn away with smiles and congratulations; if unfavorable, a deep look of anxiety settles upon the faces of all. The condition is still critical, but while he lives all hope on. It is desired most earnestly, most truly, that the life we honor now more than ever will be spared. It seems as though we could not give it up. It is so full of manhood, this life, it is so noble, so useful, so necessary to our prosperity that millions watch its fluttering and pray that it may be spared. Never was a president so loved, never was life so desired. When it was first reported that this one man was dead, people stood amazed and shocked. It was as though a personal and a dear friend had been suddenly stricken down. Business was forgotten. Letters remained unread, self-interest was overlooked, and the nation stood with white face and anxious look, while telegram after telegram brought messages of cheer or told us there was no hope. Last Saturday will be remembered as one of the most eventful days in the history of the country. It was hard to realize when the news came, that Garfield was dying, that it could be true. He had been so short a time our ruler, his administration showed such signs of promise, that the people could not, would not, believe that the life and reign were ended. Men looked to the future with misgivings and with fear; the money markets were depressed, and it seemed for a time as though God did not reign and that the government had, for a time, ceased to exist.

To-day is the third since the news first came to all that Garfield was shot. Since Saturday the telegrams have been on the whole favorable. There have been few unfavorable symptoms, and the condition of the president has gradually improved. It is very likely that the strong constitution, the determined will and the grand physique will enable him to withstand the effects of the shots. His life has been one well calculated to be of great service now. It has been a temperate, industrious and out of door life. His early days were spent in hard work, and since those years of hard toil he has indulged in no vices. No man is better able than he to make a strong fight for life. If prayers are ever efficacious he will live. No injured hero ever had more earnest petitions offered in his behalf. The people have joined, irrespective of party, and without regard to personal opinions, in asking that he might not die, but might continue his years of usefulness.

The people may congratulate themselves if General Garfield lives. Had he died, or if he dies the consequences will be serious. We do not anticipate a revolution. This nation is too industrious to give much attention to revolutionary questions. But if Chester Arthur becomes president, there will be elevated to power again the old *regime*, and all the good improvements inaugurated by Hayes and Garfield will amount to nothing. Arthur may be honest, and may desire to govern honestly, but he has not shown himself possessed of any moral influence, which must necessarily be a characteristic of a president who would be successful and respected. With the accession of Arthur the Conkling party would undoubtedly come into power; and we believe that element worthy only of suppression. The stalwarts have worked injury enough. It is time that they subsided. The country can spare them, and if General Garfield lives, we will see them so completely buried that they will soon be forgotten.

We need our president, not only for the sake of our national welfare, but should he die a noble example of a man would be lost to us. He is honesty itself. It is said that his first question concerning a man was: "What is his reputation for integrity." A man's honesty he considered the first qualification for office and confidence. He is a president we can look up to, and his example has always been one which we might follow and copy with profit to ourselves. His administration will be honorable and honest, and one of which we might be proud, and if he is spared, we will be proud of it.

We believe we but echo the sentiments of the majority of the people when we wish that the president may have a speedy recovery and a long life. It seems as though the greatest danger had passed. For the aged mother, the wife, the children, the nation, we pray that the son, the husband, the father and the president may soon be pronounced out of danger, and once more be able to take up the reins of government.

SPECULATION IN FRANCE.

Speculation is not confined to our country. In France all classes, from the highest to the *bourgeoisie*, take less interest in politics and more in speculation. Every new scheme is grasped at at once, every undertaking by a new company finds plenty of people willing to risk their money in its fortunes. The ablest men, the shopmen, the women and the clerks have rushed into stock speculation until the word Bourse is in everybody's mouth, and cabinet ministers are left severly alone, and politics are forgotten. Ladies buy and sell and can tell more about stocks than many men who have transacted business for years, and it is related that one successful operator told a gentleman friend that the secret of her success was that she "bought." And looking at a few of the stocks one can readily see that if her advice had been followed during the past two years, the buyer would to-day be able to reap a rich harvest. The French rentes issued after the war at 82f. stand now at 120f. Railway shares show still greater improvements. A year ago French Northern shares were quoted at 1040f. per share of 500f.; they are now 2160f. Bank of France shares, which could be bought a year ago at 3400f., sell now at 5900f., while Credit Foncier shares have risen 50 per cent. within the past year.

Besides dealing in home stocks, the French invest largely in foreign securities, and already nearly the entire Italian debt is in the hands of the French public, and its quotations have risen from 70f. to 90f. Spanish railway securities are also largely bought, and have grown into valuable, interest-paying investments. So general, indeed, is the desire for speculation that new companies are formed, and the capitals of banks increased to often double their old amount. How long this craze will continue, or how serious the effects of a crash may be, no one can foretell. That misfortunes will come to those who buy on margins is almost certain, though the prosperity may continue for many years yet. There never before was such universal speculation, and the fact that the most economical country in the world has become one of the most speculative, is a curious fact, and perhaps a significant one.

The stalwarts must not be considered as parties to the horrible affair at Washington. That is they are not directly responsible. But indirectly they are to be blamed. They have brought their grievances so conspicuously before the public, that many a weak headed hanger on may already believe, as did Gitteaux, that it is best that harmony should be restored even by killing the best president we perhaps have ever had. We have never upheld Conkling, nor have we approved of his methods, but to connect him with this attempt at murder is foolish.

Press Comments on the Assassination.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The Tribune's editorial says: "The assassination of President Garfield yesterday has naturally shocked the national mind, and for a time overwhelmed the hearts of the entire people. He had called an able and experienced cabinet to his aid, and in four months had secured the confidence of the great mass of the American people. This act was that of a crazy man, not prompted by popular complaint. The country will unquestionably, and without a dissenting voice, acquit those at political variance with General Garfield of all complicity or knowledge of this atrocious deed. At the same time it will be remembered that this crazy demon was of that mental condition to be influenced by the current events of the day; and the fact that a faction of New York was striving to defeat the administration was just such an event as would suggest to the mind of this man seeking notoriety, that the removal of the president would terminate the contest, unite the party, and win for himself the gratitude of the victors."

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The Herald says: "There should be some slight consolation in the thought that there was no rational enemy behind this dreadful blow. For that venerable lady who lately reflected that she was the only president's mother who ever lived in the White House; for the dear wife to whom the chivalrous gentleman sent his love as a tender remembrance of the first moment of his recovery from the consternation of the tragic assault; for the five boys, full of the proud regard that the sons might feel for such a father, there cannot but be some satisfaction in the thought that no man of the American people possessed of his reason, could feel toward son, husband and father a murderous hate that could strike at his life, and they may well feel comforted and helped by the national sympathy, deep and tender, which desires the recovery of their beloved one with an earnestness and ardor that can yield only to their own. It is plain and clear enough to our own people that the tragedy has no political relations, and is only the expression of the insane impulse of an individual. But abroad, where they imagine us, from the late agitations, to be in a fever of revolution, and where they do not know that the limit of party passion never rises to this height, the event will be not understood and will be misinterpreted and commented on as one of the growing evils of our system."

THE MEMPHIS AVALANCHE.

A comprehensive glance at the political situation reveals the fact that in no instance in the history of this country have there been so great interests that could directly profit by the death of the president. By Garfield's assassination, the twenty years' growth of corruption in the dominant party, which for the year past, beginning at Chicago last June, has been in process of elimination, again comes to the front, and regains control of the government. All the old thieving rings will be again paramount, and as many new ones will be organized as the ingenuity of rascals can suggest. There will be no more prosecutions of the Star route thieves, or any other public plunderers. Grave suspicions will always rest upon the yet powerful disreputable element of the republican party, that it had something to do with this great crime."

ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.

ST. LOUIS, July 3.—The Republican says: "It is a mystery how any man could have been excited against this man, whose manners and life have so little in them to arouse the fierce passions of an assassin. He was neither a heartless nor tyrannical ruler. His murder is causeless and will meet no defense from any creeds, sect or shade of opinion. The most sinister aspect of the case is the fact that we are no securer here than those who hold hereditary offices in the old country."

THE NEW ORLEANS BEE.

The Bee says: "Whatever may be the consequences of the odious act, we can but utter the sentiments of horror it inspires. Our people, one and all, hope that Garfield may be brought through the great and terrible blow which has been struck. His incumbency was accepted by the south in all faith and contentment. He was looked to with thousands of warm and pleasant hopes.

DENVER TRIBUNE.

DENVER, July 3.—The Tribune says: The news produced a national shock. The relations of parties and factions are very peculiar in the country at this time, but they have, in addition, a great importance which was not realized until the sharp flash of a revolver showed the republic that there was only one life between it and very grave complications. In President Garfield's moral strength it has a strong, abiding faith. He has shown a determination to do his duty, and he has been profoundly trusted by the nation. Its faith in his good intentions and his ability was strong, and when the unfortunate political row which made the early days of his administration so exciting was sprung by the rash Hotspur of New York politics it was earnest and united in its support of the president.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

NEW YORK, July 2. The Tribune says: "There is absolutely nothing to account for this horrible deed, which to a great nation is a terrible calamity, except the crazy spirit of faction and political fanaticism that has been showing itself in many phases little short of madness. The country has seen the wildest ravings of abuse about the president, and has paid little attention. But curses and threats are followed at last by murderous shots, and the country startled with horror. Must we not realize, in the light of the dreadful calamity at Washington that those who bleed and nurse this malignant, selfish, grasping spirit are aiming a blow at the life of the Republic?"

DENVER REPUBLICAN.

DENVER, July 3.—The Republican says: "As the attempted murder of President Garfield startles the nation, it will also carry sorrow and a sense of loss to every individual in the land. A man of the people, a conspicuous example of what is possible to energy, to ambition, and to fidelity to right, in this land, President Garfield held the sympathy of the people even much as they were held by Abraham Lincoln himself. Having achieved the highest eminence in congress, he promised to develop a greatness commensurate with the position to which he has just been raised."

LONDON OBSERVER.

LONDON, July 2.—There is a profound sensation here. Amazement, incredulity and great anxiety are felt, especially among the Americans, who have deserted every place and occupation to get news. Minister Lowell's residence is thronged. The queen and Earl Granville immediately and personally cabled condolences. The Observer prints special editions Sunday morning. It says: The first impression is to attribute the dastardly act to the same agencies as have attempted the lives of so many crowned heads, but there is no evidence of political crime. It seems to have been the act of a half-crazed lunatic. Regicide is an intelligible crime, but to kill one president to make room for another is an act of insane folly that no sane man would perform.

THE BOSTON HERALD.

BOSTON, July 3.—The Herald says: "Sad and lamentable and far reaching in its possible consequences as is this act of frenzy, it loses all sinister political significance when it appears as the deed of a disappointed man who has lost his wits. Assassination has no place in our political system, if ever justifiable in a land of free speech and universal suffrage.

NEW YORK TIMES.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The Times says: Though the murderer was obviously of disordered mind, it is impossible to ignore the cause which led immediately to this act, which directed his ill-regulated will to its final aim; he was a disappointed office seeker, and he linked the bitterness of his personal disappointment with passionate animosity. His resentment was inflamed and intensified by assaults upon the president, which have been common in too many circles for the past few months. Certainly we are far from holding any party or section of a party responsible for this murderous attack, but we believe it our duty to point out that the act was an exaggerated expression of sentiment of narrow and bitter hatred which has been only too freely indulged in. The spoils system of the civi service has led up to the event.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "It is no "time for intemperate and foolish talk about "conspiracy to take the life of the president. "President Garfield had not a personal enemy "in the world. He is a large-hearted, gener-"ous man, forgiving his enemies, and cher-"ishing no hatred or malice. In these re-"spects there was a striking resemblance be-"tween him and Lincoln, as well as in many "other respects; and when the news came "yesterday over the wires the popular feel-"ing, manifested in words of sorrow and sym-"pathy, showed how deep is his hold upon "the affections of the people."

AN ASSASSIN'S ATTEMPT!

President Garfield Dangerously Wounded.

He is Shot in the Shoulder and Back.

NEWS OF THE SHOOTING.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The president was shot twice, one ball entered from the rear to one side and is believed to have passed through the kidneys. The doctors hold out some hope of possible recovery, but it is plain that they feel little if any hope. One shot went through the arm. The president talked to a reporter just now and said he felt pretty strong considering his wounds, but complained of a tingling sensation in his feet as annoying him more than anything else. The man who shot him wrote his name on a card as

CHARLES GITTEAUX,

attorney at law, Chicago. Washington is wild with excitement, and the whole populace is gathered around the Baltimore and Potomac depot.

SPECIAL DETAILS.

CHICAGO, July 2.—The following are the special details, but not so late as you have already had. At 9:30 this morning when President Garfield was at the Baltimore and Potomac depot, waiting to take the train, he was

SHOT TWICE

by a man who stood within two feet of him. The president's friends rushed to him as he fell, and Blaine called for Rockwell. Station Agent Carrey arrested the assassin, who said, "I did it;

I AM A STALWART,

and Arthur is now president. Take a letter I have here to General Sherman, and he will tell you about it." The man evidently had deliberately planned the assassination with the idea, so far as can now be ascertained, of making Arthur president.

HOW THE SHOOTING WAS DONE.

President Garfield went to the Baltimore and Potomac station at twenty minutes past nine, intending, with a reporter of his cabinet, to leave on the limited express for New York. The president had alighted from his carriage and was passing through the ladies' room to the cars. When about five feet inside of the room, the assassin, who was

WITHIN TWO FEET

of him, fired one shot. The president was dazed and made no attempt at self-protection. Blaine had turned toward the door. The assassin fired a second shot in ten seconds. The president fell, and Mrs. White, who attends the ladies' waiting room, rushed to him and raised his head.

BLAINE ALSO RUSHED

to the assistance of the president. The assassin passed out toward B street but Captain Parks, the ticket agent, jumped through the window and

CAUGHT THE ASSASSIN

and immediately afterward Officer Scott also took hold of him. Parks let the officers have him and turned his attention to the president.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S ACCOUNT.

Secretary Blaine was not going with the party but went down to bid the president goodbye. He said "the president and I were walking arm in arm toward the train. I heard two shots and saw a man run. I started after him but seeing that he was grabbed just as he got out of the room I came to the president and found him lying on the floor. The floor was covered with the president's blood. A number of the people who were around shortly afterwards have some of that blood on their persons. I think I know the man. I think he is Gitteaux. The weapon used was a revolver about seven inches long. It has an ivory handle. Calibre very large. It is what is known as a California pistol. It made a very loud report. Parks says both shots were fired while the assassin was behind the president. When the officers, Scott and Carney, got hold of the assassin and were taking him to police headquarters, he said voluntarily to them,

"I DID IT,

and will go to jail for it.

I AM A STALWART,

and Arthur will be president." He had a letter in his hand, and wanted the officers to take it to General Sherman, saying it would be all right. The prisoner made no resistance, saying that he had

CONTEMPLATED KILLING THE PRESIDENT,

and it was for the good of the country. About nine o'clock the assassin went to a hack stand adjoining the depot, and engaged a hack from Barton, a colored hackman. He said he wanted to go to Glenwood cemetery in a short time, and wanted the hackman to

DRIVE VERY FAST

when he should get in the hack. He agreed to pay $2 for the hack on condition that the hackman would drive fast. When stopped the assassin was going to the hack he had engaged, and he insisted that it was important for him to go and deliver a message to General Sherman. When the officers refused to let him go he begged them to

TAKE A LETTER

he had to General Sherman. The following is a copy of the letter the assassin wanted delivered to General Sherman:

THE MURDERER'S MISSIVE.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1881.

To the White House:

The president's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the republican party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the president was a Christian and that he will be happier in paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, any way. I have no ill will toward the president, his death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am interested with the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during canvass. I have some papers for the press which I shall leave with Byron Andrews, Interocean correspondent, and his co-journalist at No. 1,420 New York avenue, where all reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

CHARLES GITTEAUX.

PUBLISHED BY
AZETTE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

DAILY—IN ADVANCE.

nm. .....$10.00 | Six Months.....$5.00
lonths.... 2.50 | One Month..... 1.00

WEEKLY—IN ADVANCE.

nm.....$2.00 | Six Months.....$1.00
lonths.... .50 | One Month..... .25

ADVERTISING.

ade known on application to the office.

JOB WORK.

s for Plain and Fancy Job Printing equal those of any establishment west of the Missouri river.

rsons having advertisements in this pa- desiring them discontinued will please known at the business office, where they roperly attended to. We cannot hold e res; onsible for advertisements con- in the paper unless notice is thus given. bscriptions to the Daily or Weekly are f the list at expiration.
rry Iles is the authorized collector and for the Gazette Publishing Company.
ims are allowed against any employe of RTTE to offset any of our accounts.
ertisements for the WEEKLY GAZETTE handed in not later than Thursday

ising agents are respectfully notified lo not want any advertisements from B. W. STEELE, Manager of the GAZETTE.

From Wednesday's Daily.

iver and Rio Grande surveying party the mountains yesterday afternoon itou and the Ute Pass.

even Lakes house is now open for the of guests. Conveyances leave for rt every Thursday morning. This is e pleasantest retreats in this vicinity. ier particulars enquire at E. N. Bart- ce.

ndred and seventy-five excursionists m El Paso to Santa Fe to spend the Among the number was Mr. Baker, of the Mountaineer, of this city. He of the El Paso Herald, and shortly a daily.

a serious runaway occurred on North reet last evening. A horse attached y in which was seated two young came frightened at the barking of a ting the buggy, and throwing them ound injuring both of the occupants.

ESTERN SURPRISE PARTY.

Well Known Citizen of Colorado ings Joined in the Festivities.

Occasional Correspondent of the GA-

SA, Colo., June 29, 1881.—As I find no correspondent down in these st thought I would drop you a few ng you an outlined account of a mas- arty that I had the honor of attend- ight between 12 and 1 o'clock, twelve t of Alamosa. Well there were thir- who left Del Norte on the stage about 8 p. m., and continued on ey towards Alamosa until about 12 It was very dark and dusty. We point where some of the friendly t, who inhabit these parts told us nd having a very well broke team of ourse we halted, and at that time ght light reflected in our faces with st to hold up. The air being very ourse we held up. Now as it hap- nd the honor of riding outside be- river, and owing to said honor I had ire of looking down a forty-five cali- the request to hold up and come ch I did, notwithstanding I felt a just then. But I did not want to inate, so I climbed down. Then the ing a very clever fellow, did not outdone by me, consequently he own also. Then wishing to show ity, I suppose, they put the black over our faces, and then called others in turn and served them in ner. They then proceeded to tie our ind our backs, after which they to go through us for what we were fter which they requested us all to d we being all of humble disposi- well disposed, how could we refuse like this? Consequently we all remained knelt for about half an ile they went through the mail. ich they departed and left us master uation.

omewhat rested by this time, and efreshed, we concluded to adjourn reaching Alamosa about daylight well as could be expected. They f the passengers about $700, and ur humble servant (for he was *very* $130 to $150; cannot tell exactly, as done business in the western way, and was not very particular exact change. J. P. MCMILLEN.

STERN RATES FOR WOOL.

ates Now Obtain on the Atlantic Border.

ve received the following circular ites Bros., wool commission mer- Philadelphia: "The market has been ly supplied with wool so far. The come forward rather more slowly ial, and most of the early arrivals t with prompt sale. Prices have n and many holders confident of a dvance. In most of the wool grow- ons there has been much excitement, eagerly competing with each other ing continually higher figures, until, cases, they have paid more than is by selling value in the eastern mar- whether wool will go into consump- igher values than are now ruling de- rgely on the future market for manu- goods. The prosperous condition of ntry seems to warrant the opinion may expect a fair trade for goods; ufacturers, however, are well enough d of this to buy supplies much ahead s. They prefer to wait for actual their product rather than trust to easons why their goods should sell, are accordingly now buying stock derately. Wool seems intrinsically We venture the opinion that it will d a safe investment at present val-

COLORADO WOOL:

and fine, choice,.....25@28c
" Average,.....20@25c

HONORING THE FOURTH.

How the Firemen Came up to the Line.

Hooks and Ladders and Fire-works Close the Day.

The Fourth of July passed with serene skies and a pleasant prospect.

The conservative sleepers were awakened at 12, midnight, on the Fourth by the roar of the uncivilized anvil, or as those who exploded it would say, the "patriotic gun." This intermittent fusilade was kept up until the pale light of dawn began to creep in between the shutters of the student's window.

At this hour the Fourth of July fun began. Carriages and horses were called into requisition, and after this jolly parties of ladies and gentlemen boarded the cars for Manitou.

No especial celebration was made in this city, yet in the evening the site of the city was defined with rockets and Roman candles.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th the Hook and Ladder company appeared on running grounds on Nevada avenue and prepared to run for the citizens' purse. The race attracted much attention and was watched by a large concourse of people. The Hooks ran bravely and won the prize of $20 offered by the people.

The parade of the firemen in the morning attracted much attention. The hose carts were tastefully decorated and the officers and men dressed in full uniform. The line of march was as follows: From the engine house to Tejon street, up Tejon to Platte avenue, from Platte avenue to Nevada avenue, down Nevada to Pike's Peak, then across to Weber street, and down to Huerfano street, then to Tejon street, and south to Cucharas street, from thence west to Cascade avenue and north to Pike's Peak avenue and then down Tejon street to Huerfano street and then home to the engine house.

After the review of the companies they were received at the engine house by a large concourse of admiring friends with a round of rousing cheers. They then disbanded amid the congratulations of all their friends. The next parade will be joined by No. 3, and their exhibiting may be expected to surpass that of the present year.

CITY COUNCIL.

Doings of the Reverend Fathers.

The city council met last Saturday evening and did a considerable amount of business. We are not able to give the sequence of work in its regular order, but we are able to report a number of matters that are of especial interest to the public.

In the first place the city council decided to adopt a cheaper method of tapping. The rates heretofore adopted were very large. To show the change which was made at the last meeting, and all through a healthful competition, we have only to refer to the annexed table:

OLD RATE.	NEW RATE.
4.25	2.50
5.25	2.75
6.60	3.00

The new rates of course were adopted, and the bid which was accepted was of course the lowest bid given.

The council then turned their attention to the consideration of the distribution of water throughout the streets of Colorado Springs. Mayor France ordered that the following notice be made known:

All persons are hereby forbidden to use their hydrants for the purpose of irrigation from 9 o'clock p. m. to 5 o'clock a. m., and all hydrants must be closed upon the alarm of fire at any time. This order is made to protect the city in case of fire and is imperative. MATT FRANCE, Mayor.

After this the council took into consideration the matter of the new demand for extensions of the water mains. It has been discovered that many persons in the extreme north and south of the city want the water mains extended. The city council recognize the seriousness of their demands and refer them to the financial committee.

After covering these matters of especial interest the council turned its attention to the matter of irrigation and water works. After some desultory and *mal apropos* discussion the council decided to announce that the office of ditch supervisor and water superintendent were vacant and to declare that the offices should be vested in the mayor. The city clerk did not give these facts to the reporter of the GAZETTE. Neither did the mayor, who was interviewed, but the facts are facts, and we give them as worthy of remark. The mayor is now ditch commissioner, and also chief of the water works, and all who find fault will please direct their letters to Matt. France. The mayor now receives a salary of $1,000 a year. We do not doubt that with his varied duties he will fully earn his salary. Yet the disingenuous conduct of his friends, and the especially secret conduct of McGoyney will prejudice the conservative people against him. The fact remains that Mayor France is chief of the roads and ditches, and we hope he will deserve the praise of all.

Hose Company No. 3 was accepted, and it was ordered that a hose cart should be secured. The Juvenile hose will be called Juvenile Hose No. 1 hereafter. This is as it should be. The Juvenile hose exhibits no end of enthusiasm, but we have no doubt that it is just that the new hose company should be dubbed No. 3. The members of this company are men, and should be recognized as one of the companies of the city. Doubtless they will be called No. 3, and their quarters will be assigned to the northern part of the city. The Juvenile hose will be designated as No. 1 Juniors, which is honor enough for them.

The council decided to purchase three new see that the efforts of the GAZETTE have resulted in this tangible evidence of progress. We have urged the establishment of drinking fountains since last autumn, and we are glad to observe that they are at last to be established.

After passing a number of routine matters the council took up the consideration of bills, which were audited and passed as follows:

El Paso county, boarding prisoners	$ 22 74
W. A. Caswell, hose, etc	22 68
W. S. Walker, guarding engine room	14 00
Wm. Clark, cart work	12 15
W. T. Douglass, cemetery	7 00
A. Carpenter, poll tax	12 96
Giles Crissey, lumber	60 22
J. E. McIntyre, court fees	10 50
Durkee & Lee, hardware	5 00
Gas company	3 00
E. P. Howbert, stationery	1 50
Giddings & Stillman, carpet	63 80
A. Capehart, for taking census	70 00
L. C. Dana, jail fees	30 50
W. F. Tilton, cuspadors	6 75
Joseph Dozier, carpenter work	98 58
W. H. Converse, rent of pistols	3 95
A. Brown, shades for council room	10 60
Streets and ditches	97 00
Salaries	570 66
J. L. Marston, plumbing	64 35
J. L. Marston, tapping	
A. L. Hutchinson, boarding horses	30 18
L. E. Sherman, oil	4 80
Gazette Publishing company, printing	35 77
J. L. Marston, deal ends	20 62
Streets and ditches	150 85
G. S. Barnes, hardware	21 15
J. L. Marston, tapping	62 75
Rent for June	52 50
J. F. Carr, janitor work	2 50
El Paso county, boarding prisoners	57 00

U. P. VS. D. & R. G.

The Best Game of Base Ball Ever Played in the State.

The much talked of game of ball between the D. & R. G. club, of this city, and the U. P. nine, of Omaha, took place at the fair grounds in Denver, on Monday afternoon, the 4th inst. It was originally intended that the game should be played in this city, but as the U. P. club thought it would be impossible to come here it was satisfactorily arranged to have the game played on the Denver grounds.

The D. & R. G. nine left here on Sunday last in charge of their manager, Capt. W. B. Tuttle, accompanied by about fifty of their friends and backers. At Denver the entire party was provided with accommodations at the Windsor, Captain Tuttle having previously arranged for the same by telegraph. The Union Pacific nine arrived from Omaha on Saturday night previous, they being quartered at the Alvord, immediately opposite the Windsor. Both clubs were confident that they had the best ball players, although the betting on Sunday and Monday was two to one in favor of the Denver & Rio Grande. Several days previous the betting was just the reverse, the U. P. club giving odds of two to one, all of which bets were speedily taken up by the D. & R. G. boys. It was at first thought that the day set for the game would be a windy and disagreeagble one, but by noon it looked favorable and at 2:30, the time set for the game, it was clear and pleasant and about 300 spectators had assembled on the ground.

When the game commenced betting was two to one in favor of the D. & R. G. club and remained so during the entire game, even when at the end of the fifth inning the score stood seven to nothing against them. The U. P. nine won the toss and of course sent their opponents to bat. For five successive innings the Denver & Rio Grande nine retired to the field without scoring a run, while in the meantime the U. P. boys by some strong batting and an error on the part of the umpire scored seven tallies.

At the conclusion of the fifth inning the game was interrupted by a brief shower, and although the Union Pacific nine had a score of seven to nothing in their favor, they were not willing to wager any money on the result. As soon as the storm cleared away the Rio Grande boys went to bat, and by several safe ones to right and center they succeeded in securing two tallies. Four times did the U. P. club slip to the home plate, and just so often did they retire to the field with a goose egg to their credit. This was owing to some remarkable playing exhibited by the D. & R. G. Base Ball club. Every ball that went to the field was gobbled in, and not an error was made in the diamond. It was very evident that the U. P. boys were becoming slightly mixed, and each time that the D. & R. G. nine went to the bat they increased their score. When at the end of the eighth inning the score stood six to seven in favor of the Union Pacific club, the excitement was intense, and it was with considerable difficulty that the spectators were kept from crowding upon the players. It seemed to be the universal impression in the crowd that the D. & R. G.'s would, in the ninth inning, at least tie, if not win the game. But not a score did they make. Even when the last batter stood on the home plate with two men out no odds were offered on the Union Pacific nine. This settled the game, the U. P.'s waiving the last inning.

At the conclusion of the game the score stood as follows:

D. & R. G.	R.	O.	U. P.	R.	O.
Kent, p.,	1	3	Whitney, p.,	1	3
Kessler, 3b.,	1	3	Bandall, 3b.,	1	3
Rockwell, 1b.,	1	2	Trafley, c.,	1	2
Phelan, 2b,	0	4	McKittosen, s. s.,	1	3
Newman, s. s.,	1	2	Nash, c. f.,	2	2
Donnelly, c.,	0	3	Neville, r. f.,	0	2
Stovell, l. f.,	1	3	Frankeiser, l. f.,	0	3
Willett, c. f.,	0	4	Howland, 2b.,	0	3
Hart, r. f.,	1	2	Mahoney, 1b.,	1	3
	6	27		7	24

Take the game as a whole, it was the best and most exciting game of ball ever played in the state of Colorado. Considering the fact that from the fifth inning the D. & R. G. club had up-hill work they exhibited some extraordinary playing.

It was universally conceded that the D. & R. G. club had by far the best ball players in both the inner and outer field and they have the satisfaction of knowing that the U. P. club won the victory by mere chance. From beginning to end they played against adverse circumstances, and we can safely say that they cannot credit their defeat to remarkably brilliant playing on the part of the U. P. nine. It is gratifying to know that the boys were not in the least discouraged by their defeat, and no sooner had the game concluded than the U. P. club were challenged to play a return game but they declined to do so under any circumstances. Colorado Springs has every reason to be proud of her base ball club and much can be expected of

CHEYENNE CANON SOLD.

The Purchasers will make Additional Improvements.

Mr. J. H. Johnston, son of John Taylor Johnston, and J. A. Weekes, of the firm of Weekes & Fors-ter, both of New York, also B. F. Borge, a capitalist of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, bought Cheyenne Canon on the 2d of July. The property consists of 160 acres and comprises the entrances of both the north and south canons to almost the end of eacn.

The price paid was $2,250. The premises have already been rented to Mr. Beckwith, of Manitou Springs, for two years, at $225 per annum. It is the purpose of the purchasers to improve the property, make roads, so that both cañons may be driven through.

No timber will be cut down or destroyed. The cañon will be preserved in its natural state. All signs of photograph men and hotel men will be taken from the rocks. The company will not under any circumstances allow the fine rocks and trees to be decorated in this manner.

Mr. Beckwith will move into the premises in a week's time. He intends to build a dining room, where the tourists will be able to judge of his wife's excellent cooking while the horses are taking their oats in a new barn The admission price of ten cents will not be increased, it is not the intention of the owners to prevent any one from visiting this delightful spot on account of expense. As the number of tourists and inhabitants of this region increase the owners will build a fine hotel, where good accommodations can be had.

Mr. Beckwith will have various articles for sale necessary for picnics. The inner man may be refreshed also by beer, lemonade, ginger beer, etc.; only harmless drinks will be sold. Mr. Beckwith and wife, his two sons and daughter will render all the assistance in their power to make the visit of the tourist pleasant. The property was bought through the agency of Captain De Coursey, who has been very kind and accommodating.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

They Meet and Pass Sundry Bills.

The following bills were audited and passed by the county commissioners:

Gazette Publishing Co	$104 09
John Farrill, work on Ute Pass road,	26 00
Cornelius Murphy, work on Ute Pass road	56 00
John Langville, timber for bridge,	76 50
R. E. Dickinson, paupor account	40 90
Walt. Smith, sheriff's fees	60 89
W. R. Collins, bailiff's fees	20 00
W. Smith, sheriff's fees	156 50
Frank Flanagan, road work	164 00
A. L. Willard, pauper account	25 50
E. J. Eaton, per cash	9 00
G. L. Barnes, hardware	5 00
Witnesses, district court	15 00
H. S. Clement, Sheriff's fees	4 30
J. C. McIntyre, clerk's fees	192 15
Chas. Reitler, shorthand notes	124 00
Jas. O. Phillips constable's fees	23 15
J. C. Binkerhoff, pauper account	1 50
Roby & Coulter, poor house account	2 82
Joseph H. Mann, jail	10 00
J. F. Love, pauper account	1 00
Geo. H. Thwaits, guarding Canty	2 90
J. H. Hindmin, guarding Canty	120 00
H. W. Scoville, washing for jail	5 40
Giddings & Stillman, towels, etc	22 20
Robert Finley platting roads	10 00
G. H. Stewart, coroner's fees	25 00
Aaron Bailey janitor's fees	26 00

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway company has to-day let a contract for grading its short cut line from a connection with its present main line near Acequia, to the South Fork, on the water grade extension from Denver to Fairplay and the valley of the Arkansas. A large force is being put on this line, and the work will be pushed rapidly to completion.

Mr. Fred. Ege, the art furniture manufacturer, has just completed two handsome corner cabinets for Mr. H. A. Risley. They are constructed of cherry and mahogany, and are of Elizabethian style. The interior of both are lined with looking glass, and the exteriors handsomely carved. Those interested in art furniture can see these cabinets at Mr. Ege's shop, where they will be on exhibition during the remainder of this week.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado, for the week ending July 5th, 1881:

Armstrong, A.,	Lawton, Forrest T.,
Baker, Mrs. E. S.,	Long, Charles N.,
Berry, J. F.,	Lynch, Mory.
Craig, Mrs. D. A.	Madison, Albert,
Creamer, Francis H.,	Mason, Press,
Davis, Miss L.,	McDonald, Sandy—2,
Gun, Miss Ann,	Millett, Andrew,
Giger, B. H.,	Morgan, Thos. J.,
Goldsmith, W. S.,	Murdock, D. H.,
Graney, Thomas,	Nelms, Mrs. Mary,
Guiseppe, Zampedri,	Robinson, T. A.,
Hammond, M. M.,	Smith, L. F.,
Hart, W. D.,	Taylor, Addie M.
Helt, James J.,	Tebo, C. F.,
Husband, J. G.,	Test, Bob,
Hurly, David,	Wadel, George,
Johnston, J. A.,	Woodruff, Arthur.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "advertised letters," and give the date of this list. If not called for within thirty (30) days they will be sent to the dead letter office. E. I. PRICE, P. M.

COLE'S CIRCUS.

The Elephant Will Soon Go 'Round.

Cole's circus will pitch its tent in this city next Saturday, and all the small boys and many of the larger boys are counting on a day of unalloyed enjoyment. The circus is certainly a good one, as our people well know, to say nothing of the menagerie. The Melbourne (Australia) Age speaks as follows of the show:

The performance, once begun, proceeds without a break, everything runs like clock work, feats of sensational daring and exhibitions of grace and skill rapidly alternate, and the mingled astonishment and delight of the spectators is never allowed to flag for an instant. The astounding performance by the six performing stallions—Prince, Duke, Emperor, General, Sultan and King, reminds one of Swift's Houyhnhums: "Upon the whole, the behavior of the animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded that they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves." To see these six stallions drill like soldiers, sit on chairs in a circle, come singly to the front at Mr. Organ's command, and finally march out on their hind legs, is alone worth the price of admittance.

These wonderful trick stallions are to be seen at each performance in W. W. Cole's great circus and menagerie which will exhibit at Colorado Springs on Saturday, July 9th

GARFIELD'S MOTHER.

She Has a Premonition of Evil and is Brave in the Face of Facts.

The Sunset of Life Gave Her Mystical Lore.

It is sincerely to be hoped by all classes of people that our president will recover from this cowardly and dastardly attempt which was so nearly fatal. He has always been a temperate man and one of indomitable will and courage, this with his great desire to live is more than half the battle, and if he sustains the trust of the American people he will be the most popular man in the union and it will ensure him his second term, and with his executive capacity will stehr the republican ship of state still further down the broad river of prosperity into the calm sea of contentment. It seems strange that his loving old mother should have all along had a premonition of some attack which has so nearly ended fatally. A dispatch from Solon, Ohio says: The news of shooting the president was broken to his mother this forenoon. She had been so much overcome by the accident which resulted in the death of Thos. Garfield and Mrs. Arnold, that the family had kept from her the intelligence of the attempted assassination, but this morning she felt better and spoke of attending Mrs. Arnold's funeral, which took place at Bedford to-day. In announcing her intention she remarked: "Last Saturday, was buried to-day, Cornelia. I wonder, who will be next Sunday?" Mrs. Trowbridge, at whose house Mrs. Garfield was stopping, sent for Mrs. Larrabee, another daughter, and when the latter arrived Mrs Garfield inquired if she was going to Mrs. Arnold's funeral. Mrs. Larrabee replied she guessed not; she could not, as something had happened, so the sisters thought it best not to go. "What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Garfield. "We have heard that James is hurt," said Mrs. Larrabee. "How, by the cars?" asked the mother. "No, he was shot by an assassin, but was not killed," replied the daughter. "The Lord help me," exclaimed Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Larrabee assured her mother that the latest reports were favorable and the president resting quietly and in a fair way to recover.

"When did you hear of this?" queried Mrs. Garfield. "Yesterday noon, but we thought best not to tell you. The news was not as favorable as to-day," was the reply. "You were very thoughtful. I am glad you did not tell me. I thought something had happened, as I had noticed your manners were peculiar toward me during yesterday." She bore up under the intelligence with such fortitude she was shown the dispatches received from Major Swaine, Secretary Judd and Harry Garfield.

From Thursday's Daily.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Some of the Remarkable Productions of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. D. S. Grimes, in a valuable letter to the Prairie Farmer, says: "It is not generally known that the largest fruit of the native or wild plum is found growing in the mountains and valleys of Colorado and Wyoming. Since we first came to this country ten years ago our attention has been often directed to the superior quality of both natural and cultivated fruits. Many varieties of the wild plum found here are inferior and unworthy, but once in a while we find among these inferior kinds one that deserves more than a passing notice. In the valleys of the Arkansas, Platte, Boulder and St. Vrain, we have seen varieties of purple red and yellow plums double the size of the Wild Goose or Miner, with small seed, firm rich flesh, apparently filling the bill of this delicious fruit, plum full.

"In our wanderings along the upper Arkansas we came upon a variety of the plum differing widely from anything we have ever before seen or heard of. This plum was very large, roundish, the skin smooth but spotted with bright red and yellow spots. In this group were eleven trees. The parent or largest tree, measuring six inches in diameter, and about eight feet in height. The branches of all the trees in this group put on a pendent, drooping or weeping character. Whether this drooping of the limbs was owing to the bearing of heavy crops of fruit, the altitude, or was the natural growth of the tree we are unable to say. The tree being a dwarf with a symmetrical and weeping head laden with rich, ripe, spotted fruit as we saw it. Could it be transferred from its Alpine home and retain those peculiar characteristics, it would, indeed, be a valuable acquisition to horticulture. The time will come when the origin of some of our finest fruits and flowers will be traced to the Rocky Mountains. The famous Weaver plum—first found growing near Cedar Rapids, Iowa—was doubtless carried there from the Black Hills by the Indians. The same variety is found in several localities near Custer City and Deadwood.

"The Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington could do the horticultural industry of our country valuable service by a careful investigation of this region of country, gathering up, and sending out to intelligent cultivators many promising varieties of our wild fruits and flowers. In currants we find a large variety of the black, red and yellow, in size from the smallest to the very largest, many of which could be improved by cultivation.

"The flora of these grand old mountains for variety and beauty cannot be surpassed by any country. Our conifers on account of their beauty and hardiness are attracting the attention of western nurserymen.

"The beautiful dwarf oak, the dark green alder and gray-leafed sheperdl, intermingle with roses, spireas, columbine, lilies, and thousands of other flowers, while the mountain ivy and fragrant clematis covering trees and rocks, all combining to teach us that the Creator did not form these mountains and cañons as a hiding place alone for gold and silver, but has placed his richest treasures on the surface, free and visible to all; and yet, man in his greed for precious metals passes them all by unnoticed and unappropriated."

SCALING UNCOMPAHGRE.

Thrilling Experience of Some Fourth of July Celebrators.

At 12 o'clock on the Fourth of July, according to a special dispatch to the Denver Republican, twenty-five persons, including three ladies and two little girls from Lake City, with citzens of the capital of Ouray, and óthers from the Cimarron gold mining camp, assembled on Uncompahgre peak to celebrate Independence day, and to raise a twenty-four foot flag which, with a pole thirty-five feet high, had been provided by Col. Irving, of the Cimarron.

Immediately after the flag was raised, a dense rain cloud, mingled with hail, enveloped the peak, accompanied by high winds.

At 1 o'clock, Mr. Ripley, of the Ouray Times, was about to begin reading the declamation, when the flag seemed likely to tear the pole out of the pyramid of rocks on which it was planted, and J. F. Singleton and Col. Irving attempted to haul it down. At this instant the pole was struck by lightning and Singleton was prostrated. Col. Irving was made very sick, but was not knocked over. No one else was hurt by this stroke, but the company was appalled. Singleton screamed with pain and begged for water. He was rubbed and recovered sufficiently to be borne down to the pack train and thence to the Cimarron camp. He was not dangerously injured.

About five minutes after the first stroke another attempt was made to get the flag down, the gale then being severe, the hail furious and the cloud dense. Mr. Harbottle, of the Silver World, seized the lanyard to cut it, and while in the act another and a severer bolt struck the staff, shivering the top and spending its force along the lanyard and into the base of the pyramid, hurling large stones from it over the precipice, which is a sheer descent of 2,800 feet.

The part conducted by the rope struck Mr. Harbottle in the right arm, burning his fingers and temporarily disabling his right arm.

A panic now ensued, and the entire party fled down over the slide rock and soon to the base. No other injury was done. The party was successful only in the one act of raising the flag upon the highest peaks in the United States.

GUITTEAU'S FAMILY.

Something About the Assassin's Antecedents.

Guitteau seems to be pretty well known both in this city and in Denver. The GAZETTE published some reminiscences of the assassin on the day after the shooting, which were furnished by Mr. Stevens of this city. But little has as yet been said concerning the family of Guitteau. The Republican, of yesterday, has the following:

A reporter for the Republican had the pleasure on Monday of getting from Mr. F. M. Rogers, father of Senator Rogers, some facts about the father of Charles Guitteau, the assassin. Mr. Rogers is a resident of Freeport, Stephenson county, Illinois, and is here on a visit to his son, the senator.

He was well acquainted, he says, with the elder Guitteau, and also knew the uncle of the assassin, though he left New York before this uncle joined the Oneida community.

"With the young men of the Guitteau family Mr. Rogers was little acquainted, and his recollections therefore mainly concern Louis W. Guitteau, the father of Charles Guitteau, the assassin.

"Louis W. Guitteau was a man of excellent demeanor, and was quite prominent at Freeport and in its vicinity. He had the respect of the people there, for he was a sober, industrious man, of good character in every respect.

"In 1858 and 1859 he was county clerk of Stephenson county, and enjoyed the confidence of the community. Afterward he became president of one of the national banks at Freeport, and had the respect of the business men of Freeport until his death, which occurred about two years ago.

"There was nothing in the parents of Charles Guitteau to give any indication of insanity, nor was there anything of that kind, so far as Mr. Rogers knew, in the demeanor of the New York Guitteau. The Illinois Guitteau was a quiet, unassuming citizen, without anything unusual about him.

"There are in Colorado numerous people who came from Freeport, Illinois, and who were there acquainted with Louis W. Guitteau. Governor A. C. Hunt is one of these. The number also includes Mr. J. R. Hicks, Mr. W. W. Montelius and Mr. Hiram Bright."

SCALPED BY APACHES.

Stirring News From the Southern Frontier.

Calvin Upton, an old Denver & Rio Grande man, with five companions out on a survey, between El Paso, Texas, and Silver City, Arizona, were attacked, overpowered, massacred and scalped on the 1st of July. News of this slaughter was brought to this city by El Paso excursionists.

DENVER NOTES.

DENVER, July 6.—The supreme court today refused to grant a mandamus compelling the Lake county district court to certify the record in Rosencrantz' case to the supreme court at the expense of Lake county.

It is understood that his attorneys will ask for a supersedeas in the case; on what grounds is not known.

Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 1, Brotherhood of Labor to-day passed resolutions expressing sympathy with the president and family, and asking congress to pass laws making such offenses high treason.

STILL IMPROVING.

Hopes Growing Strong that the President Will Live.

He is Making a Gallant Struggle for His Life.

All that Science Can Suggest is being Done to Save Him.

Expression of Regret and Regard Received from All Directions.

BULLETIN NO 1.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 6.—6 p. m.—The following dispatch was sent by the surgeon in charge to the two consulting surgeons this afternoon:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 1 p. m.—Since our telegram of yesterday the case has continued to progress favorably. The president was quite comfortable during the day and needed no morphia until bed time last night. His mind was perfectly clear but he obeyed our injunction to refrain from conversation. The afternoon exacerbation of symptoms heretofore observed daily did not occur, on the contrary a slight dimunition of pulse took place: by 8:30 p. m. it was 106, temperature 100; 9 respiration 24.

BULTETIN NO. 2.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 2:30 p. m.—The president's condition at this hour remains unchanged, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

BULLETIN NO. 3.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 6, 5.30 p. m.—Doctor Bliss says the president's condition and symptoms at this hour are favorable and satisfactory.

BULLETIN NO. 4.

WASHINGTON, June 7, 2 a. m. -The president continues easy. There is no change in his symptoms.

GARFIELD'S APPETITE.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 6, 3:30 P. M.—Among other favorable symptoms of the president's condition to-day in fact is, he is beginning to find fault with his physicians because they do not give him enough to eat. He called this afternoon for beef steak, but upon being told it was not thought prudent at present to allow him to eat such hearty food he grumbled a little but consented to compromise upon an egg and say no more about it. The egg was given him. He wished also to know this afternoon whether he could not be permitted to hold a cabinet meeting, and evinced generally a disposition to talk which physicians were obliged to discourage and restrain. His symptoms at this hour, 3:30 p. m., continue to be favorable.

WHAT THE PHYSICIANS SAY.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Physicians have been engaged this morning cooling the atmosphere of the president's room. Cloths dampened with ice water have been placed where drafts of air pass through them and the temperature has been reduced to 84 degrees. Revolving fans will be placed in the chamber this evening. The weather continues very hot. It is a matter of necessity to keep the atmosphere in the sick room cool.

WHAT SURGEON-GENERAL BARNES SAYS.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Surgeon-General Barnes, who is in close attendance upon the president, says: "From my experience in the war I have abundant proof that injuries to the liver, either by stab or gunshot wound, are not necessarily fatal, although dangerous. Authors who usually forbid exploration of wounds of the abdomen allow extraordinary latitude in incisions for the purpose of removing foreign bodies from the liver. It is practiced extensively by French and German physicians, having been recommended by Ledrau and Messbaum, who are sustained by Percy. I remember that about sixty-two cases of recovery from gunshot wounds of the liver during the war came under my observation, and half of them were further complicated by lesions of other organs. At Harper's run a boy of nineteen years was shot in the back, the ball passing through the liver and emerging from the abdomen. He recovered in less than a month. I was so interested in the case that I looked over the pension list to see if he has applied for a pension, but his name was not on the list, so it may be presumed he recovered fully.

Another case which was thought important enough to be recorded in current medical journals was that of private Gilbert Smith. There beyond doubt the lesion was most severe yet when Smith presented himself to the pension agent here he was reported in health. All these cases were from a certain standpoint more hopeless than the president's, occurring where immediate attention and care were impossible. The president has every chance which careful watching of changes, excellent health and constitution and a gallant struggle for his own life can afford, and he will continue the manful struggle. We treat him internally with milk and lime water and give him hypodermic injections of morphine to allay nervousness. To the wound we apply a cold compress to prevent inflammation setting in. It is too early yet to say whether we shall attempt to extract the ball. I cannot be sanguine of his recovery, and yet we are justified in hoping for it.

PRESIDENT IMPROVING.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The last bulletin was issued at 1 o'clock shows pulse 100, temperature 99.7, respiration 23. This is an increase of two beats in pulse, but the doctors do not consider it as any bad showing, and attribute it to the heat of the weather, and say that all favorable symptoms continue. The president has continued to rest easily this morning, and to steadily improve and the doctors say that every minute that he continues to get along as he has since yesterday morning, greatly increases his chances of final recovery. Some fear was expressed of gangrene in the wound but surgeons do not apprehend this. They say that there is not a single symptom of gangrene as yet, and if gangrene has set in it would show itself by unmistakable signs. The president still has an appetite and his stomach retains nourishment. To-day there is every hope of his recovery. City doctors who have not seen the president, but are kept professionally informed, now generally agree that the chances are a good even. Those who yesterday thought he could not recover now admit that there are signs in his favor. The lowering of the pulse is pronounced the best sign. The quarrel that the doctors had over the case continues to cause comment. Some favor Bliss's course; others condemn him. Surgeon Barnes says the president's condition is much improved. The case is still involved in hidden dangers, because the course of the ball and the nature of the wound are unknown, but he feels hopeful of the president's recovery. He has not been hopeful before, and has predicted death.

During this afternoon the president had several evacuations from the bowels, the first since the shooting. They occurred without pain and any discomfort, and contained no trace of blood. During the early evening, from 7 to 10 p. m., he was troubled occasionally by acid eructations, but on suspending the administration of nourishment for a time this symptom disappeared. At 10.30 p. m. one-quarter of a grain of morphine was administered hypodermically, being the only morphia given since our telegram to you yesterday.

He slept very well during the night and expressed himself as feeling quite comfortable though weak. This morning at 8:30 his pulse was 98, temperature 98-99, respiration 23. The tenderness of the lower extremities to touch has considerably diminished. He is taking with a relish every two hours some chicken broth made more nutritious by the addition of raw egg albumen. At 12:30 this afternoon his pulse was 100, temperature 99, respiration 23. Will continue to keep you advised of his progress.

CAUSE OF THE CRIME.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Sir Edward Thornton thinks the president will recover on account of his physique, his bravery, and the favorable outcome so far. He was very complimentary of Mrs. Garfield and believes that Guitteau was alone in the crime, but unquestionably the fight against the president influenced and made the crime possible. This fact has much depressed Arthur whom Thornton believes would not enter upon the presidency if Garfield dies because he had arrayed himself against the president supported by the people. It is a sad fact the madmen have been inspired with the belief lately that the killing of a ruler would change the government.

A GOOD CUSTOM.

The English custom of locking up those who attempted to shoot the queen and flogging at intervals might be a wise remedy as it has proved there.

COMPARATIVE HAPPINESS.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—There is comparative happiness at the White House and in the city. The steady improvement of the president since last night has materially increased hope, but there is great anxiety. While he is doing well, the fact the danger is not as yet passed, is realized. The doctors say there has been improvement every hour, very little improvement and very slow but very perceptible.

A FOOLISH STORY.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The story that the assassin Guitteau tried to shoot Blaine but was prevented by Benson, formerly of the secret service, is disproved by the testimony of ticket agent Park, at the depot, who says Guitteau tried to escape as soon as the shooting was over. Benson was not in the room at the time of the shooting.

THE TRIBUNE TO THE LEGISLATURE.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Both the Times and Tribune have stinging leaders on the duty of the New York legislature in the present crisis. The Tribune says it would gratify the whole country to know that the Albany struggle which was unquestionably the immediate cause, in some degree, of the wild excitement that started the deadly bullet on its way. The contest should be terminated by the good sense and patriotism of the republican members. Because the president would not proscribe any element of the republican party, a savage and malignant warfare against him has been commenced. Can the legislature in any way more fitly show the sympathy which all patriotic men feel for the president than by the election of two faithful and able republicans? It would not be bad news to send to Washington that the legislature respected his motives, recognized his patriotism, spurned the slanders which have been uttered about him and emulated his single hearted devotion to the public welfare.

THE TIMES' DENUNCIATION.

The Times declares that nothing but sheer perversity and wilfulness on the part of the minority of their number prevents them from agreeing upon senators to-day. Platt has withdrawn, and Conkling has no more chance of being elected than the assassin himself. There can be no object in continuing the contest but to still antagonize the administration, whose official head lies between life and death—an administration which commands popular sympathy and support as it never did before.

NEW YORK MEDICAL OPINIONS.

NEW YORK, July 6.—A city physician, who withholds his name, writes the Tribune concerning the president's wound: It is the opinion of a large number of intelligent medical men of this city that neither the liver nor any other vital part has been wounded. This is borne out by the fact that beyond the first shock there has been no material change either in temperature, pulse or respiration. The changes that might affect the former are the most important indications either of shock or peritonitis; but the body heat has not risen above 101 and a fraction. The most probable explanation of the wound is that the bullet took an upward course and lodged in the dense tissues of the spinal column. This injury would account for the pain in the legs and feet and it would be difficult to account for the pain in any other way. No man injured in the manner claimed by the medical witnesses would live so long without an accession of really unfavorable symptoms.

Dr. Cornochan also thinks if the liver was touched at all it was only slightly inpinged upon.

Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, says the exact location of the wound is in the right side, four inches from the spine, between the tenth and eleventh ribs, the latter being broken, from the exterior appearance of the wound. The presumption certainly would be that the liver has been traversed.

NO CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

Your reporter left the White house at 10 o'clock to-night, and everything was more quiet than since the president was shot. The members of the cabinet have gone home to get much-needed rest, being assured that no change for the worse is apprehended to-night. Secretary Blaine went home. For the first time the crowd that has been at the White house gates continually since Saturday departed to-night. The surgeons have decided not to issue any more bulletins until to-morrow to let the president sleep undisturbed for he seems inclined to sleep a good deal. His mind is clear and bright. He has not slept since last evening, fully seven hours. His sleep which has been calm and natural has benefitted him greatly. The question as to the source whence danger was feared has been inquired after many times. The Dr. replied that it would be difficult and improper to state. There might be pus in the cavity of the wound; there might be secondary hemorrhage which however he didn't seriously apprehend, or a variety of other causes to make symptoms unfavorable. At this time however, he felt under the circumstances strongly hopeful of recovery; more hopeful than at any time yet. The president's improved condition has been shown at 9 o'clock by the condition of his pulse which has dropped to 104, a difference of six beats for the better since 1 o'clock.

Secretary Blaine, who had left the White House about 7 o'clock spoke most encouragingly of the president's condition and improvements since this forenoon, and his stomach retains everything given. There is no intention to probe for the ball until the president recovers considerable strength. The president kept resting on his side most of the time, though his position is shifted frequently; pillows placed under him and arranged to give the greatest ease.

HIS LIFE INSURED.

Garfield recently took out a life insurance policy for $25,000.

NO CONFEDERATES.

WASHINGTON, July 6. Attorney Gen'l McVeagh says he won't give to the press Guitteau's papers till the president's condition is settled and the cabinet can get to business. They are not very important and the press knows about everything they contain. The keeping of them don't argue suspicion of confederate's MacVeagh scouts that idea. Conkhill also said it was not time yet to give out Guitteau's papers, but emphatically sat down on the confederate idea. He had not a single confederate. His only reason for holding these papers he says is that their publication would gratify the egotism of that damned beast Guitteau.

A COMFORTABLE DAY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, midnight, July 6.—The president passed a most comfortable day and his condition to-night is in every way as satisfactory as could be expected. He has taken more nourishment during the past eighteen hours than at any time since he was wounded, and the food has all been retained and perfectly assimilated. In order to relieve him as far as possible from the oppression caused by the intense heat, the attending physicians this evening put into operation a simple

REFRIGERATING APPARATUS

which it is thought will render the atmosphere of his room to-morrow much more comfortable than it has been to-day. It consists of a number of troughs of galvanized iron about ten inches in width and fourteen feet in length, placed on the floor along the walls and filled with water and broken ice; over these throughs and corresponding with them in length are suspended sheets of flannel, the lower edges of which are immersed in ice water which fills the troughs. The water is absorbed and carried upward by the capillary attraction of the flannel capillaries as oil in the wick of a lamp until the sheets are saturated. This cold water bath by direct contact with the air and by the rapid evaporation which takes place over an extended surface of the flannel lowers the temperature of the room. Although only a few hours have elapsed since this apparatus was put into operation, it has made a perceptible change, and its utility will be still more clearly demonstrated to-morrow. The day has been comparatively quiet at the executive mansion, for the reason that the favorable bulletins have to a great extent relieved the public anxiety and decreased the number of callers. At this hour, midnight, the president is resting quietly, and all his symptoms are encouraging.

AN INSANE IDIOT.

PHILADELPHIA, July 6.—The lunatic McNamara, an Irishman, served in the rebellion and the regular army for five years. He has been in the alms house here. He has been arrested for disorderly conduct, jailed and sent to the insane asylum. He has been in the locomotive works lately and went to Washington to get Blaine to secure him a pension. He denounced Guitteau's crime before leaving. He was always excitable and conceited.

THE FOOL, M'NAMARA,

said yesterday: "I came on here to get the authorities to call off the powers who are conspiring against me. There is a political conspiracy of spiritualistic mediums who are trying to obtain possession of my mind. They are trying to put Psyche in my brain. The, revealed to me in 1875, while I was in San Francisco, that I was to shoot Grant and the Prince of Wales, the eldest son of the Dutch widow, and they have been pursuing me ever since with spiritual exhortations to carry out their behests. I have been doing battle against them ever since. Last month I came from San Francisco to Philadelphia, and tried to make a statement in one of their courts, that justice might aid me to fight the conspiracy, but I saw no opportunity to be heard in court unless I committed some misdemeanor and got myself arrested. I split a brick in half and put the halves in my overcoat pocket. When I got to the postoffice I took one from my pocket and threw it through one of the large windows, calling out at the same time, "That is a better shot than the one aimed at the president of the United States."

He did actually perform this deed. He is of medium size, haggard, spare, with gray hair and ragged. He had only a dollar in his pocket.

WHAT ARTHUR WOULD DO.

CHICAGO, July 6.—The Tribune referring to Senator Jones' remark that Arthur's presidency would not mean much more than a change of men, says: As the representative of the rotten borough of the state of Nevada and particular intimate friend of Conkling, his utterances are particularly significant. If he means Arthur will dismiss the cabinet and appoint to office different men than those selected by Garfield it would be difficult to conceive a more radical change. It is the change most seriously apprehended, like the change of Tyler, Fillmore and Andy Johnson. If Jones speaks by authority the Tribune hopes he may say something more encouraging.

BOB. INGERSOLL MELTED.

CHICAGO, July 6.—A special from Washington says that great, big, bluff, hearty Ingersoll, who has loved Garfield many years but has lately been estranged during the most critical and dangerous period of the president's relapse walked through the upper halls of the White house the tears streaming down his cheeks. The president's good fellowship has drawn the cabinet to him as close personal friends. MacVeagh has been the most discouraged but one of the most loving and attentive companions. "Oh," said he, "There never was a better president than he that Guitteau's bullet struck down. He never saw more clearly and never had firmer and better purposes. He was going to be all that the best thought of the country ever expected of him. He was going to be a great president." He went on in this strain for a whole hour. The sudden change for the better was a joyful period in the White house halls Had the inmates dared they would have flung up their hats and shouted wildly.

FOREIGN FRIENDSHIP.

LONDON, July 6.—The town councils of Dudley and Bristol have passed resolutions of sympathy with the people of America.

GRAND ARMY SYMPATHY.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Representatives to G. A. R., veteran soldiers and sailors, met tonight and heard addresses and adopted resolutions on the assassination. A letter from Gen. Isaac Catlin disapproving of the meeting caused a storm of hisses. There is general satisfaction to-night over the outlook.

Conkling only made a business visit down town. It is rumored that Grant had a conference with him. Conkling will remain some time. He asked for news and expressed a hope for the president's recovery.

DAVID DAVIS' PRAYERS.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Senator David Davis sends his deep personal sympathy and heartfelt prayers for the recovery of the president.

ARTHUR'S KIND WISHES.

Arthur was told that the strictest quietness was enjoined and it was impossible that his wish should be granted. General conversation was then entered upon about the president's condition. The vice president feelingly spoke of the encouraging reports as to the president's condition, and expressed fervent wishes that he would recover. After a half hour spent with members of the cabinet he and Jones returned to Jones' residence where the vice president remains very quiet.

GREATLY ENCOURAGED.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Executive Mansion, 1 a. m.—The president is resting quietly, as are also his physicians and attendants. Everybody about the executive mansion is a great deal encouraged.

ANOTHER CURSED FOOL.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Another crazy man went into the adjutant general's office and stopped General Drumon, and said he had a revelation that he must kill Vice President Arthur. He was promptly arrested.

From Thursday's Daily.

Hon. H. A. Risley went south on the morning express yesterday.

Ten thousand people visited Cole's circus in Denver, on the Fourth.

Although travel to Manitou this week is not as heavy as last, the hotels are crowded.

The hook and ladder company was out for a practice run on the Nevada avenue track last night.

Mr. G. S. Robins, the assignee of G. W. Turney, is offering some remarkable inducements in the jewelry line.

The Pasmore & Kaufman company will by special request reproduce the Pirates of Penzance in Denver within a few weeks.

Mr. W. W. Borst, superintendent of the western division of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road was in the city yesterday.

Conductor Sayre, who runs the Manitou and Denver accommodation train, is one of the most popular conductors on the road.

Water was shut off from the city during the greater part of the day yesterday, in order to give time for the cleaning out of the reservoir.

Mr. Ed. Newton, of this city, is personally acquainted with Charles Julius Guitteau, the would-be assassin of President Garfield, he having lived and worked with him for years.

A break which occurred in the main between the reservoir and this city yesterday, was the cause of the water being cut off so long.

W. H. Milburn sent a very interesting Manitou letter to yesterday's Tribune. He is spending his honeymoon at the Manitou house.

Under the management of Mr. J. W. Purdy, the New England kitchen, on North Tejon street, is becoming quite a popular eating house.

The new hose company will have their hose house in the northern part of the city and the city council will order a new hose cart for the company.

Mr. D. L. Hughes inserts a for sale advertisement in this morning's issue of the GAZETTE which is well worthy the attention of our readers.

Mr. Irving Howbert and family have gone to Twin lakes to spend a few weeks. This is becoming quite a popular resort for Colorado Springs people.

Quite a large number of Colorado Springs people attended the celebration at Manitou park on the Fourth, and every one experienced an enjoyable time.

Mr. J. H. Hazleton, the former manager of the Opera House here, writes from Washington that he will return to Colorado in the fall with some standard attractions.

Mr. Isadore Davidson, the former comedian of the Sheridan company, is in the city. He has severed his connection with the Sheridan company, they having gone to California.

There seems to be a large demand for furnished cottages both here and at Manitou this season. Every convenient and well furnished cottage in this city has been taken.

Saturday next Cole's circus gives two performances in this city. No better circus than Cole's has ever visited Colorado, and it is favorably spoken of wherever it appears.

The Juvenile Hose company No. 1 claim that they secured first water at the fire on Monday night, and were playing a stream upon the flames when the other companies appeared upon the ground.

We understand that some of our citizens make serious objection to having the hose companies appear in running costume, as they did on Nevada avenue last Saturday. How very modest we are getting.

Fred. Hines, the irrepressible invalid from Kansas City, has accepted a position with Solomon Sommer, the cigar man. Fred. is better posted on "doggies" than cigars and tobaccos; but then he will soon learn the trade.

One of the hose companies at the fire on Monday night unreeled six hundred feet of hose to a fence post instead of to a hydrant before they realized their mistake. Considering that it was the Fourth of July and a legal holiday the boys are excusable.

Mr. C. J. Moore, of Denver, had an adventure while climbing Pike's peak on the Fourth that he is not likely to soon forget. He was mounted, and while crossing one of the narrow passes, the girth of the saddle broke, the horse missed his footing, and both animal and rider were thrown down the mountain side. After tumbling and rolling for forty feet or more Mr. Moore stayed his fall by catching hold of a stump. He escaped with no other injuries than a few slight scratches and a general shaking up. Fortunately the horse was uninjured also.

ORE OUTPUT.

What Leadville Has Done in the Last Six Months.

The Leadville Herald furnishes the following summary of the output of the mines of the carbonate district for the past three months:

The Grant Smelting company	$ 786,105
Eddy, James & Co	231,511
La Plata Mining and Smelting company	604,383
Billing & Eilers	545,526
California smelter	260,240
American smelting company	204,248
Cummings & Finn	366,665
Ohio and Missouri	160,692
Taylor & Brunton mill	107,155
Tabor Milling company	47,250
Aug. R. Meyer & Company	49,114
Oro Stamp mill	4,000
Colorado Prince mill	11,000
Shields mill	14,000
Gulch mines	12,000
Total	$3,403,993

The statement for the first quarter of 1881 shows as follows:

The Grant smelting company	$ 759,502
Eddy, James & Co	250,522
La Plata M. & S. Co	484,920
American Smelter	128,721
Billing & Eilers	672,175
California Smelter	218,010
Taylor & Brunton	79,991
Harrison Reduction Works	24,232
Cummings & Finn	394,247
August R. Meyer	46,500
Tabor Milling company	36,000
Colorado Prince mill	30,000
Total	$3,097,826

The total therefore produced at the Leadville smelters for the first half of the year amounts to $6,501,813.

The amount does not quite equal the amount produced in the first half of last year, and if not increased, the production of 1881 will fall about two millions below that of 1880. It must be remembered, however, that almost all the smelters have been closed down part of the time putting in new machinery and enlarging their works. The ore at present is plentiful and the outlook is most prosperous.

In addition to the above figures it must be remembered the outside camps which are in a measure dependent and tributary to Leadville are not estimated. For the first quarter of 1881 the Robinson mine alone produced and shipped ore and bullion to the amount of $200,000. For this last quarter over $400,000 worth of ore has been shipped, nearly all going through to Denver, besides which there has been shipped in bullion produced at the Robinson smelter a value of $104,000. The smelter has not been run continuously as it is doing at present, or this amount would be much larger. The White Quail smelter has also been largely productive of bullion.

A Monetary Failure.

PARIS, July 6.—The Bourse says the British speculators raised the price of silver on the strength of the bank of England proposition, but the members of the Monetary conference are unanimous in rejecting the proposal. There must be bi-metallism or nothing, the circles conference is considered a failure for the time being.

Hang the Survivor.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., July 7.—Wm. Willis and Robert Prunett, living near here, settled a feud to-day by a duel. Willis was dangerously wounded. Prunett was unhurt.

Bribed no Doubt.

ALBANY, July 6.—Scott in the assembly reported for the majority that the bribery committee thought proper not to report on alleged bribery as indictments were found by the jury. Both the charges and denials were positive and circumstantial. The minority reported if the charge is true a great crime has been committed. It bears somewhat on Bradley for receiving money at all and compares him with Judas Iscariot. Either Bradley or Sessions had the crime perfectly on their conscience. The Almighty alone knew which. The testimony shows no money was offered any legislator but Bradley. The whole testimony is reversed by the minority.

Franco-Turkish Relations.

PARIS, July 6.—A semi-official telegram mentions that reports are current among Arabs of Tunis that 50,000 Turks and Arabs have entered Tunis from Tripoli. Relations between France and Turkey are strained to the utmost extent. The sultan declared he would never again receive Tissat, the French ambassador at Constantinople, and Tissat replied the sultan might possibly learn some day what it costs to insult a great country in the person of its representation. Liberal papers sneer at the Turkish ambassador's disclaimer of responsibility for the Tunisian outbreak as the consequence of its sending troops to Tripoli. They say it will not satisfy public opinion until the porte recalls its troops from Tripoli and dissolves its camps on the Tunisian frontiers.

Russian Crop.

ODESSA, July 6.—The harvest prospects in southern Russia are so brilliant that if realized the abundance will be unprecedented. This is due to the abnormal quantity of rain which has fallen during the past two months. Its continuance in some parts now excites fear that they may have too much rain. Such numbers of corn beetles have appeared in the governments of Phankoff and Kherson the imperial government intend to lend 100,000 roubles towards the extermination of them.

Mexican Matters.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 6.—The attempt to assassinate Garfield caused great indignation.

The government has established an office to liquidate the accounts of the treasury from the 9th of August, 1867, to the 1st instant.

The newspapers of Mazatlan relate that the schooner Eustaces, Captain Thornsby, from San Francisco, has been set on fire by the cook. There were prisoners on board for having killed Captain Day. Only four sailors escaped. They have arrived at Mazatlan.

Magnificent Debt Paying

Pall Mall Gazette.

It is small wonder if the prosperity of the United States excites envy in this country, and leads unthinking persons to suppose that to secure wealth no agency is so infallible as a ruthless customs tariff. Mr. Secretary Windom has notified that no more 5 per cent. bonds can be received for reduction to 3½ per cent. The remainder will be paid off out of surplus revenue, and between now and next August, in pursuance of this plan, £15,600,000 of the 5s and £3,200,000 of the 6s will accordingly be paid off. What with reductions of interest and repayments of principal, the expenditure of the United States will thus in a few months time be lightened to the extent of at least £2,000,000 per annum. That is undoubtedly a magnificent result, and we trust that the progress will continue equally rapid in years to come. We may not like the way much of the money is obtained, but that can make no difference to the sincerity with which we can congratulate the United States on the rapidity of its debt reduction. Debt is as much a curse to nations as to individuals.

Evils of Early Rising.

Story Stories.

John Quincy Adams and Josiah Quincy, Sr., were enthusiastic advocates of early rising. They practised it from boyhood, and attributed to it their physical vigor in old age. Judge Story, who was an intimate friend, loved dearly a good morning nap, and their opposite opinions often gave rise to sharp and witty discussions. On one occasion, when the two eminent men had dined with the judge, he invited them to accompany him to the law school in Cambridge, where he was to deliver a lecture. He invited the ex-president to talk to the students, and Mr. Adams made interesting practical remarks, touching among other topics on his favorite theme of early rising. The judge went on with his lecture. The afternoon was hot and the lecture room close, and toward the close of the lecture he noticed that the class were nodding to each other and smiling. Looking first on his right hand and then on his left, he discovered the secret of their merriment, for both of the distinguished visitors were asleep and nodding. He could not resist the temptation to add a postscript to his lecture. "Young gentlemen, I call your attention to the visible proofs of the evils of early rising." The loud laugh that followed awoke the gentlemen, but they did not understand the joke that caused it.

ASH-TONIC

The great remedy for Dyspepsia, Bilious Diseases and Functional Derangements attendant upon Debility. In 1-2 lb. bottles, 75 cents. Six bottles, $4. Accredited Physicians and Clergymen supplied with not exceeding six bottles at one-half the retail price, money to accompany order. Sold by Druggists and by D. B. DEWEY & Co., 46 Dey St., New York.

TONIC.—"*Increasing the strength, obviating the effects of debility, and restoring healthy functions.*" WEBSTER.

Castoria—35 doses

35 cents. A pleasant, cheap, and valuable remedy for fretful and puny children.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

For Sprains, Wounds, Scalds, Rheumatism, and any pain upon Man or Beast.

College Library.

Conkling fears personal injury.

Our citizens are anxious to see work commenced on the new hotel.

Senator Hill passed through the city yesterday morning on the Leadville express.

Telegraphic news is confined to accounts the president's condition. All other matrs are forgotten.

Laura Dainty and Madame Rita will give an ceutionary and musical entertainment at anitou to-morrow night.

It is possible that the question which has en so long before the Albany assembly will settled to-day. It is full time.

All members of hose company No. 1 are reested to attend the regular monthly meet- in the chief's office to-night.

Mr. W. W. Nichols, of Manitou, has gone t to pass preparatory examination for enice to Yale College at the fall term.

Mr. B. F. Follett and family, who have n spending the past two months in the city, yesterday for their home in Kokomo.

Cascade avenue is being graded and repair- It is one of the most attractive drives in city, and has for some time needed atten-

The water will be shut off from the city to- between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock in er to give time for the repairing of a break he pipes.

Prof. Plummer gave an entertainment in Congregational church at Manitou, the eeeds of which will be devoted to the rch building fund.

ore cottages and places of residence are g erected at Manitou this season than for ral years past. We are only too glad to these indications of prosperity.

here will be a meeting of the Denver & Grande base ball club this evening. A attendance of the members is desired, as ness of importance will be transacted.

r. Ed. Creighton, the proprietor of the itou House billiard parlor, has completed popular place of resort, and he now has of the neatest billiard rooms in the state.

John W. Guire, formerly connected the Monument Mentor, was married in city yesterday to Miss Francis Elick, of a Vista. The GAZETTE extends its conlations.

Charles A. Foster, of the Manitou house, was in the city yesterday. He rts that quite a large number of tourists pleasure-seekers are sojourning at the this season.

find the first number of the Evening , a new afternoon paper published at er, upon our table. It has a neat dress contains considerable local and telenic news.

arly all the hotels at Manitou are comly well filled although the season has fairly commenced. Next month will bly be the liveliest one that Manitou xperienced.

morrow Cole's circus will give an afterand evening performance in this city. circus is well and favorably known by olorado Springs people and the attend will probably be very large.

ing to a typographical error in yestermorning's issue of the GAZETTE, Mr. ner's name appeared as Solomon inof Moses Sommer. We are always glad tify any mistakes of this kind that oc-

nductor Sawyer, of the Manitou branch Denver and Rio Grande, reports that ttle road is doing considerable business. he Fourth of July he conveyed over 800 ngers between here and Manitou, while eight carried over the road is exceedlarge considering the length of it.

o colored men by the name of Oliver son and Jerry Anderson, became involved ight in front of the GAZETTE office yesy afternoon. After scuffling for some they resorted to the counting room of AZETTE and continued the fight but promptly expelled by the book keeper.

William H. Phelan, of Fond du Lac, died last night at Mrs. Phelan's boardouse, on Cascade avenue. The friends e deceased have been telegraphed to as hat disposition should be made of the ins.

s suggested by a correspondent that our hotel be called the Palmer house. It t perhaps be well to ask General Palmpermission first. The idea, however, will tless meet with general approval.

David Thornton died at the Cliff house rday afternoon of consumption. The will be embalmed by Messrs. Reynolds esterfield and forwarded to his former in Chicago for interment.

Chas. A. Sigler, of Dr. Horn's office, inexpectedly called east last evening by illness of his mother. Mr. Sigler will nue his course of studies in the medical ge at St. Louis before returning. He e absent about nine months.

is not definitely decided whether the n City base ball club, of Denver, will the D. & R. G. boys in this city to-morr not. Should it come off an announceof the same will be made in to-morrow ning's issue of the GAZETTE.

e Denver Republican rather reflects on character of the Omaha sporting men are at present in Denver. It rather imthat they jumped the town without payheir bills. Perhaps the Union Pacific s followers did so, but we cannot for a ent allow ourselves to think that any bers of the club would be so indiscreet, ney all showed themselves to be gentle-

COLORADO'S STATE FAIR.

Arrangements Made for a Representative Exhibition.

The Denver News, of yesterday, contains an extensive article on the approaching state fair. We condense some of the more important facts as follows:

The Colorado Industrial association announce their ninth annual fair for September, commencing on the thirteenth—Tuesday—and continuing until Saturday, the seventeenth. The announcement is officially made through the annual pamphlet, a piece of typographical work which the News only could produce in so splendid a manner.

"The contents of the pamphlet under notice are varied and quite interesting, being from the pen of John S. Stanger, secretary of the association. The following extracts from the book may not prove uninteresting:

"The fair will open Tuesday September 13, 1881, and continues five days.

The gates will be open at 8 o'clock, a. m., each day.

The exhibition of stock in the ring will commence at 10 o'clock a. m., each day, and continue until the programme for the day is through.

Trials of speed horses will be called at 1.30 o'clock, p. m., each day, and for horses not on the track at 2 o'clock, the rules of the national association will be enforced.

Entries of articles or animals can be made through the mail at any time previous to the fair, by addressing the secretary, at Denver. Entries can also be made by calling on the secretary at his office at any time up to 9 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, September 10. Exhibitors are requested to make entries during the week previous to the fair, and thus prevent any error by reason of the crowd at the fair grounds. This request is specially made to persons residing in Denver and vicinity.

On Monday morning, September 12, the entry books will be removed to the secretary's office on the fair grounds, where all entries must then be made.

Entries will be closed against all persons living in Denver at six o'clock on Tuesday evening, September 13, and to all others on Wednesday, September 14, at noon.

No entry can be made after the time above mentioned unless in case of unavoidable detention arising from accident or other sufficient cause. And no entry shall be made in any case after the books are in the hands of the awarding committee.

As no fees will be charged to enter articles or animals competing for premiums of the association, all exhibitors will have to pay the regular admission to the grounds.

"Where no premiums are offered, space will be alloted to those wishing to exhibit articles of late invention, and every convenience offered for advertising. Parties so exhibiting will be permitted to place signs and showcards over their stands. Entries must be made with the secretary in the same manner as when the premiums are offered.

"Persons desiring space for the exhibition of articles of machinery must make the same known to the secretary at as early a day as possible, and give the name of the article, of the exhibitor, his place of residence, and specify the amount of space required."

Masonic Notice.

The M. W. Grand Lodge A. F. and A. Masons, of Colorado, will convene in special communication at Cañon City, on Saturday afternoon, July 9, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of laying the corner-stones of the Masonic building and the new county court house. All masons in good standing are fraternally invited to unite with the Grand Lodge on this occasion.

LAWRENCE N. GREENLEAF,
Grand Master of Masons in Colorado.

Masons desiring to attend the ceremonies can obtain tickets at one and one-fifth rate (or, in other words, by paying a full fare there and a fifth fare for the return), on application to Grand Master Greenleaf.

It will be well for many in this city to read the article on irrigation in yesterday's edition of this paper. Many lawns are so carelessly watered that the street and walk are flooded. It must be remembered that our water supply is not too great. There should be attention given to water waste by the city authorities.

MUSIC AND ELOCUTION.

Entertainment to Be Given in the Saratoga, Manitou.

Miss Laura Dainty and Madame Rita will give a musical and literary entertainment at the "Saratoga," Manitou, to-morrow evening. It is not necessary for us to speak of the merits of Madame Rita's singing, as she is well known here. Of Miss Dainty the Detroit Free Press speaks as follows:

Laura Dainty was introduced to the Detroit public at Merrill hall last evening by the Detroit Light guard, for whose benefit she gave one of her charming entertainments. She had an intelligent and unusually critical audience, and before she had gone through half of her programme she had succeeded in completely "capturing" them. She is in the first place a vivacious, animated, bright and altogether captivating little body, and the "business" air with which she addresses herself to the work of the moment at once impress itself upon the spectator. Entirely unaffected and yet strikingly effective, she flings herself into her theme or the passing character of self-forgetfulness rarely observed in those professionals who represent this branch of art. She has very great skill in the delineation of eccentric character, and her recitations are the perfection of naturalness. A vigorous appreciation of humor is one of her strong points, and her efforts in selections in which that element predominated were greeted literally with shrieks of laughter. Again, one cannot help melting under her pathos, which never appears, even in the strongest temptation, to be forced or overdone, its seeming spontaneity being its best recommendation. Her recitation of Holmes' "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," was a most vivid and graphic illustration of the art of story-telling. Indeed so pronounced was its effect upon her audience that they broke out in a tempest of applause in the midst of the recitation. Other selections were given with admirable finish and effect. Mrs. Dainty has obviously found her true vocation. An evening of more real enjoyment is not often experienced.

THE CURSED CRIMINAL.

The more familiar the life of Guiteau becomes to one, as the past record of the man is looked over, the more does onef eel inclined to heap curses upon his miserable head, and the greater becomes the desire to see some punishment inflicted which shall be worthy of his mean, contemptible and hideous act. No pity can be wasted on the man. He is today the lowest cur in the country, and if we may believe all that is told of him, he should long ago have lived within the four walls of some dark and loathsome cell. He was never worthy to breathe the same fresh air which others enjoy. No hardened criminal lives who would not despise him, and no heart, be it ever so tender, but would be made glad to see the man torn asunder on the rack. Shooting is too good for him, hanging too honorable. His was a crime for which only the most ignoble, the most terrible tortures should be given. Not only for this act, but the others committed in his worthless life, he deserved any punishment the ingenuity of man can plan. If he has to live, millions will pray that his coming years will be where sunlight cannot penetrate, and where only the foulest air is given to breathe. His presence among loyal men and women is worse than the most dreaded malaria; it would poison our self-respect to feel that he could still be allowed to breathe the air we breathe, to be cooled by the same breezes we are refreshed by, and warmed by the same sun. If he is allowed to exist, he should have no rest from sleep, no comfort, no gratification of any kind. Let his crime be kept continually before him, and if capable of feeling, let his every moment be one of anguish. His life should be hellish torture, a long, never-sleeping punishment.

The crime he committed was not one against an individual alone, but against every man and woman, the young and the old of the country. Had his aim been surer the nation would have been the mourner, and not alone the relatives and friends of his victim. He had no braverywhen he committed the deed. The shot was given from behind the man he would have killed. He fired for the sake of no principle and for no purpose save the imagined honor and glory of himself. He would have been an administration man, but failing in that he attempted to murder the one from whom he asked favor. No excuse can be offered in palliation of his crime. It was as selfish as it was horrible and no grain of pity can find place in the mind of even the most charitable.

The plea that insanity was the cause of the act is useless. It was not an insane mind which led him on. It was conceit. Over his passions and desires he never had exercised control. From boyhood he has ever allowed his impulses to guide his actions. At one time he threatened to kill his sister, and no story is told of him which does not show him in a contemptible light. He was a newspaper bore, and would stoop to any meanness in order to see his name in print or his articles accepted, He was a noted dead beat in the meanest sense of the word. To cheat any one was his aim and greatest object. Boarding houses, churches, ministers and publishers have all been duped by the cunning of this detestable man. For his own comfort, and his own ends he disgraced religion itself. Now as a preacher, now as a spiritualist and again as a praying christian he has brought disrespect and shame upon a holy name. He distinguished himself by taking prominent parts in the exercises of Christian associations, was a revivalist with Moody and Sankey and in his office has often been discovered upon his knees offering prayer to One who must already have given His curse instead of blessing. While offering these pious protestations, he was engaged in the most disreputable law practices. He has been arrested for embezzlement, and is long familiar with the interior of jails. Indeed, search the world, and no parallel instance will be found of one so totally depraved.

This is a case where the law should be changed. This man has committed crime enough to earn for himself a punishment not provided by our laws. He must not escape. It is an insult to the people if he is punished lightly. He has escaped his just rewards too long even now. This act should be the last he can commit. Let no plea of insanity be listened to. Pity should find no place in our hearts. He is simply a cursed criminal, utterly depraved, wicked for years, selfish, egotistical, a despised, miserable being whom God, for some reason unknown to us, has given breath, reason and understanding.

FRANCE AND TURKEY.

There is a prospect, slight though it may be, that France and Turkey will engage in a destructive war. Should there be a conflict of arms, the doom of Turkey as a nation would be sealed. She has not the power to contend successfully with France. Her treasury is empty, her discipline gone and her power weak. France on the other hand never was richer, stronger or more able to meet a foe. Treasury and army, both are in perfect condition. Her strength for ten years has been husbanded and woe betide whoever shall attempt to dispute her will.

Civilization is marching from the west to the east in Europe. Turkish barbarism must fade away. The country as a nation, distinct and powerful, must open its doors and let the influence of the east prevail. Eastern and western civilization once stood side by side. Moslem, Jew and Frank started together, but the Franks have surged far ahead. Only the western civilization can resurrect the east. Egypt and Tunis have taken new lease of life since they accepted western thought and culture. In Turkey there must also be accepted the new life. If France declares war against the sultan the eastern question will come into prominence again, and that is only a conflict between two civilizations, one of which is decaying, and the other progressive. It is a strife between the culture of the Moslems and the Franks, and there can be no question but that the days of the Moslems are numbered. The impulse of Mohamedan civilization was long ago spent. Its decay has been continual. Moslem and Jew started with the chances in their favor. The seminaries of Cordova and Toledo had their rise in the schools of Bagdad and Damascus. Europe at first learned from the east all arts and sciences, and in commerce as well, the east was superior to the west.

But all supremacy is now departed from about and beyond Bosphorus. Turkish indifference and laziness have cost their country its independence. France will have an easy victory, and another country will be ready to be benefitted by Moslem civilization.

It would be appropriate and proper to have the president's recovery celebrated on some appointed day. If he survives his injuries the people will gladly devote one day to joyous celebrations. The Fourth was mournful. The new Fourth would be the reverse. We believe that party feeling would be forgotton, and that the day when our president is pronounced out of danger would be the happiest one of all our holidays. It is very likely that the people will demand that an opportunity be given them to express their joy and their gratitude that the president lives.

The opinion is becoming more general that the assassin is not insane. The reports of his conversation wherein he regrets that the president is not dead, are enough to drive one insane with anger at the man. Here is the country waiting anxiously for good news and this miserable cur lies in jail and regrets that his pistol did not do its work.

Nearly every state and country in the world telegraphed sympathy to the president. It is to be regretted that the governor of Colorado did not send a message of condolence, sympathy and love. It would have been the universal desire of the people of this state to have Gen. Garfield know that they watched his illness with all the anxiety they would that of near and dear personal friends.

STICKNEY.

How He Looks and Acts, and What He Expects in His Favor.

From the Denver News.

Those who knew Charles W. Stickney four weeks ago would scarcely recognize him now. His confinement in the county jail has apparently sapped the very life-blood from his system. Instead of the bright and animated countenance the visitor sees through the iron gratings a face of leaden dullness, whose lines have deepened into premature old age, and whose general appearance is made the more ghastly by the almost fixed and fading eyes. His black suit, which once clothed in neatness the sufficiently plump form, now hangs about his fleshless bones; the pantaloons seem to have grown too long, and the sleeves of the coat likewise.

The man is the very impersonation of wretchedness. He talks but little, even to the brother who is bending his energies in anticipation of the coming trial. To the turnkeys and jail attendants he says nothing. His manner, when meals are sent in to him, is that of one absorbed in the workings of his own mind. He sees not clearly, though evidently conscious to a certain extent of what is passing about him.

Very few people are admitted to his presence. Indeed it may be said that the only visitors who call upon him are his brother from Chicago and his attorney, Mr. Henry C. Dillon. One or the other of these come to him daily. He receives them in a quiet way, but takes no pains to conceal his sadness, and has not been known to smile since the memorable evening when his hand caused the double tragedy at Seventeenth and Stout streets. His melancholy is thought to be deepening, and it is possible that he will eventually lose what mind he has remaining. His wife is said to be in Chicago.

There is a strong probability that no stone will be left unturned to procure for Stickney a verdict of acquittal. It is known that the attorneys are working like beavers, and in this they are aided by the relative above mentioned. Whether they will be successful or not remains for time to answer. It may be stated, however, that the prosecution are active in their work; and altogether it is quite likely that a vigorous fight will be made when the time comes—in September.

Guiteau's Confession.

Cincinnati Commercial.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Guiteau asked this afternoon that District Attorney Corkhill be sent for. He said he was desirous to talk about the assassination. The district attorney, who has been working almost incessantly to ascertain all the circumstances connected with the crime and criminal, was resting for a few minutes after his hard labor, but at the call of duty he arose, jumped into his coupé and was soon at the jail. There he was shown to Guiteau's cell, and with his stenographer locked up with him. Guiteau commenced the conversation by saying that he wanted to set the matter straight in the mind of the district attorney. He wanted his motive as clearly understood as to the circumstances surrounding the crime.

"What was your motive?" asked Corkhill.

"It was just what I said it was in my letter to the public," responded the assassin. "I attempted to kill Garfield for the good of the republican party, of which I am a member. I attempted to kill him because I was a stalwart, because I thought I would in that way make Arthur president and aid the party. I am only sorry to hear that I was not at once successful. I hope, however, that he will die, so that I may have the pleasure of success; I didn't want him to linger in pain. I wanted to shoot him dead. I regret his sufferings, although I would not regret his death."

"Do you realize what a terrible crime you have attempted, perhaps succeeded in committing?" said the district attorney.

"Yes; but I do not consider it a crime. It was a political necessity."

"Well, permit me to assure you," said Corkhill, "that it is regarded outside as a dastardly crime. It is regarded as so important that every one who is even suspected of being your accomplice is arrested as an accomplice. You know, I suppose, that it is believed outside that you had accomplices. You know the stories of your having a carriage waiting, and of your having companions in and around the station."

"Are all those things said?" he asked.

"Yes," said Corkhill.

"Then you had better let me tell you about myself up to to-day."

Thereupon he talked for three hours about his antecedents and his actions since he has been in this city. Practically all that he has said has been heretofore published. All that passed was taken down by the stenographer, who also induced Guiteau to write a short letter on general topics in order to secure a specimen of his handwriting. The note book, a large one, is almost full. After the interview, District Attorney Corkhill drove to the White house and had the confession read to the cabinet. They agreed that it was an important contribution to the evidence in the hands of the government. MacVeagh was not present. Corkhill took it to him and to Gen. Sherman. This confession is, perhaps, the most important evidence yet obtained.

Corkhill is working like a beaver. He has several special assistants, and is doing everything that can be done under the circumstances. His investigation is entirely independent of that which is being conducted by the chiefs of room fifty-nine, they pursuing their investigation on the hypothesis that the star route thieves are at the bottom of the whole thing. This is discredited by Corkhill and the secret service detectives.

Belles of the Kitchen.

A few days ago the proprietor of a New York jewelry store called a New York Sun reporter's attention to two customers who were departing with quiet dignity after having made some purchases. "We think a great deal of such customers here," he said, "though they are only servant girls. Their taste in jewelry is often equal to their mistresses'—sometimes superior. They are not led away by the follies of the too utterly intensely intense. I know many ladies who never buy our kind of goods without first consulting with their maids."

"Do you do much business with the maids themselves?"

"Considerable; some of it is on the lady's account, some on the maids, and some on their joint account. I do much repairing for servants who have broken or indented expensive pieces of plate. The girls always want them well repaired, and do not stand at expense. Besides, I often receive very valuable jewelry from servants, who will offer to pay almost any charge if they can have it repaired at once, and in such a way that the injury will not be perceived. These customers are very nervous, and I always know that they have been wearing their mistresses' jewelry to a waiting maids' ball. In New York there's a good deal of high life below stairs. Just after the holidays I had an expensive ear-ring brought me to match. The servant had lost its fellow at a ball. Some months ago a fine-looking lady's maid came in and described minutely a handsome brooch that she had lost, and I was directed to spare no expense in replacing it at once. She tried to appear like a fashionable woman, and played her part well; but I had seen her too often passing the store wheeling a baby carriage not to know who she was."

"'It will be expensive,' said I 'to do this hunting up, and will require an expert; why not advertise for the one you have lost?'

"'Oh, dear, no!' she said hastily, 'it wouldn't—I mean I must have it at the earliest possible moment.'

"You see, sir," continued the jeweler, "she knew the loss might be discovered if the lady read the paper."

"How much did it cost the girl?"

"I made it light; $80, charging just $5 for my time. The girl was very grateful, and it turned out a good thing for me. She brought me all the family's repairing and some other paying work. It is a good plan for us to treat the ladies' maids well."

"These girls must have money."

"They get well paid, and many perquisites. All of them have a nice nest-egg until they are foolish enough to get married. The smaller jewelers all like to have their trade, and they do not buy so much cheap jewelry as you might suppose. Their trade is worth often more to us than their mistresses. You would be surprised to see how my lady will haggle over a trifling sum for repairing that the maid would be too proud to dispute. Then, too, the rich woman, when she wants something new and stylish, won't go to the small jeweler, who has, perhaps, been losing money on her repairing, but to one of the greater houses, where she will seldom do as well. At their parties the maids are bound to have everybody know they've got on their mistresses' jewels, but you'd get a bad result if you just hinted that their clothes were not their own. Sometimes I think that they own up to the jewelry, because people would know that they couldn't afford to have such expensive things of their own. They almost always put on their ladies' manners with their jewelry, very often call themselves by their mistresses' names, and go through the upper-ten ceremonies in the grandest style you ever saw.

"So you have seen some of these parties?"

"Often. The maids cannot always get at their mistresses' jewelry, though they use all sorts of dodges to get at it. Then they come to me to hire my goods, and I go to the party to keep my eye on the stock, for they are not always able to pay a full deposit."

"What are the dodges resorted to by maids who want to get hold of their mistresses' jewelry for an evening.

"There are many of them. One of the safest is to pick up a brooch and suddenly find that one of the stones is loose. I've known them to loosen a large diamond just to get possession of the article or jewelry, and then come to me hastily to have it tightened for the night's wear. Then in the morning the maid will loosen it again, and bring it for me to pinch it up once more. On the second occasion I am directed to 'send it home, please" and so it gets back to the hands of my lady. Sometimes they will break or bend out a clasp."

"How do you get such accurate information on the subject?"

"Young man, if you would just call in here some morning, right after a fashionable ladies' maids' party, and watch the quantity of splendid jewelry that is brought here for the most trivial kind of repairing, you wouldn't ask that question."

"Did you ever make an estimate of the value of the diamonds and jewelry worn on any single occasion of the kind you name?"

"I made three estimates—just for my own amusement—at the most fashionable affairs held last winter, not very large, but select. The figures do not include watches, for I could not examine them. "This," continued the jeweler, pointing to a column of figures, "was the largest."

The footing was $83,000.

CITY LOTS, CITY LOTS,

FOR SALE IN ALL PARTS OF TOWN. ALSO CHEAP LOTS IN

PARRISH'S ADDITION.

GARDEN TRACTS

—AND—

Ranches, Ranches.

COTTAGES FOR RENT OR SALE.

In all parts of town. Apply to

M. L. DE COURSEY, REAL ESTATE AGENT

Office Next Door S. El Paso Co. Bank.

10 14 tf

MARRIED.

GUIRE-ELICK—In this city July 7, 1881, Rev. W. L. Slutz officiating, Mr. John W. Guire, of Monument, and Miss Francis Elick, of Buena Vista, Chaffee county, Colorado.

WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

CORRECTED BY L. E. SHERMAN.

[The quotations are in pounds, and retail prices, except when otherwise specified.]

APPLES—	
Dried Alden	13@15c
Michigan sliced	10@12½c
BRAN—	
Colorado	$1 35@1 40 cwt.
BUTTER—	
Colorado ranch	25@30c
CRACKERS—	
Premium soda	10c
Oyster	12½c
CHEESE—	
Per pound	20c
COFFEE—	
Rio	20@25c
Java roasted	40c
Mocha, roasted	40c
EGGS—	
State, candled, per dozen	25c
Ranch, per doz	30c
FLOUR—	
Per hundred	$3 60@4 00
Buckwheat	6@7c
MEAT—	
Ham	12½@15c
Dry salt	11@12½
Bacon	12@13c
Lard	14@15c
RICE—	
Sandwich Island	12c
Carolina	11@12½
SALT—	
Per barrel	$4 25@4
SUGAR—	
Granulated	13@14c
Extra C	11½@12½c
STARCH—	
Pearl	8c
Silver Gloss	12½c
SYRUPS—	
Honey, per gallon	$1@1 20
New Orleans	90c@$1 00
Fine table	90c@$1 00
TEAS—	
Imperial	75c@$1 00
Gunpowder	75c@$1 00
Japan	50c@$1 00
Oolong	60c@$1 00
English Breakfast	75c@$1 00
HAY—	
Baled upland	$25 per ton
POTATOES—	
Per cwt. old	$2 50@3 25
" " new	$3 50@400

FOR SALE.—A Walter A. Wood mower and rake. Apply to Mr. Mooney, Spaulding House. w-g-9-4*

SHEEP MEN ATTENTION.—I have two large vats 600 gallons each suitable for dipping sheep, used in cheese factory one season. XXXX tin, double hard wood frames, coiled pipe, and in good order. Will sell for $25 each, to be taken at Castle Rock. Address Sim W. Cantril, care U. S. marshal's office, Denver, Colorado. g-7-3*

Proclamation.

All persons are hereby forbid to use their hydrants for the purpose of irrigation from 9 o'clock p. m. until 5 o'clock a. m. and all hydrants must be closed upon the alarm of fire at any time. This order is made to protect the city in case of fire and is imperative.

MATT FRANCE Mayor.
July 5th, 1881. g-6-2

An Ordinance Concerning Water Works.

Be it ordained by the city council of the city of Colorado Springs.

That section 26 of an ordinance entitled "An ordinance in relation to water works, adopted November 26, 1878," be and the same is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

SECTION 26—Whoever shall have a water license and shall use, or suffer to be used, the water from the hydrant designated in his license, for any other purpose than that specified therein, or shall suffer any person not having a license to use water from such hydrant without informing the city clerk of such use, or shall permit any unnecessary waste therefrom, or shall cause or negligently suffer or permit the water to run from such hydrant without being used, or who shall suffer or permit the water to run from such hydrant contrary to or in violation of any proclamation of the mayor of this city issued in reference thereto, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

Passed and approved July 2, 1881.
[SEAL] MATT FRANCE, Mayor.
Attest A. A. McGOVNEY, City Clerk.
dw-g-6-2

An Ordinance Concerning Wooden Buildings.

Be it ordained by the city council of the city of Colorado Springs:

That section 2 of an ordinance entitled "An ordinance to prohibit the erection of wooden buildings," be amended so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2—That all that portion of the city of Colorado Springs within the following described limits shall be known as the fire limits of said city: Commencing at a point on Cascade avenue where the center of said avenue intersects the center of Cucharas street, and running thence north along the center of said avenue to the center of the block next south of Bijou street, thence east along the center of said block to the centre of Nevada avenue, thence south along the centre of Nevada avenue to the center of Cucharas street, thence west along the centre of Cucharas street to the point of beginning. Said description includes blocks numbered eighty-one (81), ninety-one (91), one hundred and one (101), eighty-two (82), ninety-two (92), one hundred and two (102), and the south half of blocks seventy-one (71), and seventy-two (72).

And be it further ordained that section 4 of said ordinance be amended and added to so as to read as follows:

SECTION 4—No wooden buildings within the fire limits aforesaid shall be raised, enlarged or removed to any other place within the same, nor shall any such building be removed into the fire limits, and no owner, lessee, builder or other person shall hereafter place or pile or cause to be placed or piled within the fire limits aforesaid any lumber, shingles, lath, hay or straw or other combustible material for purposes of sale unless such lumber, shingles, lath, hay or straw or other combustible material be so placed or piled within and entirely enclosed by a building constructed in conformity with the provisions of section three (3) of this ordinance.

Passed and approved July 2, 1881.
[SEAL] MATT FRANCE, Mayor.
Attest, A. A. McGOVNEY, City Clerk.
dw g-6-2

HORSESHOE.

One of Park County's Good Districts.

Something About Its Mines and Prospects.

From the Regular Correspondent of the Gazette.

HORSESHOE, Park county, June 29.—This is one of the old mineral districts of Colorado, having been the busy scene of mining operations when California gulch, now Leadville, was yielding its wealth of placer gold in '59 and '60. The general physical features of this district are almost identical with those of Leadville, from which it is distant less than seven miles in a southeasterly direction. It is also connected with Fairplay by a good wagon road, six miles long. Two good general stores supply the wants of the miners and other residents, and two hotels cater to the demands of the inner man in an obliging and substantial manner. Some of our mines are well known; having been worked to a profit for years, notable among them being the Peerless, a fine piece of property of large proportions. The Crusade mine adjoining it also shows a large quantity of good mineral in its different workings. The East Leadville mining company have been conducting their operations in the same neighborhood.

Two other companies have been formed this season to develope a number of adjoining claims, viz: The Silver Glance company, who are now taking out some fine looking argentiferous galena in good quantity and a mining corporation of which Judge Belford is president.

The Badger Boy, Last Chance, Cato and others, have bodies of both high and low grade ores in sight, only awaiting the capital and labor both so necessary to the development of all mining property. The World's Wealth, Champion and four other claims, all adjoining on Hamlin Hill, have recently been sold, the buyers of which have commenced work upon a substantial basis.

The Hannah lode on the top of the South Horseshoe, owned by Seymour, Webb & Co., shows at a depth of about sixteen feet a vertical vein eighteen inches wide of fine sulphuret ore. Messrs. Young, Benjamin, Wheatley & Kellogg are drifting upon a fine mineral contact in the same locality with very encouraging results, their property consisting of three parallel claims upon the same contact with a porphyry cap and lime bed-rock. The Fanny Kellogg upon the same hill is yielding some good looking galena ore.

Messrs. Buchanan, Otto & Co. have opened up the same contact lower down with every promise of an early reward. The old Grand View mine, now called the Manitou, has been shipping pay ore to Leadville the last week. The Walton and Walton extension, both on the same vein (a true fissure), show up finely for the amount of work done, owned by George H. Thwaites and others. A sale of the Mudsill is reported pending.

The Hoppel Bros. have commenced a contract for sinking 50 feet upon Heisler hill adjoining Sheep mountain. Several strikes are reported during the past few days, particulars of which are not yet announced. The great desideratum of this district is machinery to treat the ores which are now opened up and awaiting a home market. It would be hard to find a district in Park county offering more inducements to the investment of capital than Horseshoe gulch to-day. Come to the front as a heavy producer of mineral it must; how soon depends on capital. MINER.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Very Interesting Meeting Last Evening.

The regular meeting of this society took place last evening in Colonel Ensign's office, on Tejon street. Owing to a misunderstanding in regard to the place of meeting, the attendance was not so large as usual. Mr. Ege exhibited fine samples of rhubarb, beans, peas, tansy, Smith's improved gooseberries, etc. Major McAllister exhibited Smith's improved gooseberries, Red Dutch currants, and Early Richmond cherries. Mr. Bush showed splendid currants, both white and red cherry, and a beautiful sample of Early Richmond cherries.

The water question was discussed at some length by President Parsons, Mr. Snyder, Mr. Ege and others.

The meeting adjourned to meet on Saturday evening, July 16, in the council rooms, in the new Opera house.

HATTIE AIMEE MINING COMPANY.

Some Account of Property Owned Here.

The following items from the San Juan Herald will be found of interest, the mines spoken of being owned chiefly in this city: "The property of this company is situated on the southeast face of Tower mountain and extends from 300 yards above the Howardsville wagon road up to timber line, consisting of three extensions, and entering the body or vein from the western side are the Florence Villard, the Eunicia C. and the Three Doctors lodes. On the right hand side of the gulch are the Mattie B. and the Annie A. lodes, making eight in all. The superintendent, Paul Beckwith, Esq., informs us that this entire property will be thoroughly developed by means of a level or tunnel to be driven on the Hattie Aimee extension, No. 2, and the lateral veins will be drifted upon by the main tunnel on the center vein. From our personal examination of the property we consider it very promising. The superintendent is now at Colorado Springs and will return in a short time and commence active operations upon the property in accordance with the plans he is now laying before the company. The property was located by Mr. Beckwith last summer and relocated for the company this spring and the assessments worked, etc. This company also own several claims on Bear mountain on Mineral creek, which show well in chlorides and carbonates from grass roots. We congratulate the company in the active co-operation they have in their superintendent, as upon our visit to the property we found him doing good service with pick and shovel.

"Some of the richest and most desirable mining property in the San Juan country is to be found in Bear mountain, southwest from Silverton. A large number of assessments have been worked there this season, and the opening of the Ophir Toll road will render access to this locality far easier and more comfortable than it has hitherto been. Parties camping near timber line on Bear mountain have seen several herds of deer, also bear and mountain lion, so that it would seem to be not only the miner's but the hunter's paradise.

"The property of the Tower Mountain Mining company is located on the southern slope of Tower mountain extending over the summit. Major Macomber is the superintendent. The property consists of the Huntington, Hamlin, Wizard, Gifford and Chicago Boy lodes, all of them show well in gray copper and galena. The major intends to thoroughly develop the property this season, and will add another group to the paying properties of our camp."

FIREMEN'S TOURNAMENT.

Yesterday's Contest Between the Two Hose Companies.

The much-talked-of race between the W. S. Jackson and Matt France Hose companies, for a nickel-plated nozzle, offered by Messrs. Alexander & Russell, took place on the Nevada avenue track, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Messrs. B. F. Crowell, A. Sagendorf and Charles Walker were chosen judges, and Messrs. J. H. Bacon, G. S. Robbins and John Hail were selected for time-keepers. Both companies had been in constant practice for several weeks, during which time they had both made some excellent bursts of speed. It was universally conceded that the race would be a close one, in fact so close that few ventured to bet money on the result, and as a consequence but little money changed hands. Ropes had been stretched upon either side of the track from the starting point on Pike's Peak avenue to the terminus just south of Huerfano, back of which the spectators were compelled to stand. Special officers, composed principally of firemen were stationed at various points along the line to see that the spectators were kept back of the ropes. The W. S. Jackson won the toss, which gave them the advantage of second start.

According to tournament rules the race was to be 500 feet straight, unreel 250 feet of hose, attach to plug and get water.

Shortly after two o'clock the Matt. France drew their cart into position at the starting point. They were arrayed in blue and white and presented a very attractive appearance. After some little delay they got a good start and came down the course amid the cheers of the spectators, passing the plug in 22 seconds. An excellent connection was made at the hydrant and the water rushed through the hose close upon the heels of the runners. A murmur passed through the crowd when it was discovered that the company had failed to secure water. The members of the company at first thought that they had been misled by a distance mark on the track, but it was subsequently alleged that there were but four sections of hose, instead of the requisite number of five, upon the reel. When the company made their practice run in the morning they were confident that they had 300 feet of hose upon the cart when it was returned to the hose house. That it had been tampered with in the meantime was the general opinion of the company, but by whom they were unable to say. Although the defeat under the circumstances was discouraging, the France boys took it in good grace, and but little was said about it on the track.

Several timers at the end of the track gave 38½ as the time made by the Matt France company, but the judges gave no time, as they failed to secure water. As soon as the excitement had subsided, the W. S. Jacksons took their position at the end of the track, and were ready for the word go. The members were attired in white, with blue trunks, and red handkerchiefs upon their heads. Before starting they knew they would get the nozzle, but this did not prompt them to stint their running in the least, and they came down the track in excellent style, passing the plug in twenty and one-half seconds. From the hydrant to the terminus considerable time was lost, and water was secured in 51½ seconds, thus giving them the race. The judges in rendering their decision awarded the nickel plated nozzle to the W. S. Jackson. The second prize, $10 in gold, also offered by Messrs. Russell & Alexander, was not granted to the Matt France company as they had failed to secure time.

Mr. Ed. Cowan, of the Denver Republican, passed through the city on the morning express yesterday, on his way to Santa Fe.

The residence of Rev. C. C. Creegan, on Nevada avenue, was yesterday sold by Mr. Rowe to Mrs. Mary K. Bartlett for $3,600.

MANITOU LETTER LIST.

The following are the letters remaining in the postoffice at Manitou, Colo., July 1st, 1881:

Armstrong, Wm.	Ligh, Henry
Blake, L. D.	Lin, John
Brooke, B. F.	McDermott, Matt, 2
Boly, Mrs. Betty	McGee, M. W.
Baily, Wm.	Moore, Charlie
Bredfield, Walter	Murray, Mr.
Churchill, Nathaniel, 4	Maclachlan, Wm., 2
Cooley, Herbert	Northrup, Wm. R., 4
Cunday, Mrs. N.	Reinhardt, Miss Kate
Coleman, Robt. J.	Russel, Miss Nellie
Carroll, Miss Mary	Roberts, Miss M. E.
Cavanaugh, Michel	Sutherlin, Rev. H.
Clark, George	Sulevan, Miss Julia
Dyas, Miss Minnie	Seiten John
Ellison, David S., 2	Stiers, W. D., 2
Eastburn, Thomas	Sprague, Henry B.
Eley, Jims,	Sanderson, Dr. Wm. R.
Flattery, Thomas, 2	Sutherlin, Harvy
Frank, Italian	Thayer, Harry B.
Gifford, Benjamin	Taylor, James C.
Gilkerson, James H.	Winslow, Mrs. Betsy
Hamilton, Albert	Welsh, John A.
Haven, W. C., M. D.	Wheeler, S. S.
Holmes, James H.	Watkins Mrs Melissa
Howard, B,	Williams, Charles M.
Jones, Michael	Wright, W. W.
Jones, M.	Young, Dr.

To obtain any of the above please call for advertised letters, giving the date of this list.

A. B. WILLIAMS, P. M.

STAR ROUTES.

Something About the Swindle in Arizona.

A reporter of the Kansas City Evening Star has just interviewed Colonel Carpenter, the Oklahoma boomer, who relates the following concerning some Arizona star routes that is likely to prove of interest: "I know a great deal about the star routes in Arizona and New Mexico. There is one route from Socorro to Tularosa, about eighty miles, which is the boss route. The contractors get $20,000 a year for running a buckboard or a horse once a week. All the mail they ever carried there were letters to the station agent at Tularosa, which letters contained vouchers for him to sign. Oh, it was a fat thing. When the mail carrier got tired of carrying the empty bags, he would hang them up on a tree until he returned. There are hundreds of such routes just like this that I might name, but it would take me a week to tell about them."

"How are the fraudulent routes worked up?"

"The contractors send out a gang of men to sign a petition for a mail route. This petition is sent on to Washington and a route is established between some known point to an unknown point in the sage brush, where no one lives. Now, there used to be a route between Silver City and Santa Fe, for which the contractors got $80,000 from the government. They sublet to Bennett Bros., of Las Cruces, for $20,000; don't do a ——thing and make $60,000 a year."

"Who is the head of the ring?"

"Congressman Barlow, of Vermont."

"Why, his name has never appeared in the expose?"

"No, but it will. He is not only a congressman from Vermont, but formerly the head of the Barlow, Sanderson & Co. stage company. It is now Sanderson & Co., but Barlow still holds his stock. Through him, as congressman, all the star routes in New Mexico and Arizona were worked. His name will soon appear. He is the back ground of the whole thing yet. Under Barlow, Sanderson & Co. are many small fry who are deeply interested.

BLOWING GREAT GUNS.

Experiences at Mt. Washington During a Storm with the Thermometer Way Below Zero.

A writer in Harper's Magazine in an article upon Mt. Washington and the Signal Service Station there says: Noticing that the sides of the summit were strewed with boards, beams and debris of all sorts, my guide explained that what I saw was the result of the great January gale, which had demolished the large shed used as an engine house, scattering the loose fragments far and wide. I begged him to give me his recollection of it.

"During the forenoon preceding the gale we observed nothing very unusual; but the clouds kept sinking and sinking until the summit was quite above them. Late in the afternoon my comrade, Sergeant M——, came to where I was lying abed sick, and said, 'There's going to be the devil to pay, so I guess I'll make everything snug.'

"By nine in the evening the wind had increased to one hundred miles an hour, with heavy sleet. At midnight the velocity of the storm was one hundred and twenty miles, and the exposed thermometer recorded twenty-four degrees below zero. With the stove red, we could hardly get it above freezing inside the house. Water froze within three of the fire—in fact, where you are now sitting.

"At this time the noise outside was deafening. About one o'clock the wind rose to one hundred and fifty miles. It was now blowing a hurricane. The wind, gathering up all the loose ice of the mountain, dashed it against the house with one continued roar. I lay wondering how long the building would stand this, when all at once came a crash. M—— shouted to me to get up; but I tumbled out in a hury on hearing the glass go. You see, I was dressed, to keep myself warm in bed.

"Our united efforts were hardly equal to closing the storm shutters from the inside, but we finally succeeded, though the lights went out when the wind came in, and we worked in the dark.

He rose to show me how the shutters of thick oak were first secured by an iron bar, and secondly by strong wooden buttons firmly screwed in the window frame.

"He had scarcely done this," resumed Doyle, "and were shivering over the fire, when a heavy gust of wind again burst open the shutters as easily as if they had never been fastened at all. We sprang to our feet. After a hard tussle we again secured the windows by nailing a cleat to the floor against which one end of a board was fixed, using the other end as a lever. You understand?" I nodded. "Well even then it was all we could to force the shutters back into place. But we did it. We *had* to do it.

"The rest of the night was passed in momentary expectation that the building would be blown into Tuckerman's, and we with it. At 4 o'clock in the morning the wind registered one hundred and eighty-six miles. It had shifted then from east to northeast. From this time it steadily fell to ten miles, at 9 o'clock. This was the biggest blow ever experienced on the mountain."

"Suppose the house had gone and the hotel stood fast, could you have effected an entrance into the hotel?" I asked.

"We could not have faced the gale."

"Not for a hundred feet? not in a matter of life and death?"

"Impossible. The wind would have lifted us from our feet like bags of wool. We would have been dashed against the rocks, and smashed like egg-shells," was the quiet reply.

"And so for some hours you expected to be swept into eternity?"

"We did what we could. Each wrapped himself in blankets and quilts, binding these tightly around him with ropes, to which were attached bars of iron so that if the house went by the board we might stand a chance—a slim one—of anchoring somewhere, somehow."

Decadence of the Digger Indians.

California Letter to Chicago Tribune.

"There is still something pathetic in the history of the Digger race," said my friend. "In the days of Kit Carson and other famous scouts they swarmed through every valley in the state; and, even down to the time of the pioneers of '49, they thronged the streets of the frontier towns, and their rancherias were so densely populated that the barest necessaries of life were with difficulty obtained. But during the last twenty years they have disappeared more rapidly than ever before; and, before many more years have passed, not a vestige of this once powerful race will remain. What is the cause of this decline? you ask. Undoubtedly it has been war; pestilence and the contact of civilization. In early days the different tribes were fighting unceasingly among themselves, while the Americans and Mexicans aided largely in decreasing the number of their common enemy. In Trinity county thirty years ago a party of whites surrounded a rancheria, and during a night a whole tribe was destroyed. Similar butcheries have occurred in other parts of the state. Not long since I read, in Menetee's 'History of Sonoma County,' about the ravages of the cholera among the Indians in 1833. In one rancheria in the Sacramento valley more than three hundred died within the space of four days. One little girl alone escaped the frightful disease, and when she was rescued the ground was literally covered with the bodies of her dead companions.

"The contact of civilization has been more potent in the extinction of the Diggers than pestilence or the sword. The game is no longer abundant in the mountains, and there is a scarcity of fish in the interior streams; and without fish and game the Indians are put to all sorts of shifts to keep body and soul together. When they are hungry it matters little what sort of food is offered, for they will eat anything which is digestible. Their bread is made generally from acrons, or the kernels of the pine-nut and buckeye; the worms and edible roots are their meat and vegetables. Grasshoppers are one of their favorite dishes, while snakes are said to be eaten with a relish. Between the two evils, starvation and work, there is not much difference in the average Digger's mind, and in escaping both the grand end of existence is obtained.

Abraham Lincoln in Congress.

Washington Star.

In December, 1847, Abraham Lincoln took his seat in congress as a representative from the state of Illinois. It was not long before he became a great favorite with the members and officers of the house, for his genial manners, pleasant voice, and ready wit gave him a magnetic influence on all who came within his social sphere. He possessed but few personal attractions, his figure being tall and ungainly; but these deficiencies were amply compensated for by his many shining qualities of mind and heart. He was a fluent and ready speaker, and his speeches were remarkable for their directness and precision, although lacking in retorical grace and finish. He possessed a rich and inexhaustible fund of wit and humor, to which he gave expression in anecdotes and quaint observations which it was pleasant to listen to.

HIS APPEARANCE ON THE FLOOR.

Whenever he obtained the floor to speak, the house gave him its undivided attention, and never failed to greet his sallies of wit and quick repartees with laughter and applause. One of the most remarkable of his speeches during his first and only term in congress was delivered in July, 1848, in reply to one made a few days before by Mr. Iverson, of Georgia. The subject of Mr. Lincoln's speech was "Military Coat-tails." In the speech of Mr. Iverson, that gentleman accused the whig party of having deserted all their principles and taken shelter under the military coat-tail of General Zachary Taylor, the candidate of the party for the presidency. In the course of his remarks Mr. Lincoln proceeded to show that the democratic party were amendable to a similar charge, having for twenty-five years relied upon the military reputation of General Jackson for success, he having been made president out of it for eight years, while enough of it remained to make presidents of several comparatively small men who succeeded him, and still relying upon it for the success of General Cass, the nominee of the party at the time, their campaign papers everywhere declaring that Cass and Butler were of the "true hickory stripe."

AS A MILITARY HERO.

Toward the close of his speech Mr. Lincoln poured a torrent of ridicule upon the military reputation of General Cass, and then alluded to his exploits as a soldier in the Blackhawk war, "where," he continued, "I fought, bled, and came away. If General Cass saw any live fighting Indians at the battle of the Thames, where he served as aid de camp to General Harrison, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, and although I never fainted from the loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker," added Mr. Lincoln, "if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade in federalism about me up as their candidate for the presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of us as they have of General Cass by attempting to write me into a military hero."

HIS MANNER OF ADDRESS.

The notes of Mr. Lincoln's speech on this occasion were written on sheets of foolscap paper, and lay on the desk before him. It was not many minutes after he had begun to speak before he abandoned his manuscript and walked slowly down the narrow aisle leading to the area in front of the clerk's desk and speaker's chair. He carried his left arm behind him, and with it slightly lifted the skirts of a black swallow tail coat, worn nearly threadbare, which hung loosely from his shoulders, while his right arm was extended, and his long bony forefinger pointed toward his auditors on the opposite side of the hall. As he walked he spoke with great earnestness, until he had crossed the area and stood face to face with the democratic representatives, when he would quickly turn, and hurrying back to his desk, look at his desk, look at his manuscript for a moment, and then resume his walk. When the speaker's hammer fell he resumed his seat amid peals of laughter and applause, which continued for several moments before order was restored and the regular business of the house resumed. Mr. Lincoln's seat in the old hall of representatives was on the outer row and near the western entrance. The marble statue erected to his memory stands within six feet of the spot formerly occupied by his chair and desk.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the matter of the estate of James N. Crouse, deceased, notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the 25th day of July, A. D., 1881, being one of the regular days of the July term of the county court of El Paso county, in the state of Colorado, I, Sarah Crouse, Administratrix of said estate, will appear before the judge of said court, present my final settlement as such Administratrix, pray the approval of the same, and will then apply to be discharged as such Administratrix, at which time and place any person in interest may appear and present objections to the same, if any there be.

Dated at Colorado Springs, Colorado, June 25th, 1881. SARAH CROUSE, Administratrix of the estate of James N. Crouse, deceased. wf 25 4.

Summons.

STATE OF COLORADO, }
COUNTY OF EL PASO. }

The people of the State of Colorado send greeting:

To John Miller, James Miller, Joseph Miller, William Miller, Hanna Barrett, Polly Worthington and Nancy Mahan.

Whereas, an instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of George P. Miller, late of said county, deceased, has been presented by Jerome Plummer of Independence, Penn., to the county court of said county for probate, and the 25th day of July, 1881, has been set for hearing the application for the probate of said instrument, as the said last will and testament of said George P. Miller, deceased: and whereas it appears from said instrument and other satisfactory evidence that said deceased died, seized and possessed of real and personal estate in the state and in the states of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and that you, the above named persons are heirs at law of said deceased. Therefore you are hereby notified to be and appear before the county court of El Paso county, at the court house in Colorado Springs on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1881, then and there to attend the probate of said will before said court.

Witness E. A. Colburn, judge of said county court, and the seal thereof, at Colorado [SEAL] Springs, in said county, this 25th day of June, A. D. 1881.

w-g-2-4 E. A. COLBURN, County Judge.

WILLS & HALE,

Successors to

HALLOWELL & WILLS

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Colorado Springs, w b 19 tf Colorado

Hurrah for the GREAT JULY MARK DOWN —OF— DRY GOODS —AT THE— Pike's Peak Dry Goods Emporium

Standard Prints at 5c worth 8c.
Standard percales and foulards at 8c worth 12½ and 15c.
Standard plain cretones, all shades at 15c worth 20c.
Standard ginghams at 10c worth 12½.
Beautifully printed lawns at 10c worth 15c and 20c.
Beautiful printed Llama cloths at 8¾c worth 12½c.

The above goods are first class in every respect and there is no humbug in the statement made.

One lot of fancy dress goods at 10c worth 20c and 25c.
One lot of fancy dress goods at 15c worth 25c and 30c.
One lot of lace buntings at 10c worth 25c.
One lot of ALL WOOL plain and colored buntings at 15c worth 30c.

Take special note of this last lot of good as it is hardly probable that you will ever see again so good an article for so low a price.

200 yards of beautiful real French white plaid organdies at 20c worth 40c. A choice article and lovely for hot weather. Look at them.
Three ready made suits at $1.50, were $7.50. This seems absurd but it is true.
One lot fancy dress buttons from 30, 40, and 50c down to 10c.
One lot of childrens ready made wastes at only 25c.
A large lot of tams marked down from 20c to 10c.
One lot figured silks, bright color, at 40c, were 75c.
One lot grey striped silks at 50c, were 90c.
One lot colored striped silks at 75c, were $1.

Any person wishing a summer silk should look at these goods; they are new and beautiful, and the last lot especially desirable.

FERRIS & JONES.

One door east of Tejon st. on Pike's Peak ave.

dwa 1 ly

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT PUEBLO, COL., June 22d, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof in support of their claims, and secure final entry thereof, and that said proof will be made before the judge and ex-officio clerk of El Paso county, at the county seat, on Saturday, July 23, 1881, viz:

Alonzo Welty, Homestead entry No. 1102, for the se¼ sw¼ sec. 8, and e ½ nw qr. ne qr sw qr sec. 17, tp 14 s, r 70 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: James Tomlinson, S. P. Faulkner, T. Marcott and B. F. Roberts, of Florissant, El Paso county, Colorado.

Frank Welty, Homestead entry No. 1103, for the se qr sw qr sec 5, e hf nw qr and ne qr sw qr sec 8, tp 14, s, r 70 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: James Tomlinson, S. P. Faulkner, T. Marcott and B. F. Roberts, of Florissant, El Paso county, Col.

George Welty, Homestead entry, No. 1104, for the se qr sw qr sec. 17, n hf nw qr and sw qr nw qr sec. 20, tp 14 s, r 70 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz; James Tomlinson, S. P. Faulkner, B. F. Roberts and T. Marcott, of Florissant, El Paso county Col.

Francis S. Hutchins, Homestead entry, No. 639, for the sw qr sw qr sec. 15, nw qr nw qr sec 22, and n hf ne qr sec. 21, tp 12 s, r 66 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: A. P. Hall, A. Brinker, S. W. Cropper and H. C. Piggott, of Husted, El Paso county, Col.

Theophilus Lawson, one of the heirs of John Lawson, deceased, who made Homestead entry No. 834, for the s hf se qr ne qr se qr and se qr sw qr sec. 29, tp 14 s, r 64 w. and names the following witnesses to prove continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: Joshua Sumner, J. W. Gilluly, Sam'l Willard and F. L. Martin, of Colorado Springs, El Paso county. Colorado

William B. Ross, Declaratory statement, No. 5850, for the nw ¼ of ne ¼ and n½ of nw¼ sec. 1, tp 15, s of r 67 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tracts, viz: Oscar Rose, Fred. Buck, I. Buck and Alfred Brown, all of Colorado Springs, El Paso county Col.

wf-25-5. MARK L. BLUNT, Register.

Commutation of Homestead.

LAND OFFICE AT LEADVILLE, COL. June 13th, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler, Albert Anthony, has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: July 23, 1881, before the judge and ex-officio clerk of El Paso county court, at Colorado Springs. His claim is made by Homestead application No. 387, and is for the se qr of the ne qr of the n hf of the se qr of the sw qr of the se qr of section 24, tp 13 s, range 71 w, and he names the following as his witnesses, viz: A. Fromm, H. H. Bean, John Barker and H. S. Root, all of El Paso county, Colorado.

wf 25 5. JOHN J. HENRY, Register.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the matter of the estate of John Langmeyer deceased, notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the 25th day of July, A D., 1881, being one of the regular days of the July term of the county court of El Paso county, in the state of Colorado, I, Beatrice Frederica Langmeyer, Administratrix of said estate, will appear before the judge of said court, present my final settlement as such Administratrix, pray the approval of the same, and will then apply to be discharged as such Administratrix, at which time and place any person in interest may appear and present objections to the same, if any there be.

Dated at Colorado Springs, Colorado, June 25th, 1881. F. B. LANGMEYER, Administratrix of the estate of John Langmeyer, deceased. wf 25 4

FOREMAN WANTED FOR SHEEP RANCH.

Must have handled sheep successfully in Colorado and be a prompt, reliable business man. Family no objection if wife will cook. Salary $600 per annum and found. Cook's wages additional to wife. Situation permanent.

Apply to Holt Live Stock Co., Colorado Springs or to M. W. Jones, Sup't, at ranch. wf-11-tf

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JOHN CAMPBELL,

(Successor to Helm & Campbell.)

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office, opposite El Paso County Bank. dwm-10-tf

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B. F. CROWELL, Vice President. A. S. WELCH, Ass't Cashier.

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Colorado Springs.

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New York Correspondent: Chemical National Bank. Collections Solicited.

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Genuine St. Louis and Milwaukee beer delivered at any part of the town. Address F. Herman Manitou. w ● 14 tf.

Pre-emption and homestead applications and final proof papers can be made at County Clerk's office, El Paso county. -11 3 tf

All housekeepers should ask their grocer for Loper's Cider Vinegar and Pickles, absolutely pure and the best, Denver, Colorado. w-f-18-4

THE WEEKLY GAZETTE.

Vol XI. COLORADO SPRINGS, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881. No. 31

Her Birthday.

She blushed as she stood by my side,
Most modest and sweetest of misses,
And said, 'twixt a smile and a sigh,
"Do you really forget what day this is?"

It wasn't the Fourth of July,
Nor the twenty-fifth day of December,
Nor the First of April, and so
I vowed that I couldn't remember.

"Why, this is my birthday, sir,"
She pouted. And, like Ulysses,
I sprang to duty at once,
Nor counted the number of kisses.

"'Tis more than enough," she cried,
With merriest prohibition.
"Dear girl!" I at once replied,
"We'll prove it by Long Division."

But if, I am free to say,
This modest and sweetest of misses
Had more than one birthday a year,
There'd soon be corner on kisses.

—Harper's Weekly.

The Arab And The Donkey.

An Arab came to the river side,
With a donkey bearing an obelisk:
But he would not try to ford the tide,
For he had too good an *.

—[Boston Globe.

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell,
For he knew, should the donkey from life subside,
He never would find his |.

—[Salem Sunbeam.

When morning dawned and the tide was out,
The pair crossed over 'neath Allah's protection;
And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt,
For he had the best donkey in all that §.

—[Somerville Journal.

The donkey was seen by a Yankee man,
Who raised his voice and loud did holler,
"How much 'll you take for that 'ere beast,
In gold or silver or paper $?"

—[Detroit Free Press.

Then the Arab said to the Yankee quiz,
This donkey's worth more than his face;
His voice a mine of richness is,
And I raise his price every time he }.

A Vessel's Flight With the Ice.

The wreck of the Danish mail steamer Phœnix, which took place off the west coast of Ireland, was attended by very peculiar circumstances, which are thus described by J. A. Allen in Nature as follows:

"The vessel (about 450 tons burthen) sailed with a cargo and mails from Copenhagen for Leith, the Faroe Islands and Iceland about the middle of January. Nothing particular occurred until after leaving the Faroes, when she ran into a severe gale, which rapidly increased to a perfect hurricane, while at the same time the temperature fell to about 50° F. of frost (18° F.) Such cold is not extraordinary in these latitudes in winter, but fortunately it is seldom associated with very high winds. Under the circumstances in which the Phœnix was placed every sea that she shipped froze, and the deck soon became covered with a foot or two of solid ice. As time passed on the continued action of the sea raised a perfect iceberg on the forward part of the vessel, while the showers of spray carried along by the steadily increasing gale covered the entire vessel, and every part of the rigging, with ice, thickening as it froze, to two or three feet. Two days passed without the least abatement of the storm, and then the half-smothered steamer went over on her beam-ends. The crew succeeded on cutting away the masts, and she once more righted.

"It however was clear, the gale showing no signs of breaking, that the relief was only temporary. The ice continued to form on the vessel, particularly about the forecastle, where, piled high above the bulwarks, and overhanging the sides, it threatened, by altering her trim, to raise the propeller out of the water. Under these circumstances, on the morning of January 29 Captain Kihl decided to run the steamer ashore while daylight lasted. At some distance from the land she struck on a sunken rock, and the crew, taking to the boats, only succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the shore, saving nothing but their lives, the English mail, and a bundle of blankets which (when carried ashore) were found to be useless—frozen into a solid lump. Their situation in deep snow on the desolate coast of Iceland, about one hundred miles to the northwest of Reykjavik, was very critical, and a party of three of the stronger sailors under the command of M. Jaspersin, the first officer, proceed in search of assistance. It was not, however, until about three in the morning of the 30th, after suffering great hardships, that the sound of a pony kicking in a shed guided them to a house. The farmers immediately turned out, and eventually the scattered crew, twenty-two or twenty-three in number, were picked up, some of the clever little Icelandic dogs proving themselves most valuable auxiliaries in the search. Many of the men, however, were all but frozen to death in the snow. From this time all possible attention was given to them; but one, having both legs and arms frost-bitten, died; another afterward had both legs amputated below the knees; and the steward lost three fingers of each hand. Hardly one escaped more or less injury from the effects of the extreme cold to which they had been so long exposed. Captain Kihl and the bulk of his crew soon after succeeded in getting to Revkjavik, and on April 13 they sailed in the sister steamer, the Arcturus, for Copenhagen. The officers and men of the wrecked vessel are of opinion that had Captain Kihl not decided on the 29th to run the Phœnix ashore in daylight not a soul would have been saved, as the gale did not moderate for several days after; and the steamer, buried as it was under an enormous mass of ice, must have foundered in the night."

French Themes.

Correspondence of the New York Post.

The death of M. Littre had long been expected. His vitality had for more than two years been the wonder of all who knew him. The habit of living and thinking had become so strongly confirmed in him that death could not break it so easily as he had at first fancied. The venerable philosopher took a mild pleasure in lingering on to witness the gradual development of new and correct notions of things in his native country. He saw clearly; it is not long since he advised his countrymen to expend their future energies in colonization. He fully realized that their era of military domination in Continental Europe is over. An old man, rarely leaving a sick bed and lying for days together on his back, with his eyes closed, and without taking any more nourishment than was absolutely necessary to preserve him from inanition, he nevertheless directed the line of thought which has culminated in the exploring tour to the Soudan and in the Tunisian expedition. He was a great moving force, never more powerful, never more influential than when his name was heard least on the lips of the masses. He could lay his finger upon the causes of things. No matter how deeply those causes lay hidden, he succeeded in dragging them to the light. His immense analytical power was perceptible in his treatment of every subject which he touched. Of language and literature he was master; his labors on his dictionary were monumental; even his wife could not understand where he got the time for so much work as he accomplished in a day. He was never a popular speaker; the proximity of a crowd awoke a moral shyness within him; but he could hide himself away and write an eloquent, aggressive, subtly argumentive article which would convince every person in the crowd before which he had lately trembled. When he was at Bordeaux as deputy for the department of the Seine and sat with the Left he rarely opened his mouth. He was always a moderate republican; would not tolerate the "advanced" blackguardism which some of the bright men in the capital adhered to; was eminently a patriot, but no Chauvin. He went up into the senate in 1875, and since that time has been seen rarely in public.

They say that a smile flitted over the old man's lips as he lay dying, and when his family had brought a priest to his bedside some thought that it was a smile of submission—that it indicated his reconciliation with the church whose formalities and exactions he had disdained during the whole of his manhood and his glorious old age. But it is more probable that the smile was a gleam of pity from the philosopher's spirit, pity for those who were determined that even against his will he should not die outside the pale of the mother church. "Sir," said Louis Blanc to me once, "I knew a mother who fought with her dying son, and who drove away from his bedside, by sheer physical force, the friend whom he had stationed there to see that, when the death agony came, a priest should not be brought in. The mother conquered, and the freethinker had the crucifix thrust into his stiffening hands in spite of his own wish to the contrary." Such things are common in France, and it is not strange that the occasion to catch the philosopher off his guard was watched for. Friends had been set to prevent this, as the positivists did not wish to see one of their chief glories obscured by apparent weakness in presence of the mystery of death; but it was in vain. The family triumphed, a priest came, and it will be given out that, in his last moments, M. Littre wanted the guiding hand of religion. Yet nothing can be more certain than that he did not ask for spiritual guidance; or than his unfaltering adhesion to his principles up to his latest breath. His fiery enemy, Archbishop Dupanloup, a splendid man, fanatical in illiberalism, and magnificent in his grim hatred of progress and freedom, passed away long before Littre, and ere he died saw that France was with the philosopher rather than with the priest. Dupanloup, as you remember, would not set foot in the academy after Littre was elected an academician. "What!" said he, "find myself under the same roof, be compelled to vote in the same house, with an atheist! Never!" And the infiammable old man kept his word. Littre would have troubled him but little, however, for he went rarely to the academy. He was too intensely interested in his study of philology to have any afternoons to waste in tea-table discussions at the Institute, and [illegible] contemplation of the glowing labors of the "Immortals" over their cherished memory, when he had already finished one of his own.

It is amusing to note M. de Fourtou opening the debate in the senate over the bill in favor of compulsory education by declaring that it is "an attack on the liberty of conscience." De Fourtou! The man who was identified with the meanest period of repression, with the most ignominiously disgraceful counter-revolution in French history. The whines of such insincere advocates of liberty will not prevent the introduction of a compulsory system in France. There is still almost one-third of the population which is destitute of primary instruction. Ten years of intense labor on the part of the apostles of universal education will be necessary before the present low standard in France can be raised.

The effervescent period is over.

THE MINDS OF MEN

in Paris have become more sober than they were in April and May about the Tunisian question, and all other things. There has been a great outcropping of Franco-Italian literature, and the French have become convinced that the Italians hate and distrust them. All classes of Frenchmen are somewhat startled to find that the unified Italy growing up beside their country is ambitious, and may soon become aggressive. The sympathizers with the nihilists have been punished, rather mildly, by short terms of imprisonment, but not, as was currently reported, at the instance of the Russian ambassador. Hugo's volumes of verse just published are as fresh, as breezy, as idyllic as those which he wrote at twenty. The ancient romanticist has kept the well of pure poetry in his heart quite undefiled. I do not think that the awards at the Salon are considered entirely satisfactory, and there is colossal grumbling among the "rejected," who are daily becoming angrier at the summary way in which they were treated after they had earned, as they fancied, the right of entrance by their contributions in previous years.

The Unhappy Czar.

St. Petersburg Correspondent London Times.

The czar still broods in sullen retirement in his castle of Gatchina. His majesty has paid only two or three fugitive visits to the capital during the last month. On the last occasion he was to attend the funeral cortege of the late Prince Oldenburg to the railway station. His majesty's place was duly marked out in the official program, but no two people who saw the procession agree as to whether he was behind the bier or not, and the newspapers all contradicted each other as to the czar's presence. The most probable version seems to be that he awaited the late prince's remains at the railway station. There is no relaxation in the vigilance exercised at Gatchina. General Count Vorontzhoff Dachkoff is reported to have bren unable to get on with his imperial master and to have been obliged to leave him for a time; while, on the other hand, it is stated that the count has injured his leg and is obliged to keep himself quiet. It has not yet transpired which story is the true one. The contradiction of the first reports as to the way in which the village of Gatchina was protected, a contradiction drawn up by Count Vorontzoff-Dachkoff himself, does not apply to the vicinity of the palace, which is strictly guarded and watched. A short time ago two of the young grand dukes, cousins of the emperor, were stopped in the grounds by a Cossack, who threatened to spear them if they advanced. A friend who has occasion to visit the castle to see an official tells me that as soon as he left the railway station and took the direction toward the palace he felt conscious that the eyes of the police were following him, but it was only when he was about to cross the bridge over the castle moat that he was actually stopped. Here the police officials were all officers. They ascertained his business and escorted him to the service gate of the palace, the only one which is allowed to be approached. He at once found himself in the police office, surrounded by officers. His passport was taken, and his description, the time of day, and business were all duly noted in a book, which the chief of police is supposed to examine every day.

An officer was then sent to inform the official inquired for, while my friend was kept by the police. On the officer returning with a message that the official could be seen, my friend was escorted by a police officer down the long corridors to the room of the person he wished to see. All the way Cossack sentinels, with drawn swords, were tramping up and down. It can readily be imagined that no official of the palace, however high he may be placed, is particularly overjoyed at present by the visits of his friends. My acquaintance was therefore exhorted for the love of heaven to confine his conversation to the merest commonplaces and not to stay too long. When he got to the train on his return journey he felt heartily glad and fortunate, though he could not shake off the sensation that the police were still at his back. Looking out of the windows of the corridor into the courtyards, of which there are four within the castle walls, he saw innumerable stacks of piled muskets, denoting the presence of a large force of infantry, and on the open place in front of the palace were picketed the horses of about a squadron of cavalry. Persons whose business calls them daily to the palace and who are well known are rigorously searched. For example, a priest employed in the service of the imperial chapel was lately subjected to such a close inspection that his cigarettes were not overlooked. A Cossack officer is stationed at each of the doors of the sleeping apartments of the emperor, the empress, and the heir apparent during the night. The last-named complains continually of the restraint put upon his movements since his father's accession to the throne. He is not allowed to go out riding in the park, which particularly annoys him. None of the officers or court officials are allowed to be away from the place more than two or three hours at a time, and all are obliged to be in before 9 in the evening. The court will soon remove to Peterhoff, which has a small port at the mouth of the Neva. Here four lightships will be anchored, and no other vessel will be allowed to go near. The two yachts, Slavianka and Czarevna, will always be in readiness to convey the emperor to and from St. Petersburg, accompanied on either side by a torpedo boat, manned with four marines.

Mahon on Jeff. Davis's Book.

Letter to the Philadelphia Press.

"Did General Lee or any other prominent man in the Confederacy agree with Mr. Davis in his plan of retreating to the mountains and prolonging the war by a running fight?"

"Not that I can recall," said Senator Mahone. "I know General Lee did not, and all appeared to recognise the fact that when Richmond fell the war would be ended. Mr. Davis says in his work that Lee never contemplated surrender. He did, however, say in language similar to that employed by Washington during the revolution, expressed to me the belief that in the mountains of Virginia he could carry on the war for twenty years.

The statement that General Lee never contemplated surrender is not true. He not only thought of surrender, but proposed it to Mr. Davis. I had a conference with General Lee in his tent at Appomattox immediately after the surrender. He said to me during that interview that some time during the winter he had urged upon Davis the desirability, if not necessity of making terms with General Grant. He detailed to me some of the talk between him and Davis, who, he said, would not listen to making terms, but insisted that he must fight to the last. General Lee said that he explained to Davis the situation of the two armies; that Grant's force, greatly superior to his, was within nine miles of its base of supplies, and fully equipped with transportation and fresh cavalry and artillery horses; that even then it would be impossible, in the crippled condition of his transportation, to retreat; that in the spring, when Grant came down upon him, surrender would be inevitable. His idea was that duty called him to make terms without further bloodshed. Mr. Davis refused, and the result is in history.

"This talk between General Lee and myself, coming as it did immediately after the surrender, made a great impression on me. He seemed to feel so keenly Mr. Davis' refusal to make terms, that I said:

"'Why didn't you call a conference of your officers when he refused?'

"'What could have been done?' he asked.

"'They could and would have authorized you to use your own judgment, and they would have sustained your action whatever it might have been.'

"The great soldier held his head down a moment as if in deep thought, and then said: "'Well, it's too late to remedy errors now.'

"Yes, General Lee wanted to end the war when he saw that further fighting was a useless sacrifice of life. That it was not ended was not his fault, as his statements to me in this memorable interview will show.

"I told him that his officers would have sustained him, and so they would, for he had the confidence and the heart of not only the officers and men, but of the whole southern people to a greater degree than any man, and a thousand fold more than Davis, who was neither a popular nor a model president. His only gauge of a man was taken from West Point, and he had his pets, who were promoted about as often as they lost a battle. I think his book will show that he was even less of a military genius than an executive officer. If it does it will not have been written for nothing.

We Too!

From the Leadville Democrat.

The Tribune is the only republican paper in the state which is not the apologist of the crimes, corruptions and villainies of that party. It has the manliness to cry out against Brady, Dorsey and the lot, while the others smile and blink as though they thought the Star route business an excellent joke. The Tribune's excellent judgment assists it to the conclusion that either the republican party must purge itself from the prevailing impurities or that party must expect to yield the reins of power to cleaner and better men. The party has staggered along for twenty years under a load of corruption and crime sufficient to have sunk the navies of the world, and only because it had been the instrument in the hands of fate to crush out slavery. That one virtue will not last forever, will not atone for a thousand crimes, and go on thus forever. And the Tribune sees it plainly.

STANTON'S LILAC COAT.

The War Secretary's Wrath at the First View of an Historical Painting.

Washington Star.

During the winter of 1867 a New York artist who had executed a fine painting representing the death of President Lincoln, brought it to Washington and placed it in one of the committee rooms of the capitol, his object being to obtain life sittings from some of the parties whose portraits were included in the group surrounding the death-bed of the dying president, the portraits having been painted from photographs One of the most conspicuous portraits in the group was that of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war, who was represented as standing a few feet from the head of the bed toward which his head was turned, a full profile view of his face being visible. His left arm was thrown behind him and in his hand he held a paper supposed to be a telegram. Strange as it may seem, the artist had represented him in a lilac coat and drab pantaloons of a fashionable cut, and as much unlike the loosely fitting garments of dark cloth, which he usually wore, as it would seem possible to make them. So confident were those who saw the picture that Mr. Stanton would be very angry when he saw himself portrayed in such a ridiculous costume that the artist was urged to repaint it, before he should visit the room, but this advice was unheeded. Mr. Stanton finally called at the room to give the artist the desired sitting. Taking a seat in large arm chair, he looked earnestly at the picture which was then rapidly approaching completion. For a moment the deep silence which pervaded the room was painfully significant. It was finally broken by Mr. Stanton, who uttered a most emphatic and indignant protest against being represented in a fashionable and fancy costume, so totally different from that in which he was usually attired. "And, whoever heard," said he, of a cabinet minister wearing a lilac coat and drab pantaloons." These were his precise words. As he proceeded he grew fearfully angry, and finally rose to his feet. His face was almost purple, and his burly frame quivered with rage. His wrath was truly volcanic. For several minutes he held undisputed monopoly of the situation, for no one present had the temerity to interrupt him. The artist seemed paralyzed with astonishment, not unmingled with fear, and leaned against the marble mantel for support. His left hand grasped his pallet and brushes, and his arm hung powerless by his side, while his face was of an ashy paleness.

After Mr. Stanton had given full expression of his feelings, and his anger, consequently, become somewhat modified, a friend of the artist, who fortunately happened to be present, took a seat by his side and entered into conversation with him, but found it impossible to convince him that he had not been grossly insulted. "What would you think," said he, "if old Mr. Welles, who sits by the bedside, was represented in knee-breeches and with buckles on his shoes?" "I should think," was the reply, "that the artist had committed an unpardonable anachronism, which he has not done in your case; for though he has taken a license in the draping of your portrait, he has strictly adhered to the costume of the day, while knee-breeches and shoe-buckles belong to a by-gone period." He made no reply, but remained silent for several minutes. Finally, turning to the artist, he said: "That, sir, is your painting, and you can do whatever you please with it; but I will never endorse its accuracy or give you a sitting until you repaint the drapery of my portrait."

After making this emphatic declaration he was again silent for some minutes, when the artist, who had recovered his self-possession, ventured to speak to him, and state why he had thought it advisable to drape his portrait in colors so offensive to him, assuring him that his sole object in doing so was to avoid the monotony inseparable from a group of male portraits clad in the unpicturesque costume of our time. He also assured him that if he would give him another sitting he would repaint the drapery of his figure in any style and color he might suggest. With this assurance Mr. Stanton seemed satisfied, and immediately took a chair, where he sat patiently and quietly for an hour while the last touches were added to the face of his portrait. During this sitting he conversed very pleasantly, and was as gentle and as amiable as a child. At times his rugged features would be lighted up by a happy smile, which seemed like a gleam of sunshine after a terrible storm. On the day following the events above narrated, Mr. Stanton visited Brady's gallery by appointment, where he was met by the artist, who had so unintentionally offended him, and stood for a photograph, from which his figure was entirely repainted, to the great satisfaction of himself and his family.

Reminiscences of Wild-Cat Banking.

C. Woodward in the Expressman's Monthly.

Adams & Co. and the Adams Express company did a very profitable business in receiving from brokers and others notes of the several banks of the country and presenting them for redemption, charging double rates for this business. At that time there were a class of banks in Indiana known as free banks. Any person who could purchase $50,000 worth of bonds could deposit them with the auditor of the state, and receive that amount in bank notes ready for circulation when signed by the bank's president and cashier, and these notes were redeemable at the counter of the bank. It was an object, therefore, to the bankers to place the bank where it would be difficult to get at, and then loan out its notes and let them circulate as money. Under instructions I kept three or four men ready to start on a moment's notice to hunt up these banks, and present their notes. Many of them were located in towns which had no existence, except on paper, and were very difficult to find. At one time when all my men were away, except one who was sick, I received a package containing $1,000 on the Bank of Morocco. This bank I learned from the state auditor was located on the Grand Prairie, about fifty miles west of Lafayette, and one hundred and twenty-five miles from Indianapolis. The Lafayette and Indianapolis railroad was then running about thirty miles of that distance, and the rest of the way had to be travelled on horseback and coach. Procuring a horse at Lafayette, I started west through the prairie with scarcely a track to guide me, with $1,000 in my pocket, and I did not find a person who had ever heard of Morocco, until I reached the little town of Rensselaer, where I finally got some information.

Pushing on until nearly night I saw before me two log buildings, and riding up to one, which proved to be a blacksmith's shop, I inquired the way to Morrocco. The smith told me I was already in the town, and I inquired where the bank was located. He informed me that he kept the bank in his house, and asked what I wanted. I told him. It was then dark, and I had no alternative but to stay with him all night though he told me his accommodations for travellers were very poor. He turned my horse out on the prairie to graze, and I got a very good supper at his house. It was very warm, and he made a bed on the prairie where we both slept. I was a little uneasy about sleeping out on the prairie with $1,000 in my pocket, and he offered to put it in the bank and did so. In the morning after a very good breakfast we proceeded to the business for which I came. He went to one corner of the log cabin and commenced taking potatoes out of a barrel, and after taking out a bushel or more, produced my package, and sat down at the table and counted it. Satisfied he was right, he went to the same potato barrel and produced a bag of gold which was marked $5,000 and counted out fifty $20 gold pieces and handed them to me, and put the notes and his bag of gold back into the barrel, and covered with the potatoes. After receiving my money I asked him for his bill for meals, lodging and horse feed, but he refused to take anything and remarked, "You are the first man who ever found the bank of Morocco, and if you will keep its location to yourself I am satisfied." I promised to do so and left for home. Mr. Dunn, auditor of state, told me afterward that several persons had tried to find the bank of Morocco, but he thought I was the only one who had succeeded.

Aztec Mysteries.

A letter to the Boston Herald gives an account of some important discoveries in Aztec mysteries made by Mr. Frank B. Cushing, who was sent by the Smithsonian Institute about two years ago to investigate among the Pueblos of New Mexico the customs and history of the natives. The letter says:

"As a result of Mr. Cushing's labors Aztec history will have to be rewritten. Much of what has hitherto been received as such falls to the ground, a mass of rubbish. 'There are no other people so distrustful of strangers as are the Indians, so reticent about everything concerning themselves. Therefore, when questioned by strangers about their religion, their past and their traditions, they have answered, to be sure, but these answers, accepted as sober truth, have been uniformly a pack of very ready and ingenious lies. Mr. Cushing, therefore, adopted the only sensible method of getting at the bottom facts; that of becoming one with the Zunis, learning their language and living with them. Hence, we see him, a slender, light complexioned young man—he is not yet twenty-four years old—with long flowing blonde hair, confined by the Indian head band, and dressed in the picturesque full costume of the tribe, every article of native manufacture, from the cloth of the dark blue woolen serape shirt, the buckskin kneebreeches, long, dark blue stockings, leather moccasins, and artistically embroidered sash, to the rows of silver buttons and other richly worked silver ornaments that adorn his dress, and the precious ancient necklace from a mysterious cave of relics up in the mountains. This dress he wears on all occasions, even when visiting Fort Wingate, for, should he be seen in citizen's garb by his adopted brethren, their confidence in his sincerity as a Zuñi would be shaken. He has gained his cause by the use of tact, pluck and adaptability to circumstances worthy both a general and a diplomatist. In the first place he put himself at their mercy and entirely in their power. Savages finding a stranger under such circumstances seldom failed to be merciful. Thus gaining their confidence by his helplessness Mr. Cushing was made one of them and formally adopted into the tribe of the Zuni. Gradually gaining influence among them, he has obtained admission to their most secret councils, and has now been made one of their chiefs, the second man of influence in their city, standing next to their governor in authority.

"Mastering their language thoroughly and scientifically, the knowledge of this has produced the key that has unlocked a treasure house, the opening of whose doors has placed in his possession a store of such wonderful facts as to justify the application of that much abused term, "astounding revelations." Mr. Cushing has, in the study of the Zuni religion, found for certainty that the worship and traditions of Montezuma—so long accepted in all accounts of the Aztecs—have no foundation in fact, and that Montezuma was never heard of. But he has discovered a mine of mythological lore, beliefs and superstitions, gods and spirits, that throw the full light of day on the mysteries of the Aztec religion.

"Among other wonderful things is the existence of twelve sacred orders, with their priests, and their secret rites as carefully guarded as the secrets of freemasonry, an institution to which these orders have a strange resemblance. Into several of these orders he has been initiated, and has penetrated to their inmost secrets, obtaining a knowledge of ceremonials both beautiful, profound and grotesque in character. But the most marvellous thing which he has discovered in connection with their religion is the grand fact that their faith is the same thing as modern spiritualism. The Zuñis have their circle, their mediums, their communications with the spirit world, their materializations—precisely like those of the spiritists of civilized life. Their seances are often so absorbing that they are kept up all night. Their belief in the phenomena explains many strange things about their religion which Mr. Cushing was unable to account for until he hit upon it—they had kept it carefully guarded months after he was on most intimate terms with them—by telling them about certain spiritistic phenomena he he had witnessed, thus gaining their sympathy as apparently a fellow-believer.

"Their language has proved a most interesting study. It is thoroughly grammatical, and has a finely-arranged system of declensions and tenses. The Zuñis are most careful to teach their children to speak correctly, and drill them thoroughly. They have words for 'grammatical' and 'ungrammatical,' 'good talking' and 'bad talking' literally translated. Strange to say, they have an ancient or classic language, just as English has its Anglo Saxon. This dead language has been handed down to their religious rites, and is, for the most part, known only by the priests. Many of their sacred songs are worded in it, and these songs are of unknown antiquity. This is a striking illustration of the conservative influence of religion in preserving the institutions of the past. There is a good opportunity for an analogy between the preservation of this ancient, aboriginal tongue by the Zuñi priests and the handing down of the Latin by the Catholic church. What a field for philologists here!

"An achievement of which Mr. Cushing has reason to be specially proud is the success of his effort to locate exactly the cities of Cibola, a question which has been the cause of many an archæological dispute. This he has settled beyond a shadow of doubt, the result of his explorations corresponding exactly to the descriptions by Coronado.

"Mr. Cushing will probably stay with the Zuñis about a year longer, as there are a number of important themes which he has just hit upon, and which he naturally desires to work up thoroughly. There is a vast field waiting to be worked up by a man of such power. This summer Mr. Cushing will make a trip to Arizona to investigate an unknown tribe of Pueblo Indians, living in one of the deep 'box cañons,' so called, tributary to the great cañon of the Colorado. In these almost inaccessible depths they are said to have beautiful peach orchards and cultivated gardens and extensive flocks of sheep. Only three or four white men have entered here, and but meagre accounts have been given of the place.

"Mr. Cushing hopes to be able to bring four or five of the principal men of Zuñis to the east with him when he returns to Washington, and show them the homes of what they regard as the loftiest and most perfect type of men—the Eastern American, the men of the rising sun. It is to be hoped that he will, for they are a remarkable race, and have a wonderful, fascinating history that still holds the key of many grand secrets. The only Pueblo Indians who ever came east were two of the leading men of Isletta, on the Rio Grande, who once determined to see their 'Great Father at Washington,' and made the journey at their own expense."

Zola's Dislike of Protestantism.

Pall Mall Gazette.

If we may believe M. Emile Zola, his recent attack upon Protestantism has entailed serious personal discomfort. "For a fortnight," he says, "insulting letters have been pouring down upon me in consequence of my article on Protestantism. This does not astonish me. I even expected this deluge, for the Protestants, despite their boasted liberty of inquiry, cannot bear discussion, and get at once to biblical compliments. For a mere nothing you are called a dog or a carcass." This sounds a little ecstatic; but since M. Zola began the controversy in the highest key of which his natural voice was capable, he is necessarily driven, as the light thickens, to have recourse to falsetto. Despite this inconvenience, however, he delivers himself of many pointed as well as many bombastic sayings. After having overwhelmed Protestantism with reproach as an insincere and illogical anachronism, he kindly proceeds to make excuses for it. "It is hard, I know, after having been progressive, to find that one has become reactionary." The great times of Protestantism are over. It stimulated intellect in its day, but since the revolution it has become a barrier to progress. "Look at the drama and the novel in America, England, or in Germany. The average is very low; all is colorless and insipid, without the possibility of progress, and the reason is, I repeat it, that the sincere study of the passions is not permitted there. Science advances, while literature has become stagnant. England has a Darwin, but she cannot have a Balzac. In my opinion the blame must rest above all with Protestantism."

The grandest thing in M. Zola's last article is his attitude to M. Scherer. After the compliments which have already passed between them it must have been hard to find anything more to say. But M. Zola is equal to the occasion. Abuse being exhausted, he falls back upon his dignity. He loftily puts aside M. Scherer's accusation of his preference for things unclean. "I may at times have put my foot in a drain, for drains, alas! are not uncommon; but those who have condescended to read me will have found that I have stepped more often—too often, perhaps—on the grass and the flowers." The beautiful diversity of such a style M. Scherer, as M. Zola plainly hints, cannot be expected to appreciate. "I can understand the consternation of men of letters of your temperament, who have made for themselves a literary retreat in the dead ages, and are disturbed in their repose by the literature of the living age." M. Zola is in his own eyes the prophet of this "living age," the child of the "literary evolution," which is the outcome and crown of the new social era. "We who march onward do not perhaps know the work which we are accomplishing, but we go where our age goes, and this is what gives us our force and our serenity." To illustrate our serenity, M. Zola concludes his article by a renewed call for the extirpation of Protestantism. A new Calvin is needed to do this work. His closing words are, "Where is our Calvin?" Echo can hardly be expected to answer "Zola."

Chinamen's Secret Societies.

St. James's Gazette.

A Chinaman who does not belong to a secret society has very little chance of prospering. There are few who are unattached—mostly men from isolated villages in China, from which there are not enough immigrants to form a Hoey. Such a man may possibly be tolerated, but he cannot grow rich. If he keeps a store, no guildsman will buy from him; if he plies a sampan, he may find it scuttled some day, without the least chance of redress. If a society man fastens a quarrel on him he is ruined, and had better leave before he is murdered. The worst feature of the society, if possible, is the protection it affords to all its members, no matter what crime they may have committed. Not many years ago a wealthy Chinese merchant was murdered in the middle of the day in Beach street, the busiest thoroughfare in Penang. The murderer was a hired assassin belonging to the Ghee Hin Kongsee. He called his victim to the door, plunged a dagger twice into his side, and darted through the crowded street into the dark lanes of the Macao quarter, close at hand. A thorough and immediate search was made by the police and the friends of the murdered man. A large reward was offered for the apprehension of the assassin. Yet, though he was known to be within a space only a few hundred square yards in area, he could not be found. And yet this man was simply paid to do the murder. He had no grudge against the victim, and his employer was vehemently suspected of being a man who did not belong to the society at all. The assassin was no doubt quietly shipped off to China in a junk some time afterward. Many similar cases might be cited to prove the unwavering fidelity of the members to the bond of union subsisting between them. They will risk their liberty, and even their lives, for one another without hesitation. Indeed, if one brother betrayed another in a case of this kind, his life would not be worth an hour's purchase; and outsiders are in little less danger. If they aid in the arrest of a guildsman they are almost certain to experience the vengeance of the society sooner or later; and the mere ill-will of the guild usually means ruin. When a member has committed any grave crime and requires the protection of his brethren, all he does is to cut off a lock of hair and tie it to his arm. He simply has to show this to obtain a place of concealment or means of escape. Hence, when members of a secret society commit crimes, it is almost impossible to find even a clue to the perpetrator. Detectives are useless, and rewards are offered to no purpose.

DAY DAWNS.

The Night of Grief Gets Gleams of Sunshine.

President Garfield Holds His Own and Gradually Improves.

Telegrams the World Over of Condolence and Sympathy.

BULLETIN NO 1.

WASHINGTON, July 7—The increase in temperature and pulse in the latest bulletin is ascribed by the physicians to the higher temperature of the president's room. At 12 to-day the temperature of his room was from three to four degrees lower than that of yesterday.

BULLETIN NO. 2.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 7, 7:30 p. m.—There has been no change of consequence in the president's condition since the last unofficial bulletin. Dr. Bliss reports his condition at this hour, 7:30 p. m., as full of encouragement.

BULLETIN NO. 3.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 7.—8 p. m.—The favorable condition of the president continues. Pulse 106, temperature 100 2-10, respiration 23. Signed, D. W. BLISS,
J. R. BARNES,
ROBT. REYBURN.

Unless an unfavorable change occurs no further bulletins will be issued until to-morrow morning.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

At 9 a. m. his pulse was 94, temperature 99 1-10, respiration 23. We anticipate, of course, a similar movement for some time to come, and so to-day find at 1 p. m. his pulse 100, temperature 100 8-10, respiration 23. Last evening at 9:30 a quarter of a grain of morphia sulphate was administered hypodermically and the president slept very well during the night. In addition to chicken broth and albumen he had yesterday afternoon a small quantity of scraped beef tenderloin, which, however, he did not relish very much. This morning he is taking oat meal gruel and milk at intervals of two hours with relish. The yellowishnes of the skin so common after wounds of the liver developed to a slight degree during the day yesterday, but is not more marked this morning. We don't attach a great deal of importance to this symptom, except so far as to confirm the opinion already formed of the nature of the wound. Altogether we feel that the patient has done well as could reasonably have been expected up to the present, and our hopes for his ultimate recovery are strengthened by the events of the last two days.

(Signed) D. W. BLISS,
J. R. BARNES,
J. J. WOODWARD,
ROB'T REYBURN.

BRIGHT AND HUMOROUS.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The president's bright humor has not deserted him. He makes humorous speeches occasionally and quotes Shakespeare. His temperature is not as low in the sick room as is desired but it is comfortable. The artificial lowering apparatus works well. Doctor Bliss told Doctor Boynton this morning that the president's chances were considerably better than ever. The danger of peritonitis is rapidly passing and is now improbable though possible. The only accident likely to terminate fatally now apprehended are secondary hemorrhage and poisoning. Hemorrhage may occur up to Friday, but owing to the course and present location of the ball this is not seriously anticipated. Blood poisoning is mostly feared but there is not yet the slightest indication of it.

SANITARY EFFORTS.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The bed the president laid upon when first carried to the White House from the depot was wide and low, but so short the president's feet rested against the foot-board. He complained of the cramped position. Another trouble was the low bed placed the president too low in the room to get a breeze. The bed is now seven feet long, and plenty of room is allowed for his feet. The patient's mattress has been arranged so that thorough ventilation passes underneath the patient. The only inconvenience the president suffered from the change proceeds from the narrowness of his bed. In the first one he could stretch his arms out at full length. However, the president's bed is only for temporary use, a regular invalid's bed, having all the improvements and domforts has been telegraphed for.

OFFICIAL ENCOURAGEMENT.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—A remarkably quiet day at the White house has been passed, even more than before the president was shot. The people seem to have exhausted themselves in constant attendance since Saturday, and now that the president is apparently getting well they give him quiet with the rest he needs. Except cabinet officers and the messengers from different departments very few people have called, and matters have dropped back to where they were before last Saturday. The White house has about the same appearance that it wears when the president is absent. The telegraph instruments are quiet. Few messages are sent or received. The attending physicians can now come and go without being stopped at every step and asked concerning the president's condition. Dr. Bliss is in very good spirits. He looks brighter having managed to get some rest since the president has taken a turn for the better. He said this morning that everything was as nice as could be expected. The president passed a very good night and is better this morning. He continues to improve slowly but surely. His appetite continues good and he is very cheerful.

WHERE THE BALL LODGED.

The surgeon general greatly relies on the president's vigorous constitution, strong vitality and calm courage. He says he is the very best patient he ever saw. Although the probing was considered unwise, he did, Saturday, with Nettleton, probe gently and trace the course of the ball three and a half inches. He judged it had entered the back above the right hip, taking nearly a horizontal course forward through the body slightly fracturing a rib, and then deflecting to the right where it penetrated the liver. Whether it lodged in the anterior wall of the abdomen, he was unable to say. He hoped it passed through. Surgically it was a very fortunate wound, as the deflection carried it away from those parts where it would be likely to have a fatal effect, and especially a region where it would have no chance of recovery. The pains in the feet are probably due to the laceration of some sympathetic ganglia motor and sensory nerve. While the president is still in serious danger, every day is carrying him past the critical point.

COMPLIMENTARY TELEGRAMS.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The storehouses of the whole country are open to the president. Fine wines and liquors of extravagant age are received daily, labeled, "for the president." Those come from all over the country. One temperance man sent wine placed in his cellar thirty years ago, and never touched. Patent medicines, asking for trial, are sent. Suggestions by telegraph innumerable are sent to the doctors, and the mails now bring overwhelming quantities of advisory letters to the physicians. A scrap-book is being prepared with different accounts, editorials, public expressions, etc. It will be an immense volume. All telegrams of sympathy will be preserved. Dispatches from abroad will be kept in the records of the state department. All the cabinet and the diplomatic corps called to-day on the president. Telegrams were received to-day by Secretary Blaine at 10 o'clock. At every three minutes afterwards congratulations were received from nearly every potentate in the civilized world.

WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

WASHINGTON, July 7, 10 A. M.—Mass meetings continue to be held all over the country, and particularly in the south, where congratulations on the president's recovery and condemnation of the blood-thirsty wretch, Guitteau, and condolence to the president's family are about evenly divided. Telegrams by hundreds from foreign magnates and rulers and domestic friends, admirers and well-wishers of either party are received. These are, whenever possible, answered by the direction of Secretary Blaine, whose services and advice have been invaluable for the past few days. The messages express always the deepest regret and sorrow, and generally the tenderest solicitude and personal interest, which cannot but touch the recipient and reveal more clearly than by any other possible means the deep-seated love which the president has awakened in the hearts of the people.

IMPROVEMENT OVER YESTERDAY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 7.—The following dispatch has been sent by the surgeon in charge to the consulting surgeon this afternoon at 1 o'clock: During the past twenty-four hours the president has continued to improve slowly as anticipated. A slight rise of temperature and a slight increase of frequency of pulse occurred during the afternoon and evening. At 3:30 p. m. his pulse was 104; temperature, 100 6-10; respiration, 23. But in accordance with this durnal movement both pulse and temperature were again diminished this afternoon and showed some improvement over yesterday at the same hour.

A FINANCIAL FRAUD.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The alarming reports concerning the president's condition circulated in various ways yesterday and to-day with the evident intent to influence prices had a temporary effect. The reported story of a proclamation calling an extra session was yesterday prepared and signed by the president to be used in case that his condition should become hopeless is without foundation.

NO ESPECIAL CHANGE.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—2:30 p. m.—There has been no change since the last report, neither is any expected until after sundown, at this writing. Clouds are coming up and the indications are very good for a heavy rain. This will be about the best thing that can happen as it will reduce the temperature and make the conditions more refreshing. Mrs. Garfield desires again to acknowledge her great appreciation for the many messages of sympathy sent to her.

SEND HIM WEST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 7.—Surgeon Van Gottschalk of the Rhode Island militia who made a speech on the 4th at Newport, glorifying the assassination, has resigned to avoid trouble.

BULLETIN NO. 4.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 7, 10.45 P. M.—Attorney-General MacVeagh says the president's condition is very favorable indeed; he does not consider that the president is out of danger yet, but says he appears to be passing out of it as steadily and rapidly as can be expected.

A CHEAP PISTOL.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—It turns out that the pistol used by Guitteau was a cheap common weapon, self cocker, and as it was so easy to shoot many wonder he didn't fire more shots. The pistol was bought from O'Meara, on the 5th of June, for ten dollars.

FUND FOR MRS. GARFIELD.

NEW YORK, July 7.—The chamber of commerce members propose to raise $250,000, to be invested in United States bonds and deposited with the United States Trust company, the income to be paid to Mrs. Garfield during her life, and at her death to go equally to her children, in appreciation of the noble character of the president.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPETITE.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The president, at eleven o'clock, seemed worried over but one thing, the impossibility of getting enough to eat. Every function except his appetite is normal, and that is enormous. He turns his attention largely to it, and good humoredly asked if the doctors want to starve him to death, now that he is determined not to die of his wounds.

STILL HOPEFUL.

General H. V. Boynton telegraphs privately to his brother here, "I really believe the president will recover, I have been at the White House this morning. The case is still critical."

CONKLING'S FORUM.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—Speaking of the reports afloat about Arthur, Senator Jones said the members of the cabinet have visited Arthur at his house every day and their intercourse with him was of the most cordial character. He don't believe even if Garfield dies that Conkling would accept the position of secretary of state under his successor. His forum is the senate. If he don't return to the senate he will not in my opinion accept the office at all, besides life is short for revenges, especially political.

ARTHUR'S PROTEST.

WASHINGTON, July 7.—The following correspondence has passed between ex-Senator Conkling and Attorney General MacVeagh:

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, July 6.—My dear sir—In the abhorrence which all decent men alike shudder at in the attempted murder of the president, I have given thought to the matter to which your attention may or may not turn. Your criminal code treats premeditated homicide in all cases alike, irrespective of the victim. Murder being visited by the greatest penalty. Perhaps no distinction between one case and another could be founded on the public relations held by the persons slain but in a case of attempted murder a broad distinction can be made between assailing the life of an individual and an attempt to take a life of special value to the whole country. The shocking occurrence of Saturday demands definition and punishment. An assault on a high executive officer, whether successful or not, should be at once punished vigorously. A man who attempts the life of the president, if morally responsible, commits an offence which the nation ought to guard against and punish by the exertion of all the powers which civilized nations may employ. I suggest this as deserving consideration. My profound sympathies are with the president and all of you. Every hour the conflict of reports keep hope and fear striving with each other. Nothing is stable except the facts and I trust that the worst is past. I wish you would express to the president my deepest sympathy in this hour which should hush all discords and enlist all prayers for his safe delivery. Please also give Mrs. Garfield my most respectful condolence, trusting all will be well,

Cordially yours,
ROSCOE CONKLING.

A FRIENDLY REPLY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7.

To Hon. Roscoe Conkling, Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York.

Thanks for your letter of the 5th which has just been reached by me. Its suggestions will be carefully considered and its kind message of sympathy will be conveyed to the president and Mrs. Garfield at the earliest opportunity.

Signed, WAYNE MACVEAGH.

INDIAN COMMISSIONERS.

After Many Days They Find the Promised Land for the Utes.

CANTONMENT ON THE UNCOMPAHGRE, Col., July 6.—The Ute commissioners have just returned after a month's trip. They have traveled over five hundred miles on horseback with a pack train, and have examined the lands in western Colorado and eastern Utah. They endured many privations, traveling for whole days without water. They have selected a location and the Indians will be removed to it as soon as the requisite arrangements can be made.

Shooting at Maysville.

MAYSVILLE, Col., July 6.—The city was thrown into great excitement at 6 o'clock this evening by the murder of Caleb Treble and serious wounding of Henry Fletcher by N. A. Brown, a jeweler. Only two shots were fired, one striking Treble in the neck, producing almost instant death; the other striking Fletcher's face, and produced a serious but not fatal wound. Brown was immediately arrested. He declares the shooting was accidental. Fletcher, the wounded man, says he does not know how it occurred. Some persons well acquainted with Brown declare Brown insane, while others attribute it to a freak of a victim of the opium habit. There was no apparent cause for the shooting.

Calling a Caucus.

ALBANY, July 7.—Fifteen senators and fifty assemblymen were present at the conference to-night. Mr. Phillips offered resolutions for a general call for a caucus to-morrow evening, and that a committee of three circulate the call and request signatures. Fifty-seven members voted for the resolution, making that number in favor of calling a caucus, and subsequently sixty of those present signed and conferred. Robertson and some others demurred at the call, but in the interest of harmony signed it. The object of the conference to-night is to give the Conklingites a chance to go in the caucus. If they stay out they must explain their inconsistency, and the session will probably adjourn Saturday, as a struggle will be useless.

Progress of the Texas Pacific.

PALESTINE, Texas, July 7.—The Texas Pacific has reached a point about sixty miles west of Big Spring. It is going at the rate of two miles a day. No bridges are necessary. Unless rains interfere it will reach El Paso January 1.

QUOTATIONS BY TELEGRAPH.

Stocks and Bonds.

NEW YORK, July 7.

Silver bars, 1.12¼.
Money, active, 3@5.
Governments generally firm.
Stocks closed generally firm.
The following are the quotations:

Western Union	92⅝	Quicksilver (off'd)	20
Pacific	51¾	Mariposa (off'd)	1½
Wells, Fargo & Co.	125	New York Central	145⅞
Erie	45⅞	Panama	250
Union Pacific	129	Union Pacific b'nds	130½
Central Pacific	99⅜	C. P. bonds, (off'd)	110⅞
Sutro	1⅛	Denver & Rio Grand	108½
C., C. & I. Co.	62¾		

The surveying party spoken of yesterday in the GAZETTE as leaving for the mountains, via Manitou and the Pass, go for the purpose of continuing the survey of the propored line through Ute Pass to the Platte.

HOLDING THEM UP.

Indians Learning White Men's Tricks.

They Hold Up a Coach and Rob the Passengers.

SANTA FE, July 7.—The New Mexican will publish to-morrow the following special from El Paso, Texas, referring to the recent Indian depredations in old Mexico:

EL PASO, July 7.—On Sunday morning, between three and four o'clock the stage from El Paso to Chihuahua was attacked by Indians, supposed to be the same band that did the hellish work last week. The driver of the coach was killed, and Thomas Key Pugh was taken prisoner. From appearances it would seem that the Indians were lying in ambush waiting for their victims, and that the party numbered twelve, as that number of holes were found in the sand on the side of the road where they had secreted themselves. The first volley killed the lead mules and the driver. The passengers then jumped from the side of the coach farthest from the Indians, seeking shelter in the loose brush and started for the town some six miles distant. Pugh was the last one to alight and in trying to get his revolver from the coach he was taken prisoner by the Indians. Mr. Pugh succeeded in writing a note which lay beside the road and read as follows:

MCMANUS, Chihuahua, Mexico:—Pay to bearer one hundred dollars. I am a prisoner, the Apaches have got me. Hurry after me.
Signed, THOS. KEY PUGH.

The passengers in the coach were Mr. Comstock, of California, representing John Mackey of California and Nevada fame; the conductor of the coach, a Mexican driver and Mr. Pugh, who is a son of ex-Senator Pugh, and a son-in-law of ex-Governor Hendricks, of Indiana. His trip to Chihuahua was a business one concerning some mining property. When the coach was found it was a mass of smouldering ruins, and the mail was in a like condition. About one hundred letters were recovered, partly burned, and will be remailed by the parties finding them. A large amount of Chihuahua money was found torn upon the ground, the Indians seeming to have no use for it.

WAR ON THE BORDER.

Five Men Killed by Apaches.

EL PASO, July 6.—Last Sunday, the 3d inst., a report was brought to El Paso that the Indians had murdered five men belonging to the engineer corps of the Mexican Central railroad, of which corps Engineer Upham was the head, at a point about fifty miles below here. It seems that two Americans and one Mexican were traveling south, and came across the murdered men. They immediately turned back and came to El Paso, being afraid to continue their journey further. Upon their arrival in El Paso with the sad intelligence a party consisting of five Americans and thirty-five Mexican soldiers immediately started out to bring the bodies in or give them a decent burial. Upon arriving at the scene of the fight they found that the murdered men were Charlie Green, who lives about eight miles from Independence, Kansas, Larrie Fordham living near Boston, Mass., Guy Leavitt, of Indiana, George Wallace, of Taylorville, Ills., and Charlie Haines, supposed to be from some part of Kansas. The bodies were hardly recognizable, having laid in the hot sun since Thursday night or Friday morning, and had to be buried where they lay. The soldiers just digging holes beside the bodies and rolling them in and covering them over with dirt, the bodies being so decomposed and torn to pieces by wolves that they could not be recognized. The supposition is that the boys were driving along in the morning as usual, breaking camp before sunrise, and being attacked in the rear by Apaches they whipped up their mules in order to get to a certain mountain that would afford them some protection, when they were met by another part of the same band who were lying in ambush waiting for them to come up. As soon as they were within range the Indians began firing and the boys jumped from the wagon, starting on foot for the mountain, and were shot down by the Indians, only one reaching the mountain, where he was killed and lay where he was shot. Charlie Green was shot and burned up with the wagon. Fordham, Leavitt and Wallace lay close together and Haines reached the side of the mountain. Considerable excitement is occasioned by the non-arrival of the stage from Chihuahua due here last Monday, and fears are entertained that it has met the same fate as the one going south from here.

FACTS ABOUT UPHAM.

The Republican this morning says: Mr. Charles C. Upham, one of the victims of the horrible tragedy, was well-known throughout the state. He was born in Maine, but in later years resided in Dixon, Illinois, where his father retired as one of the most successful lumber merchants in that section. After graduating at the Troy, (N. Y.) Polytechnic Institute and serving an engineering apprenticeship on the Illinois river, he came to Colorado in 1875, locating at Del Norte. There he was afterwards elected county surveyor of Rio Grande county. In 1878, he abandoned a lucrative business to join the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe engineering party, then at work in the Royal Gorge. As locating engineer he remained with the company until the line was completed to Leadville.

Locating in the latter place, he did private work, meeting with the best of success in a business sense, but becoming fascinated with the prospects of a journey through New Mexico he accepted a position with the Santa Fe party moving south, in the spring of 1879. He became distinguished as a locating engineer in this line his abilities being such as to give him a reputation that would have followed him for years had he lived. A few months ago, after the completion of the main line to Deming, he was offered the position of chief engineer on the Mexican Central, but being engaged at the time in settling a business proposition with Denver parties, which if successful would have occasioned his return and permanent residence in the state, he requested that the offer be allowed to remain open until he could give a final answer. The company acquiesced in this. He came to Denver some four or five weeks since hoping to complete the negotiations that were pending. The trip did not result as expected, and he returned to await developments, with the sad and untimely result chronicled.

Mr. Upham was twenty-nine years of age, a young man of manly physique and most prepossessing appearance. He was of a very kindly disposition, courteous and gentlemanly, and beloved by everybody with whom he came in contact, either in the business or social circle. Possessed of none but the noblest impulses, he was never known to do a single wrong during his long sojourn in the state, and leaves behind a memory among his old associates—especially those of his earlier days in the San Juan—that will live, and living, thrive and gain strength with each succeeding year. A countless host will mourn his death.

The deceased leaves a brother, Captain Frank Upham, present commander of Walla Walla, Oregon, and a sister of some renown as a writer; besides a father. Mr. Noah Brooks, one of the most talented of the New York editors, is an uncle.

I. O. O. F. INSTALLATION.

Address of Dr. Horn on Accepting the Chair of Noble Grand.

The installation of the new officers of Pueblo Lodge, No. 38, I. O. O. F., for the ensuing term took place at their hall last evening. The following officers were duly installed:

T. G. HORN, N. G.,
HARRY ILES, V. G.,
WILL D. GABY, SEC'Y.,
NATHAN JOHNSON, TREAS.,
L. W. MCKEAN, W.,
J. M. SOMERVILLE, C.,
H. W. HALLETT, CHAPLAIN.
G. M. YOUNG, R. S. N. G.,
O. PALMER, L. S. N. G.,
J. K. SHREMAN, R. S. V. G.,
M. STOCKDALE, L. S. V. G.

Dr. T. G. Horn, the Noble Grand for the ensuing term, delivered the following address to the members present:

Officers and Brothers of the I. O. O. F.:

It is with feelings mingled with pleasure and regret, that I come before you to-night. When I cast my eye back over the first record of our honored and noble order feelings of pride and extreme pleasure swell up within me. Its history is one of which we may well be proud, if we should confine ourselves to its history for the past sixty years; its birth and growth in the United States only. It is enough to gladden the heart of any brother who has the honor to be numbered among her votaries. Over 300,000 devoted followers bow meekly at her altars, bound together by a bond of friendship, love and truth. This mighty throng, of which I am very proud to be called a member, go forth from their halls of council with truth stamped upon their countenances, love in their hearts and friendship in their outstretched hand to every true and worthy brother. The aims and objects of this great institution are different and more noble than any other secret organization in the world. To visit the sick, relieve the distressed and educate the orphan is indeed a noble work, and were this the sole object of our order, it were enough to recommend it to the best citizens of the world as worthy of their patronage and support. But to elevate man, prepare him for the most honorable and trustworthy positions as a citizen, or executive of the nation, is a part of our work. Bound together by a bond more powerful than any law of nations, one that has never been broken by any good Odd Fellow, we stand to-day the admiration of the entire world. Here in Colorado Springs we are weak, but in love, or any of the noble tenets of our beloved order. But numerically and financially, brothers, it is ours to become strong—ours to take hold of the helm and steer the new ship, freighted with her noble cargo of the emblems of light and truth to the ignorant, helpless and needy. With clean hands and pure hearts must we come to these offices.

To accomplish this we must be true to the teachings of our order, to our fellow men, true to our God and brothers. This is not an institution that can be picked up on lodge night and laid aside in the morning. We must live it. Our every day life must prove to the world that we are true Odd Fellows. The past history will prove its value and justify us in giving the time and attention required to attain to the elevated position it is able to give us. The foundation stone was laid by Aaron, named by Titus Cæsar A.D. 55, because he saw that the soldiers knew each other by day or night. First started in America in the old Shakespeare House, New York, on the 23d of December, 1806. From that time up to 1819 it had its trials and difficulties but since that time Odd Fellowship has advanced until to-day she stands at the head, honored by the nation, loved by her brotherhood, respected by all. Such, my brethren is a short history of the order we represent to-night—one that has been the means, in a variety of ways, of so uniting the hearts of men that its blessings have been realized, "like the dews of heaven," by the rich and the poor, the exalted and the humble, and in conclusion let me say I thank you for the honor conferred, and only regret that I am not better able to fill so important a position, but by your kind aid which I earnestly ask and expect of all and especially the officers, I hope to serve you acceptably. Let us work as one man until Odd Fellowship stands forth the brightest of all the stars that shine their effulgent light upon the people of Colorado Springs.

Colorado State Press Association.

To the Members:

The annual meeting will be held in Denver on Tuesday, July 12, at 2 p. m., in the rooms of the supreme court, at the state house, corner of Glenarm and Fifteenth streets. The programme, as arranged last year, will be carried out, except as to the oration, which will be delivered by Major Henry Ward, of the Denver Republican. An excursion into New Mexico is proposed, but will not be decided upon until the association acts upon it. Members will find the president, R. M. Stevenson, at his office in the state house, and the secretary, W. E. Pabor, at the office of the Colorado Farmer, 337 Larimer street, where further information can be obtained.

R. M. STEVENSON, President.
W. E. PABOR, Secretary.

ARRESTED IN DENVER.

Result of the Concealed Weapon Craze.

The Sheriff of El Paso County Held Up and Searched.

The following item appeared in the Denver Tribune yesterday morning, and created a tempest of excitement in this city:

"While upon the rounds of his beat yesterday Officer Minehart observed a man whose coat, fitting closely in the back, revealed the shape of a pistol. The officer at once placed him under arrest, searched him and secured the weapon. The prisoner presented his card. It read: 'W. A. Smith, sheriff of El Paso county, Col.' The officer informed him that a card was not sufficient; he must produce his official papers. This he did, and when Mr. Minehart was satisfied that the prisoner was the sheriff of El Paso he returned the pistol and released him."

A reporter of the GAZETTE was at once detailed to work up the case, it being the general belief that some unscrupulous fellow in Denver was personating the sheriff of El Paso county. The reporter at first endeavored to ascertain whether Sheriff Smith was in town or not. Deputy Sheriff Dana was interviewed, and said that to the best of his knowledge and belief Sheriff Smith either was or was not out of town. The reporter then asked, "Do you think the man arrested in Denver for carrying concealed weapons was really Sheriff Smith?"

"It is difficult to decide at this distance," replied the deputy sheriff. "If the person was really Walt. Smith, I do not doubt but that he was also the sheriff of El Paso county. However, in such a case I prefer to await results."

"Do you think that the sheriff would carry concealed weapons?"

"He may have done so, and then again he may not. You see it altogether depends upon whether he did or not."

Thanking the deputy sheriff for the information so kindly given the reporter proceeded to make further investigations.

Officer Joe Tell was met in full pursuit of a yellow cow but he paused long enough to answer a few questions. "Yes," said he "I think the weather is extremely hot. I am opposed on principle to the carrying of concealed weapons and I would not carry even one razor in my boot if it were not for these infernal cows. There's no telling when a cow means to bite and the only way to get even with them is to go around and well prepared."

"But how about the sheriff?"

"Oh, yes, travel on the road to Manitou is pretty good now. I rather think that there is an improvement over that of last year."

"Do you think that the man arrested in Denver yesterday, and who presented the card of W. A. Smith, sheriff of El Paso county, was really the sheriff or an imposter?"

"So Boss, s-o-o-o Boss," replied the officer coaxingly to the yellow cow. "I intend to put this animal in the pound if it takes all summer," exclaimed he as the cow made a dash down Pike's Peak avenue. And so saying, both the cow and officer disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The reporter visited the mint, the state capitol grounds, the armory, the Academy of Design, the Deaf Mute Institute and the jail, but was not able to learn definitely whether Sheriff Smith had left town or not. Judging from the fact, however, that a telegram was prepared by a committee of representative citizens to the effect that the man arrested in Denver was an imposter, which dispatch was sent to the chief of police, the reporter of the GAZETTE came to the conclusion that the man arrested could not have been the sheriff, but only a man that looked like him.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

They Make County Assessments.

The county commissioners are still in session, and are doing a large amount of business. They finished equalizing the assessments yesterday. Commissioner France informs us that very few changes were made, much fewer indeed than usual. This result is owing to the careful work of the county commissioners.

The county commissioners have visited the jail, and pronounce it in the best condition.

The judges of election for the county have been chosen, and the election precincts have been established.

The assessment this year will probably fall short in the matter of cattle. Many herds have been driven out of the county and down towards the Kansas border. As for sheep, there has not been any special exodus. Many sheep, it is true, have been sent east, but the recent development of good weather and strong grass have recalled many of the truants. If there is any drop at all in the assessment of the county, it will be in the matter of cattle. Many herds were driven out last winter on account of the severity of the weather.

The commissioners to-day will turn their attention to the general business of the county, and they hope to conclude their labors to-day.

Suggesting a Name for the New Hotel.

To the Editor of the GAZETTE.

Allow me to suggest to the stockholders of the new hotel about to be built in our city to give it the name of the Palmer House, for various reasons:

First,—The name is short.

Second—There is but one Palmer House in America, and that one—the Palmer House of Chicago—is an honor to any country.

And last, but not least, it will bear the name of one of our best and most liberal citizens, Gen. Wm. J. Palmer. Let it bear the name and it will be a success.

Truly yours, JOHN H. BACON.

The dispatches report that Vice President Arthur is utterly prostrated with grief.

How petty the quarrels of the stalwarts with the president. The disappointed seekers after places are utterly forgotten.

The one bulletin published yesterday regarding the president was so favorable that business was resumed without that deep anxiety which had for days depressed us all.

The conduct of the president since his injuries were received will endear him still more to the people over whom he rules. He has been patient, noble and ready to meet his fate like the whole souled man he is.

Colorado weather at the present time is simply perfect. The moonlit evenings are grand beyond description, and the heat of the day is tempered by the cool winds which come from over the surrounding prairies.

One of the saddest duties to perform was to break the news of the tragedy to the aged mother of the president. But when at last she was told she displayed the same firmness which has characterized her son, and proved herself a worthy mother of an illustrious man.

If Gen. Garfield lives the people will owe a debt of gratitude to his wife. Mrs. Garfield has cheered him with her presence and her words. She has forgotten herself and given her whole attention to her husband. There have been no hysterical cries proceeding from her lips, but firm and collected as the president himself, she has done much to bring life back to the one whom the nation would have grieved to lose.

It cannot but be gratifying to Americans to feel that our president is held in such high esteem all over the world. From every court in Europe cables have been received, expressing deepest sympathy for the president and for the people. It must be particularly gratifying to General Garfield himself to feel that his high and noble life is appreciated by every nation, and by every class of society.

The condition of the president, according to our dispatches, continues to improve. Telegrams relating to the matter are vague and unsatisfactory, and were not received at this office until early this morning. We regret that more definite information cannot be given our readers. But no news must be taken for good news. The case is still doubtful, but there is strong probability that he will survive the injury.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean says: "The fiscal "year of the government closed Thursday, "and yesterday the accounting officers were "busy striking a balance. During the year "the public debt was reduced $101,573,483, "and the annual interest charge was by re-"funding reduced about $13,000. And, in ad-"dition to this, Uncle Sam has nearly $171,-"000,000 loose change in his pocket. The re-"publican party has been fortunate in select-"ing wise, honest and economical managers "of the public finances."

As full particulars by mail are received of the shooting of President Garfield the act appears still more horrible. The assassin was cool and determined. He waited patiently until the arrival of the president and then deliberately fired the nearly fatal shots. This attempt was cowardly, and as dastardly as cowardly. He had not even the courage to face his man, but fired from behind the president. If he is insane, then his is the most methodical insanity on record. His plans were carefully laid, and his determination never flagged. He imagined that the act would bring him honor, glory and fame, and still entertains that idea. This is the only proof advanced in proof of his insanity, but a jury will be difficult to find ready to acquit him of the crime.

Wendell Phillips delivered the centennial oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Harvard college last week on the duty of educated men in America to give their sympathy and their active aid to the great popular movements. He argued it was the duty of the scholar to throw all the nature of his scholarship into the hot contentions which rose about him. He never was more eloquent and argued without regard to the opinions held by those before him. In closing he said: "Let us inaugurate a new departure, "recognize that we are afloat on the current of "Niagara—eternal vigilance the condition of "our safety—that we are irrevocably pledged "to the world not to go back to bolts and bars "—could not if we would, and would not if "we could. Never again be ours the fastidi-"tious scholarship that shrinks from rude con-"tact with the masses. Very pleasant it is "to sit high up in the world's theatre and "criticize the ungraceful struggles of "the gladiators, shrug one's shoul-"ders at the actors' harsh cries, "and let every one know that but for "this villainous saltpetre, you would your-"self have been a soldier.' But Bacon says: "'In the theatre of man's life, God and his "angels only should be lookers-on.' Sin is "not taken out of man as Eve was out of "Adam, by putting him to sleep.' 'Very "beautiful,' says Richter, 'is the eagle when "he floats with outstretched wings aloft in "the clear blue; but sublime when he plunges "down through the tempest to his eyrie on the "cliff, where his unfledged young ones dwell "and are starving.' Accept proudly the "analysis of Fisher Ames: 'A monarchy is a "man of war, staunch, iron-ribbed and resist-"less when under full sail; yet a single hid-"den rock sends her to the bottom. Our re-"public is a raft hard to steer, and your feet "always wet, but nothing can sink her.'"

IRRIGATION.

The increase in the population of our city and its environs has been so great that the water for irrigation is becoming scarce, and must be used intelligently to continue and increase the beautiful effects of lawn and garden, which are now making our city the most attractive in the state. People coming from moist climates have the mistaken idea that too much water cannot be given to vegetation in this dry atmosphere; the fact is the testimony from all dry climates shows that new comers and inexperienced persons generally injure the growth of vegetation by too much water. Plant life is very similar to human life, and just as mankind can be injured by intemperate use of any liquid, so can vegetation be retarded and killed by too liberal irrigation.

In view of these facts it may be well to call attention to some of the results of the experience of those who have made a practical study of vegetable life in and near this city. It is absolutely necessary in the first place that no water should be wasted on fields of grain near our city. The profits are too small and the water is needed too much for gardens and lawns. Our water supply needs careful husbanding, and all waste should be strictly guarded against. As a general rule gardens require more irrigation than lawns, and vegetables and flowers more than trees and shrubs. But many losses, which are attributed to the climate, are due to too much water.

In forming a lawn a liberal sprinkling of water is required to start the seed, but not too much or the seed will be drowned or rotted. A good watering with the hose in the evening on every other day will be ample. After the lawn is well established irrigation once a week will be sufficient. Many lawns in town are spoiled by being kept continually wet. The grass grows coarse and much of it rots, leaving bare spots in the lawn, which are very difficult to fill up again.

Trees and shrubs when first set out need a good deal of water, until they are well started, and after that but very little. With trees especially care must be taken to water little if any during September and October, to prevent a late growth and give them a chance to harden their wood for the winter. Many trees were killed last winter on this account. A good soaking just before the hard frost sets in and occasional watering through the winter is beneficial to keep the water from going too deep and injuring the roots. It is a question whether, on this town-site, a well established tree of good size needs any irrigation. There are many trees in neglected places, which are growing finely without any water except that they receive directly from the clouds. So much irrigating is going on all the time, that the soil, several feet below the surface and out of the drying influence of the sun and wind, is always moist, and the roots of a tree will travel a wonderful distance to obtain moisture. For this reason trees that send their roots straight down thrive better than those whose roots keep near the surface.

Even in gardens the testimony of many of the most successful growers in the city shows that a good soaking once or twice a week is ample. Some of the gardens are doing well with only half a dozen waterings this season. Vegetables need more water than anything else and twice a week may be necessary for their full development. But small fruits never want irrigatton more than once a week, and often not that, especially while the fruit is ripening.

In fact, a good wetting once a week is enough for any lawn, and twice a week for any garden. The continual soaking carried on by some only shows their ignorance, and it is to be hoped they will be convinced and accept the facts stated above.

Another fact about irrigation, and especially in this city, is very important. No one should turn water from the ditch into their yards and leave it. It is but just that they should watch it until the lawn or garden is flooded, and then shut it off at once. A vast quantity of valuable water is wasted by overflowing on the street and walk. In our free and glorious country we often boast that each one has an equal chance. In order that this noble sentiment may be carried out here, and every one actually have an equal right to use the water that flows through our streets, there must be no waste in any direction, either of the water in the ditches or in the hydrants.

We trust that these few general remarks will prevent the irrigating ditches from becoming irritating ones. We believe that the utmost care and attention should be given the subject of irrigation. On a proper knowledge of its uses and abuses depends the reputation of our city for beauty. One cannot know too much of the uses of water. Our lawns and trees are already sources of pride to us, and are enjoyed and praised by our visitors. It is our duty to learn how to protect what we have.

PIKE'S PEAK.

How the Monarch of Mountains Impressed an Eastern Lady.

Miss Lillian Seidmore, Special Correspondent Globe-Democrat.

PIKE'S PEAK, June 21.—"Pike's Peak or bust" was the legend the intrepid gold hunters of '59 painted on their wagon tops, and there is quite that heroic spirit animating every pilgrim who starts to climb the peak in this later era of tourists and idlers. Eighteen hundred people strained their unaccustomed eyes from its summit last year, and although there are two other peaks in the state that are higher, and half a dozen of easier ascent, Pike's Peak holds its prestige and carries a meaning to every ear. No one beyond the plains especially knows or cares about Gray's Peak, or the Sierra Blanca, or Mount Lincoln, but all the world knows of Pike's Peak.

This old giant of the range that plants itself conspicuously on the edge of the plains and keeps its snowy cap into the midsummer days was an object of veneration among the Indians long before that stripling, Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, gave his name to it in the long ago of 1806. The emigrants hailed it as a land mark of their promised land as eagerly and faithfully as the Israelites their pillar of fire and smoke, and even the hardy and courageous voyagers in Pullman cars strain their eyes for the first view of the frosty cone when they are 200 miles off on the plains. It is a righteous object of reverence; but beyond the flashing of their signal fires from this most prominent point, the Indians had no well-known legends and traditions to glorify it with. Mystery, magic and the supernatural have only begun their day, and since the veracious sergeant and his sagacious mule set their six feet on the signal station Pike's Peak has been kept before the public.

The 10th of June having left the world upon its axis, a little band of heroic spirits made ready to mount the bony broncbos and toil upward from the green and lovely vale of Manitou to the rocky height above. The noonday sun was sending down its most scorching rays and the idlers on the hotel piazza were mopping their brows in the cool breeze and repeating the wearisome formula of "the hottest day ever known in Colorado." The sun was ardent, to say the least, but the crisp breeze that came rustling down from the higher cañons tempered its effects.

The sympathetic chambermaid of the Beebee house had been hovering in my doorway for a half hour before the start, urging me to take more and more wraps, and relating horrible anecdotes of the Chicago lady "who had her nose burned to a white blister and her face so raw, ma'am, that we could hardly touch it with a feather for three days." With such gentle admonition there was no struggle when the kind-hearted one proceeded to apply her preventatives, and under a triple layer of cold cream, powder and barege veils we made the trip and returned rather fairer in skin for the bleaching process. The perspiration ran off the guide's forehead before he had strapped on the first bundle of overcoats, ulsters, shawls, rugs and furs, but the grateful sensation they imparted to us a few hours later on will cheer me through many midsummer days. The party included, among others, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Johnson, of St. Louis, and the same wicked Colorado editor, who is the author of all the fine-spun yarns about the Pike's Peak volcano and the mountain lions. The editor committed puns, witticisms and drolleries from base to summit of the mountain, and sent the guide into perfect spasms of hilarity, until the old "Peaker" informed me in a burst of confidence that he never had taken such a nice party up.

Such horses as we rode can be raised and trained only on a mountain trail, and if they could but speak what tales of timidity, stupidity and absurdity they might relate. My own Arabian was a tan-colored beast, shading off to drab and old gold, known in the vernacular of the country as a buckskin horse, and rejoiced in the sweet name of "Bird." It was a veritable misnomer, for birds do not generally sit down and roll on every piece of green grass or cool water that they come to, nor try to shake their riders off over their necks. My sudden flight to earth were heralded in all the turgid and flamboyant rhetoric of the circus ring, and equestrian feats, each outrivaling the other in novelty and unexpectedness, diversified the route. It was proposed to call the creature Jordan, because she rolled, and again it was suggested that as it was "sinched" out of all shape that it had mistaken itself for an hour-glass, and concluded that it was time to turn. Another horse for a lady rider answered to Annie, and this gentle beast was only kept from lying down in every stream by energetic pullings and vigorous thrashings. The good son of St. Louis bidden, like Louis XVI at the guillotine, to "mount to heaven," when he leaped upon his dapplee gray, and in a linen coat, broad brimmed hat and full spread umbrella, had a truly ministerial air as he preceded the line up the road. The editor rode a pensive nag that hung its head and coughed timidly now and then, but chirrupped to as Camille would push forward and crowd the other horses off the trail until a kicking and lashing from the heels of Bird brought things in order.

For the next six or seven miles the Pike's Peak trail is one series of picturesque surprises. All that green cañons, tremendous bowlders and turbulent little streams can do for beauty are there, and from the rustic spot where a small bandit on the rock demanded toll, there was a succession of grand and lovely scenes. The trail, worn deep into the grassy places by the procession of horses that go up and down it from May to October, winds on between great rocks, along the steep and dizzy sides of cañons, past cascades and waterfalls and continually upward, opens boundless views out upon the great plains that stretch like a yellow sea from the foothills of the peak eastward. With every rise there came a greater one beyond, and above it all, seeming to move and rise further and higher from us, was the rose-red summit with streaks and patches of snow bringing out its beautiful colors. Over giant bowlders, creeping a narrow path beside and under them, or along a narrow ledge of sliding sand with colossal rocks miraculously suspended above our pathway, the panting horses walked along. Ascending into higher and rarer air it was necessary every few minutes to stop and give the poor creatures a chance to breathe.

As we rose higher on the mountain side more extended views were opened backward over the plains. The lowering sun fell fiercely on the red sandstone gateways of the Garden of the Gods until they burned in flame-colored light against the yellow-gray grass. The hotels and cottages of Manitou were tiny dots in a green hollow far below, and the courses of the winding streams could be traced for miles over the plains by their green borders of cottonwood and willow trees. Wild flowers grew luxuriantly all the way, and in a little park half way to the summit, where the guides rest by a spring and wait for ascending and descending parties to pass, the ground was thick with big columbines, wild roses, harebells, daisies, pale lavender geraniums with their petals streaked with maroon and the "beautiful blue blue-eyed penstemon" of early June. At timber line the wild box covered the sandy slopes with a thick and tangled mat of green, and higher than the hardiest pines stretched a rolling mountain meadow, a mile of emerald turf jeweled with the brilliant blossoms of bluebells, buttercups, dwarf sunflowers and dainty little Quaker lady forget-me-nots.

Sixteen people passed us in the half-way park on their way down. The terrified countenance of one lady on a mule would have made the hard-hearted to laugh. She pitched back and forth in her saddle and shot a pitiful gaze at us as she went by that plainly indicated her estimate of us and mountain climbers in general. The twelve miles of steep, hard riding to the summit is trying to the most practiced rider, and for women, who have never sat a horse before, to attempt to make the trip up and down in one day is a folly that fully deserves the punishment that it gets. Twenty-four miles of horseback riding on a level road even is apt to be remembered by the inexperienced. Added to the fatigues is the horrible sea sickness consequent upon the great altitude, and few who make the ascent escape that ill. It is a certificate of a rock-bound constitution to spend a night on the summit and not be grievously ill. After the mountain meadow come three miles of broken and ragged rock, the most wearisome and discouraging part of the road. The horses' sides throbbed frightfully, the icy wind made a halt for overcoats necessary, and the scramble over these steep rocks is a fearful thing in a nipping sunset wind. The rocks of the summit that seem only reddish brown from below are of the softest pink and rose-red shades, dotted with black and golden moss patches until they strongly remind one of the exquisite colors of speckled trout. Over this sea of loose and broken granite a low, square house at last rose, and over the last rock we at last stood on the highest inhabited point on the globe.

The officer of the signal service who lives in that lofty house stood in his doorway shooting at a tin can on a pole, and in that thin open air the pop of the pistol was a short, faint little noise without crash or echo. The red ball of the sun sinking down behind the snowy edges of the mountains beyond Leadville sent strange lights and mists across the tossed and uneven stretch of mountains and parks that lay between it and the gaunt old peak. The seventy acres of wildly scattered rock fragments that crown the top afford a vantage ground for views to every point of the compass. Eastward across the vast prairie land there seems no limit to the vision, and beyond the green lines of the Platte and Arkansas rivers we amused ourselves by sighting the steeples of St. Louis in the rose and purple vapors of the horizon. The clouds, mists, shadows and faint opalescent lights on the plains, shifting, changing and fading each moment, are more fascinating, beautiful than the dark, upheaved and splintered ridges of the mountains. Stretching out over the plains, at first in blue cone upon the grass, and then sweeping outward to the horizon, the vast shadow of the mountain was thrown sharply against the sky.

Wrapped in furs and bundled in all the woolen warmth of heaviest winter clothes, the chill air of evening penetrated like a knife-edge and we sat shivering on the rocks with pitiable pinched and purple faces and chattering teeth. The afterglow in the east when the sky and the plains melted in one purple line and a band of rose color went up higher and higher, was more lovely even than the pure crimson and gold and blue of the sunset clouds.

Around the crackling fire in the station we thawed our benumbed fingers and watched the observations taken from the various instruments and sent clicking off on the telegraph wires to Washington headquarters. The sergeant wound the alarm-clock to rouse us at 4, and giving up the one sleeping room to the ladies retired to a bed of buffalo-robes in the kitchen. The awful stillness, the stealthy puffs of wind, and the sense of isolation and remoteness, were distressing at first; but the tobacco-laden air dulled us to sleep. As the fire died out, dreams of Greenland—glaciers and giddy snow-banks on impossible summits—seized us, until a shivering voice gave an alarm: "What shall we do? The alarm-clock says 2, the other one 4, and it is all red in the east."

We had climbed all those miles purposely to see the spectacle of dawn, but there was unhappiness among the pinched and pallid enthusiasts who crept out on the rocks and watched the half-light on the plains deepen. A pale and withered moon hung overhead, and miles away on the plain lay a vast white cloud like a lake, until the rising sun touched it and sent it rolling and tossing like angry waves. A crimson ball sprang suddenly from the outermost rim of the earth, glared with a red and sleepy eye upon the world, and pulled the cover of a cloud above it for a second nap before it broke in full splendor. The shadow of the mountain projected westward fell this time on the uneven mountains, whose sides and clefts were filled and floating with faint pearl, lilac and roseate mists. The black patch where Denver lay on the plains, the snowy top of Gray's peak, the green basin of South Park, and seemingly everything from end to end of the state, could be seen.

Shivering, freezing, on that mountain top, with a fur cloak about me beside all the other wraps, it seemed that there never was a winter day half as cold. In all the crevices of the rocks, wherever there was enough powdered granite to form a soil for their roots, were tiny little white blossoms, fairy stars or flowers, with just their heads above the ground, and an exquisite perfume breathing from them. Bidding the guide to sinch up quickly for the down trip, we partook of the signal sergeant's coffee and listened to his anecdotes of his lonesome life of two weeks on the mountain and two weeks in town.

"You're the best crowd that's been up," said the brave man of barometers. "They all get sick when they stay over night. It took me a month to get used to it. You ought to stay until noon and see the tender-feet come up and get sick. Oh, Lord! there was an old lady up here the other day, and she says to me: 'Sergeant, don't people ever die of this sickness up here?' Oh, yes ma'm,' says I, 'a lady died the other day, and as there wasn't any one to identify her we just put her over in that snow-bank there.'"

With a lot more of such mountain horrors he kept his rafters ringing, and then bade us climb the ladder to the top of his house, which would make up the difference of fifteen feet between his abode and Gray's Peak. We looked at the grave of the imaginary child destroyed by mountain rats, gave a last look at the enchanted view and left the chilling region.

RUDAMAH.

Altogether and Always Wrong.

From the Leadville Democrat.

It doesn't matter much whether Chaffee is either in or out of politics personally. He will be felt whenever the millions can be brought to bear on the matter of the senatorship. Joe Chaffee or Joe Chaffee's man will get the nomination of the republican caucus, and will get a beautiful drubbing at the hands of the democratic opposition, headed by whom it may.

Lord Stratford and the Sultan.

Temple Bar.

Unquestionably the most prominent figure in the east at the time was that of of our great ambassador at Constantinople, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. I was with him one day in his ten-oared caique on the Bosphorus, when we passed a large garden in which preparations were being made for building. Lord Stratford told me to land and inquire whose it was. I learnt that the sultan was about to erect a new summer residence there. A mingled expression of gloom and lofty indignation clouded the ambassador's face when I told him this. He ordered the boatman to row straight to the sultan's palace. He was announced as seeking an immediate audience. Abdul Medjid, supposing, as the chamberlain said, that some sudden catastrophe had overtaken his army on the Danube, received him as a friend coming to condole and advise. But there was no friendly response to the imperial greeting. On the contrary, a painful feeling of surprise was expressed by Lord Stratford at finding such a degree of untimely levity in his majesty's mind as that he should entertain for a moment the idea of building new palaces when his empire might be on the verge of its downfall. The sultan looked much embarrassed, and stammered out a confused request to know what the Elchi Bey wished him to do.

"Tell him," said the ambassador, "to dismiss at once all the workmen. His Majesty has eight palaces already, and would he spend his money, scarcely sufficient as it is to buy bread for his troops in the field, in building a ninth palace for the Emperor of Russia to occupy? For no assistance can be expected from the allies of Turkey if they see such senseless extravagance."

The Sultan seemed struck dumb by Lord Stratford's vehemence, and only clapped his hands together to summon a chamberlain, whom he ordered to go and stop the works in the garden, for he had changed his mind about them. Lord Stratford then uttered a few plain words of paternal approval, and took leave, with all the appearance of having had his indignation disarmed by the school-boy-like submission of the Commander of the Faithful.

When, in his turn, the sultan asked the ambassador to change his mind on other subjects, a like result was not always attained. I remember a rather remarkable occasion when Lord Stratford refused to accede to the sultan's request. Mehemet Ali Pasha was the husband of one of Abdul Medjid's sisters, and was then minister of the navy. He had recently purchased a beautiful Greek slave, and he saw her one day at an open window in conversation with a Greek gardener, who was mowing the lawn behind his palace. The poor thing had been glad to find some one to speak to in her own mother tongue. The Pasha approached the girl in silence, and stabbed her to the heart with a dagger. This reached Lord Stratford's ears, and, when Mehemet Ali Pasha next called at the embassy he was not received. The sultan sent an aide-de camp to ask the ambassador why he had refused to see one of his Imperial Majesty's ministers, and his brother-in-law.

"Tell the sultan," said Lord Stratford, "that an English ambassador can never admit to his presence a cruel assassin."

A Woman's Quick Wit.

Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.

The part of Tennessee through which I have been knocked about is full of reminiscences of the war, but there is none of its bitterness left. In war time the people were greatly divided in their sentiments, and no man could tell t'other from which. This remark reminds me of a story I heard yesterday, about an estimable woman of seventy odd, who died two or three years ago, here on the mountains. One day, during the war, when the country was fairly alive with guerrillas, she had occasion to take some valuable goods with her on a trip she was making, and put them on her horse, back of her. When she had gone some distance in the woods she heard a squad of guerrillas approaching, and knowing her goods would not be safe for a moment, she straddled her horse, man fashion, and throwing her long skirt over the package behind her, completely concealed it. When the guerrillas rode up she was unable to guess whether they belonged to the north or to the south—their uniform being no solution whatever. She determined, if questioned, to play a bluff game with them, and she soon had a chance to exercise her wit. "Hello!" called one of the guerrillas. "Hello?" she returned. "What side are you on!" he challenged. She laughed a good laugh at him as she replied, kicking out her feet. "on both sides, of course; can't you see?" This brought a roar from the whole squad, and they began to banter her in her own fashion. "Which side is your old man on?" asked one of them. "He's on neither side," she laughed; "he's on his back, and has been for years." Such wit saved her, and they let her pass on unmolested.

Getting Even With a Grand Vizier.

Temple Bar.

Mr. Alison was one of the most remarkable of the able men on Lord Stratford's staff. He afterward became our envoy in Persia, and died at Teheran. He was a great favorite with the Turks, whose language he knew perfectly, as well as Arabic and Greek. Reshid Pasha, when he was grand vizier, made quite a spoiled child of him, treating him with a degree of deference which he did not show to the ambassadors of other courts, and allowing him to cut jokes on the most serious subjects without resenting their occasional impropriety.

Reshid Pasha was succeeded by a fanatical old Turk of the name of Raouf Pasha. Mr. Alison, having to transact some official business at the Porte, was received very differently from what he had been accustomed to. So marked were the respect and cordiality entertained for him by the former grand vizier, that he would meet him at the top of the principal staircase, take him by the hand, and conduct him through the crowds in the antechambers to his own room. On this occasion there was nothing of the kind. A servant led him to the presence of the great man, to whom he was announced simply as a secretary of the English embassy. Raouf Pasha took no notice. Mr. Alison put his hands in his pockets and began whistling a tune, while he looked at the pictures on the walls. The servant ran up to him, saying that the Pasha on the sofa was the grand vizier.

"Impossible," exclaimed Mr. Allison in Turkish. "That must be some flunkey. The grand vizier would receive me like a gentleman."

Raouf Pasha stood up in apparent astonishment. Mr. Alison took a seat, and in his most patronizing manner invited the great man to sit down. He then explained the case he had to lay before the porte. After a long discussion of it, the grand vizier looked at his watch, said it was the hour of his prayer, and knelt down at the end of the sofa, as the Turks delight in doing in the presence of foreigners. The Mussulman prayer winds up with a damnatory clause against all infidels, and Raouf Pasha rolled it out in a stentorian voice, as if levelled at his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words. The grand vizier then returned to his seat, and resumed the official interview. When the affair under consideration was settled, Mr. Alison in his turn looked at his watch, remarked that it was his prayer-time, and went to the other end of the sofa, where he went through a variety of gestures and genuflexions, ending with a vociferous anathema against all Turks, Mussulmans and other unbelievers in the holy Christian faith, declaimed in pure Arabic, as understood by all pious Mohammedans. He then walked out of the room without taking the least notice of the astounded grand vizier.

Gambetta's Prophet.

From the London Globe.

The gypsy woman who predicted that Josephine de Beauharnais would one day be hailed as queen has been replaced in M. Gambetta's life by the workingman who was present at the meeting held in view of an election to fill a vacancy in the corps legislatif in May, 1863. The meeting took place in a rag warehouse in the Rue de la Chapelle. M. Gambetta was present in order to press the claim of M. Joseph Blanc, the workingman's candidate who opposed M. Flavin. The latter gentleman felt so certain of his return under the auspices of government patronage, that he did not deem it necessary to attend the meeting, and simply sent a friend to represent him. This person, on attempting to speak, was cried down; and, smarting under the indignation of the moment, M. Gambetta rose to defend with eloquence and rare energy the honor and responsibility of universal suffrage. He made one of those telling speeches, full of democratic conviction, and won respect as well as roused the enthusiasm of all. Black cloth coats and blue blouses shared the enthusiasm, and vied with each other in the loudness and sincerity of their applause, while the warehouse echoed again and again. An elector present asked and obtained permission to add a few words. He was a working-man—a metal chaser and engraver. With great moderation, remarkable tact, and excellently chosen language, he placed before the public a *resume* of the different arguments adduced by each speaker, explaining, in his opinion, that nothing could be more elevated, honest, powerful or logical than the ideas M. Gambetta had expressed. This statement was indorsed by the public, and as M. Gambetta left the warehouse he was almost carried in triumph.

As he was being escorted to the door, an old workingman, in his blue blouse, stained with travel, pressed forward, and placing his hand on the shoulder of M. Gambetta, exclaimed, with all the rough frankness of a seer, "Thou shalt be president of the republic." The metal chaser and engraver was M. Toulain, who is now a life senator; and he can judge with M. Gambetta how far the prediction of the blouse clad revolutionary is from being verified, when he takes into account the enthusiasm with which his friend has been received in the provinces.

Gossip About Royalty.

From London Truth.

The queen has lately allotted a suite of rooms at Buckingham palace to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught for their London residence. These rooms had been for some years in the occupation of Prince Leopold, who has been removed to another suite on a higher story; and, as H. R. H. is ordered to go up and down stairs as little as possible, it has been necessary to built a lift for his accommodation at an expense of about £2,000. Practical people will probably think that it would have been more sensible to avoid annoyance and outlay by giving the duke and duchess the upstairs rooms; but, I suppose, this would in some way or other have infringed the rigid etiquette of our court.

An Idyl on Canvas.

In reviewing the pictures at the Royal Academy exhibition the London Times says: "We now come to the 'Idyl,' by Sir Henry Leighton, P. R. A., two fair women reclining in the shade, while a brown-skinned boy plays the pipe. The time of day is apparently afternoon, and the scene beyond the figures show a broad stretch of flat country, a winding river, and the sea in the distance. We can but take the fair and lovely purity of this picture for what it is, and say nothing of the absence of elements of life and interest. But it is at least, we may presume, allowable to explain what it is that we find lacking about this very beautiful picture, and the absence of which prevents our feeling any great delight therein. It is that in it we find nothing of the element of contrast; there is no sense of reality in the work, for everything is of the same languorous sweetness. 'A fine day, sir,' said a newly arrived subaltern to his colonel when he met him at morning parade at some Indian station, and his chief answered, 'Confound you, sir, it's always a fine day here!' This expresses tersely the sentiment with which every one now looks at the president's pictures. We know they will be finely drawn and exquisitely modelled; we know that they will be absolutely pure in sentiment, and they will represent beautiful things beautifully; but then, unfortunately, we know more; we know that the proportion of action and passion in them will be very small; we know that all the rough excrescences of humanity, which are dear to us because they are familiar, will be pruned away; we know that we shall be taken into a land 'where it is always afternoon,' where we are 'far from the beating of the steely sea,' and where we must leave behind us all the motives, fears, struggles, and hopes of which our life is commonly made up:

"'A little while to live on honey-comb is pleasant,
But one tires of scented thyme.'"

An Amazing Fish Story.

[A translation from the French in the San Francisco Chronicle.]

A rich proprietor at the interior had made to establish a pond artificial, where found themselves agglomerated three thousand trouts.

This proprietor is the father of a girling of from five to six.

She had taken the habitue to go each morning to give to eat to the trouts, at the aid of crumbs of bread.

These fishes were become so entamed that they skipped out of the water for to attrap the crumbs which the infant held in the crevice of her hand.

It arrived one day that she lost the equilibrium, and she fell, the head first in the pound, of which the water was enough profound.

At the cries emitted by the girling the father was run himself.

But what horror! He saw his infant extended without movement at the surface, where she floated as a cork.

What was not the surprise of the father in seeing that she had been supported by a mass compact of trouts.

The fishes had arranged themselves under her body as to sustain and prevent her from to drown.

If this history is truthful the fishes are not so much deprived of the intelligence as one pleased himself to believe.

Decorative Art in Dress.

Writing to the Cincinnati Enquirer, Clara Belle says: "Decorative art fancies have found their way into children's clothes. Here, for instance, is a little gray flannel dress, with four rows of wide blue braid put on with herring-bone stitches of yellow and red crewels. Again, I have seen a little cream-colored sacque, with three rows of black braid, or black velvet ribbon, half an inch wide, held down with a feather stitch on each side of scarlet embroidery silk. Other garments of summer camel's hair and similar goods have outline patterns of leaves, flowers, and other designs worked in the Kensington stem stitch, with bright shaded or self-colors in gay, positive tones. A good suggestion is that, as merchants are now selling at low prices what they call summer silks in checks, hair lines, and small chene patterns, it is an excellent opportunity for buying at least a part of a dress, if not a whole one. Even the thinnest and least expensive of these silks, when lined, look well as raffles and flounces, and they shir and plait to excellent advantage. When in bright colors, they are just the thing for parts of children's dresses. All sorts of hats and bonnets are worn by little girls as well as pokes. Palmettos are popular, and may be turned into Gainesboroughs, sundowns, sailors and mascottes, as well as pokes. Then the pique and shirred lawn bonnets, with poke fronts and backs, like a wagon top buttoned on, are more worn this summer than ever.

Froude as a Controversialist.

Saturday Review.

Mr. Anthony Froude, as we all know, is nothing if not a controversialist. He has passed indeed, in his time through almost as many "phases of faith" as another prominent writer of the day, but in none of them has he ever lacked the courage of his opinions or the courage of attacking their opposites. In his early Oxford career he was an ardent disciple of Mr. Newman's, and wrote as he has just reminded us, lives of the saints. From Newmanism, as it used then to be called, he suddenly turned to what is now designated Agnosticism, and instead of "Lives of the Saints," we had "Shadows of the Clouds" and the Nemesis of Faith" from his facile pen. But soon another change passed over the spirit of his dream, and he became convinced that these "roads, both of them, lead to the wrong place;" and he next posed as the apostle of that robust, if somewhat illogical form of English Protestant orthodoxy, which takes Henry VIII. and good Queen Bess as its patron saints, and treats all who opposed them in politics or religion as no better than fools or fanatics. In that drastic and uncompromising temper which he had partly acquired from his second master, the biographer of Frederick the Great, he composed his history of England. He has more recently indeed given us a sketch of Julius Cæsar, which might seem a sufficiently neutral and undogmatic subject, yet even there his irrepressible theological or anti-theological instincts proved too much for him, and he could not refrain from ending with an elaborate parallel—which to most readers appeared equally foolish and indecent—between Cæsar and Christ. He has now been good enough, beguiled perhaps by the illustrious example of his old master, to give us a sort of "Apologia pro Vita Sua" in the shape of a series of letters on the Tractarian movement, which has been published in Good Words, and which we may expect to see reprinted with *quorum pars magna fui* as a motto on the title page.

An Almost Useless Palace.

London Truth.

Buckingham palace, except during the eight days it is annually inhabited by the queen, and the four evenings in each season when it is devoted to hospitality, remains empty and useless. The charming grounds (of the beauties and extent of which very few, even of Londoners, have an idea) are abandoned to the gardeners, and the splendid collection of pictures (there are some of the finest Dutch paintings in the world in the Long gallery) are rarely looked upon except by house-maids. It, therefore, seems the more unfortunate that when sovereigns do come to this country the palace should not be open to them, as it would involve neither expense nor trouble, beyond sending up some cooks and servants from Windsor.

Refreshing rains have done much to improve our city.

The president is better. Every bulletin reports an improvement.

The Fourth is safely over. It narrowly escaped being a day of national mourning.

It is time that the insanity plea were put an end to. The latest manifestation is a desire to kill Secretary Blaine.

The population of London on April 1st, was nearly four millions. This is a gain in ten years of more than half a million. The percentage of increase from 1871 to 1881 was 17.2, while in New York it was 28.0.

There is one word now which will very likely cease to be used by anyone, and that is "stalwart." "I am a stalwart," cried the would be murderer. Does any politician want to introduce it into his speech now.

If the president recovers, there is only a light punishment which can be inflicted upon his assassin. The case can be tried only as one of assault with intent to kill, and the extreme penalty is fifteen years imprisonment.

The editorial comments which we publish to-day are from representative papers of the country and furnish a good idea of how the attempted assassination is regarded by the people. In these comments there are tributes paid to Garfield which we hope he will live to read.

Will the English ever be convinced that their railway system of having compartment carriages is not a good one? To be locked up in a carriage with a stranger who may prove to be either a madman, or a murderer, is certainly not pleasant. Several notable murders and assaults have occurred in these compartments, and the latest, that of a Mr. Gould, will perhaps convince the railway officials that their system is a little faulty.

Mexico will hold an agricultural and mechanical exposition next November in Orizaba. This city is situated on the railroad which runs from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and therefore American goods can be easily sent to the exposition. It is a pleasantly situated town, high up among the mountains, and free from all malaria. Our manufacturers will undoubtedly take advantage of the opportunity and exhibit their goods.

The crime of which Platt is accused is a private offence at the outside. If he is innocent, then the methods adopted to ruin his chances by assailing his reputation and so defeat his election are neither honorable nor decent. If he can be beaten in no way except by circulating lies, then we hope he will go back to Washington. The whole affair is disgusting, and the reports, whether true or false will do much to bring harsh criticisms down upon the politicians.

Poor Platt again. The dispatches relating to him are far from complimentary. And as to being true, that is very questionable. A man in his present position will think twice before committing a moral indiscretion in the hotel at Albany, where he must know he is constantly watched, and where his every movement is telegraphed over the country. He may have been a fool to resign his senatorial position, but it is too much to suppose he will be a still greater one by being naughty right before the legislature.

The Tribune calls the robbery of a stage an act of bravery. This is a good way to encourage such acts. It gives the highwaymen just the notoriety they desire. For ourselves, we cannot see what great courage there is in "getting the drop" on unsuspecting passengers and at the revolver's mouth forcing them to hold up their hands or be shot. The Tribune caters to a reckless element when it praises such deeds as brave ones, and unless bidding for favors of some description, we beg it to refrain from praise and adopt censure instead.

The Republican accuses us of not being patriotic because we object to the firing of pistols, crackers, etc., before the proper day. What must be the judgment of the indulgent and sensitive Republican when they notice that our city forbids the display of juvenile enthusiasm even on the Fourth, except in certain localities? And we endorse the mayor's orders, not because of a lack of patriotism, but because the custom of burning powder and endangering public and private property, and life as well, we believe foolish and unreasonable. There are other ways enough to celebrate the day without indulging in dangerous playthings.

It is a relief to believe that Charles Gitteaux was insane when he committed the rash act which came so near robbing the people of a president. It is a relief to feel that his act was prompted by no political faction. We do not believe that any investigation will disclose a plot of any description, and it seems more certain every day that what he did he did for himself, and that his own disordered mind was the only prompter. It is useless to argue that the Conkling faction was in the least responsible. There was no plan to make Arthur president, and Gitteaux was acting entirely for himself. He at the best is a half witted, weak headed idle cur, already cursed by the nation.

Our dispatches report that the Kremlin is in flames. This historical citadel lies on the north side of the river Moskava, and with its fantastic domes, and high walls, towers and battlements, forms one of the most interesting features of the city of Moscow. Through one of its many gates even the emperor is obliged to pass with uncovered head. The Kremlin is a collection of cathedrals, churches, palaces and monasteries, and in the cathedral of the Assumption all the Russian emperors since Ivan have been crowned. If Moscow is destroyed, then an old city will be lost. It was founded in the twelfth century, and was for five centuries the seat of government. It has several times been nearly destroyed by fire, and in 1812 was set on fire, compelling Napoleon to leave his quarters in the Kremlin.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT.

Aside from sympathy and a sense of personal loss; outside of all fears that the business of the country would suffer by the death of the president, there has been general alarm felt at the thought of Chester Arthur becoming Garfield's successor. No one seems to have any confidence in the man, nor does he deserve it. He has never been conspicuous as a statesman, and there is no reason to believe that he would as president suddenly develop any executive powers, or that he would be worthy to occupy the important position of chief magistrate. He has never been above petty political tricks, and his nomination was a disappointment to the country at the time it was made. Since coming into office he has done all in his power to disgrace his position, and instead of attending to his legitimate business he has plotted against his superior officer, and has done his best to defeat his nominations. Too weak-minded to have an opinion of his own, he has allowed himself to become the tool of a superior intellect.

But whether qualified to occupy the position or not, the fact remains that if General Garfield does not survive his wounds, the vice president will by law succeed him. Nothing can be done but to accept the inevitable. In nominating a man whom no one at the time believed worthy of the office, the republicans made a fatal mistake. Death of the president was not properly taken into consideration. If the country is spared the necessity of seeing Arthur succeed the president, the nomination of a vice president in the future will perhaps be more carefully considered. It is too important an office to be given without consideration and judgment. It is not necessary to call attention to the evils which might arise should the president die and one opposed to his course succeed him. Radical changes which might possibly affect the peace and prosperity of the country can be made, and investigations stopped, while the entire policy could be changed.

It is possible that Arthur would disappoint those who predict that his course of action would be detrimental to the country's welfare. But we cannot afford to try the experiment, and it is the duty, the plain duty of the leaders of the party, not to nominate one who cannot occupy the presidential chair with the confidence of the people behind him. It seems as though there had been lessons enough already given. We trust that we are not to have another and a severer one.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Not since the brutal assassination of President Lincoln, sixteen years ago, has the country been so shocked as it was to-day when the news that President Garfield was shot and probably fatally injured came flashing over the wires. The feeling was one of personal grief; irrespective of party all keenly felt the blow and from every one arose expressions of deepest horror and sympathy and regret. The hope is universally expressed the wound will not prove fatal, and every telegram with its important communication is closely watched and anxiously waited for.

We must necessarily publish only imperfect and vague reports. We can give no news calculated to allay fears of the death of the president, for the telegrams are not positive, and the actual condition of the sufferer is difficult to determine. That the wound is painful and likely to become mortal seems an assured fact. A man must be possessed of an iron constitution to withstand the effects of such a shooting. The assassin was so near, his determination so great, and his opportunity so unlimited, that it will be wonderful, indeed, if the president is able to recover. At last accounts his condition was becoming more critical, and as one reads of his suffering, his tender thought for wife and family, the passions are stirred to deepest depths. While the whole sympathy is for the wounded president, for his murderer only hate and a wild desire to avenge the deed is manifested.

It is too early to assign causes for the deed. The most charitable excuse possible is that it was the result of a disordered mind. There seems to be no possible reason why any sane being should commit an act so barbaric and so unusual. The president was universally liked, and there was no political excitement of importance enough to make enemies who would adopt methods so severe. It is not time to judge one, nor any faction. To blame one party is to accuse unjustly. The facts must be fully known before any definite opinion can be given. It will be true we think that no one was the instigator of the crime, and it must be that the assassination was the work of only one man, and that the deed was planned by him alone. For the good name of our republic we hope this may be so.

We refrain from all obituary notice. While hope remains that the life we honor may be spared, we shrink from performing that duty which would so grieve us all. But the thought of what the consequences would be should the president die cannot be forced from our minds. All know the faction which would be elevated to power, and there is regret that the thought of who would be president cannot be a pleasant one. Garfield would be an almost irreparable loss, and his successor, alas too late, we realize the fact, is not one we would choose.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Those who are not familiar with an editorial table would be surprised at the number of letters found upon it. There are communications of every description. Complaints, commendations, questions and advice are showered indiscriminately upon one, and every writer casually mentions that an early answer would be agreeable.

A conscientious editor will endeavor to return his thanks, his explanations and his advice as quickly as possible, but there is one class of correspondents which may be best answered in a public manner, and to the men and boys, women and girls, old and young, composing this class, we address this editorial communication. We refer to those who ask the very easily answered question, what they shall do to earn a living, and if our city offers them inducements enough to leave their present homes and come here. One of our friends says he has a good education, but no money and no health. Another evidently has no education, and no idea of business, but wishes to work a little, "just enough to pay the expenses of living." Another has a wife and children who declare they must "see Pike's Peak or bust," and he wants to know if he can do something in our city or state to pay the expense of indulging his family. One woman declares herself a good critic and would review our books for her "living" expenses alone. A young man wants to come out here because he has taught school "down south," and his experiences there have fitted him to instruct our "Indian scholars." Another enterprising person has never been accustomed to work and wants to come west where no one will know her so as to compare her "degradation with her past life of luxury." In fact the reasons assigned for wishing to come are as numerous as the questions asked about the size, location and attractions of the city. A young physician pleasantly asks if there are many doctors here, how much they make in a year, and if their fees are greater than those asked for in Denver or the east.

We have no intention of ridiculing any letters addressed to us. They deal with that question of "what shall I do for a living," and we believe that is a topic altogether too serious to be made light of. It is asked by thousands who have but just come into active life from our universities, and by many others who have tried and failed and now in despair look to other and new fields with the hope that there they may find something to do, anything which will support them and provide, not the luxuries, no, but the necessities of life. We recognize the fact that situations are not plenty in the east, and that the cities are overcrowded. For this reason we are glad to answer any inquiries concerning our state and city, and in answer to many letters we would gladly say to the questioners that they could come to us with full assurance that their wants would be immediately supplied. We most heartily wish that we had as many places to dispose of as there are applicants. But such of course is not the case, and we advise many to remain where they are and not take their chances here.

There are many wrong ideas entertained in the east regarding western life. There is little written on the subject of life beyond the Missouri which is not from the bright side. Correspondents usually send home interesting letters, and from ignorance perhaps, or for some other cause, neglect to give the information which can be relied upon by those wishing to try their fortunes in a new home. If certain facts were only known many would be saved from disappointment when they find upon coming west that their expectations are not realized. The actual state of affairs here is perhaps better than in the east, and situations are more easily obtained. But merit is no less considered. There are many to select from, and it is as true of this country as any other that the ablest man gets the employment. There is no royal road to success here. Work has to be as well performed, rules of business are as strict, and there is as much labor to be performed for a salary as there is in the east.

We advise all having any intention of coming here to consider carefully what they are about to do. It is much easier to give up a good position than to find a new one. It is not possible for any one to advise what another should do. All must act for themselves, and the west does not deal in any sentimentalism, but judges one on his actual worth.

OUR PRESIDENT.

While there is life there is hope. The frequent bulletins concerning the condition of the president are eagerly scanned. If the news is favorable the anxious people turn away with smiles and congratulations; if unfavorable, a deep look of anxiety settles upon the faces of all. The condition is still critical, but while he lives all hope on. It is desired most earnestly, most truly, that the life we honor now more than ever will be spared. It seems as though we could not give it up. It is so full of manhood, this life, it is so noble, so useful, so necessary to our prosperity that millions watch its fluttering and pray that it may be spared. Never was a president so loved, never was life so desired. When it was first reported that this one man was dead, people stood amazed and shocked. It was as though a personal and a dear friend had been suddenly stricken down. Business was forgotten. Letters remained unread, self-interest was overlooked, and the nation stood with white face and anxious look, while telegram after telegram brought messages of cheer or told us there was no hope. Last Saturday will be remembered as one of the most eventful days in the history of the country. It was hard to realize when the news came, that Garfield was dying, that it could be true. He had been so short a time our ruler, his administration showed such signs of promise, that the people could not, would not, believe that the life and reign were ended. Men looked to the future with misgivings and with fear; the money markets were depressed, and it seemed for a time as though God did not reign and that the government had, for a time, ceased to exist.

To-day is the third since the news first came to all that Garfield was shot. Since Saturday the telegrams have been on the whole favorable. There have been few unfavorable symptoms, and the condition of the president has gradually improved. It is very likely that the strong constitution, the determined will and the grand physique will enable him to withstand the effects of the shots. His life has been one well calculated to be of great service now. It has been a temperate, industrious and out of door life. His early days were spent in hard work, and since those years of hard toil he has indulged in no vices. No man is better able than he to make a strong fight for life. If prayers are ever efficacious he will live. No injured hero ever had more earnest petitions offered in his behalf. The people have joined, irrespective of party, and without regard to personal opinions, in asking that he might not die, but might continue his years of usefulness.

The people may congratulate themselves if General Garfield lives. Had he died, or if he dies the consequences will be serious. We do not anticipate a revolution. This nation is too industrious to give much attention to revolutionary questions. But if Chester Arthur becomes president, there will be elevated to power again the old *regime*, and all the good improvements inaugurated by Hayes and Garfield will amount to nothing. Arthur may be honest, and may desire to govern honestly, but he has not shown himself possessed of any moral influence, which must necessarily be a characteristic of a president who would be successful and respected. With the accession of Arthur the Conkling party would undoubtedly come into power; and we believe that element worthy only of suppression. The stalwarts have worked injury enough. It is time that they subsided. The country can spare them, and if General Garfield lives, we will see them so completely buried that they will soon be forgotten.

We need our president, not only for the sake of our national welfare, but should he die a noble example of a man would be lost to us. He is honesty itself. It is said that his first question concerning a man was: "What is his reputation for integrity." A man's honesty he considered the first qualification for office and confidence. He is a president we can look up to, and his example has always been one which we might follow and copy with profit to ourselves. His administration will be honorable and honest, and one of which we might be proud, and if he is spared, we will be proud of it.

We believe we but echo the sentiments of the majority of the people when we wish that the president may have a speedy recovery and a long life. It seems as though the greatest danger had passed. For the aged mother, the wife, the children, the nation, we pray that the son, the husband, the father and the president may soon be pronounced out of danger, and once more be able to take up the reins of government.

SPECULATION IN FRANCE.

Speculation is not confined to our country. In France all classes, from the highest to the *bourgeoisie*, take less interest in politics and more in speculation. Every new scheme is grasped at at once, every undertaking by a new company finds plenty of people willing to risk their money in its fortunes. The ablest men, the shopmen, the women and the clerks have rushed into stock speculation until the word Bourse is in everybody's mouth, and cabinet ministers are left severly alone, and politics are forgotten. Ladies buy and sell and can tell more about stocks than many men who have transacted business for years, and it is related that one successful operator told a gentleman friend that the secret of her success was that she "bought." And looking at a few of the stocks one can readily see that if her advice had been followed during the past two years, the buyer would to-day be able to reap a rich harvest. The French rentes issued after the war at 82f. stand now at 120f. Railway shares show still greater improvements. A year ago French Northern shares were quoted at 1640f. per share of 500f.; they are now 2160f. Bank of France shares, which could be bought a year ago at 3400f., sell now at 5900f., while Credit Foncier shares have risen 50 per cent. within the past year.

Besides dealing in home stocks, the French invest largely in foreign securities, and already nearly the entire Italian debt is in the hands of the French public, and its quotations have risen from 70f. to 90f. Spanish railway securities are also largely bought, and have grown into valuable, interest-paying investments. So general, indeed, is the desire for speculation that new companies are formed, and the capitals of banks increased to often double their old amount. How long this craze will continue, or how serious the effects of a crash may be, no one can foretell. That misfortunes will come to those who buy on margins is almost certain, though the prosperity may continue for many years yet. There never before was such universal speculation, and the fact that the most economical country in the world has become one of the most speculative, is a curious fact, and perhaps a significant one.

The stalwarts must not be considered as parties to the horrible affair at Washington. That is they are not directly responsible. But indirectly they are to be blamed. They have brought their grievances so conspicuously before the public, that many a weak headed hanger on may already believe, as did Gitteaux, that it is best that harmony should be restored even by killing the best president we perhaps have ever had. We have never upheld Conkling, nor have we approved of his methods, but to connect him with this attempt at murder is foolish.

Press Comments on the Assassination.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

CHICAGO, July 3.—The Tribune's editorial says: "The assassination of President Garfield yesterday has naturally shocked the national mind, and for a time overwhelmed the hearts of the entire people. He had called an able and experienced cabinet to his aid, and in four months had secured the confidence of the great mass of the American people. This act was that of a crazy man, not prompted by popular complaint. The country will unquestionably, and without a dissenting voice, acquit those at political variance with General Garfield of all complicity or knowledge of this atrocious deed. At the same time it will be remembered that this crazy demon was of that mental condition to be influenced by the current events of the day; and the fact that a faction of New York was striving to defeat the administration was just such an event as would suggest to the mind of this man seeking notoriety, that the removal of the president would terminate the contest, unite the party, and win for himself the gratitude of the victors."

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The Herald says: "There should be some slight consolation in the thought that there was no rational enemy behind this dreadful blow. For that venerable lady who lately reflected that she was the only president's mother who ever lived in the White House, for the dear wife to whom the chivalrous gentleman sent his love as a tender remembrance of the first moment of his recovery from the consternation of the tragic assault; for the five boys, full of the proud regard that the sons might feel for such a father, there cannot but be some satisfaction in the thought that no man of the American people possessed of his reason, could feel toward son, husband and father a murderous hate that could strike at his life, and they may well feel comforted and helped by the national sympathy, deep and tender, which desires the recovery of their beloved one with an earnestness and ardor that can yield only to their own. It is plain and clear enough to our own people that the tragedy has no political relations, and is only the expression of the insane impulse of an individual. But abroad, where they imagine us, from the late agitations, to be in a fever of revolution, and where they do not know that the limit of party passion never rises to this height, the event will be not understood and will be misinterpreted and commented on as one of the growing evils of our system."

THE MEMPHIS AVALANCHE.

A comprehensive glance at the political situation reveals the fact that in no instance in the history of this country have there been so great interests that could directly profit by the death of the president. By Garfield's assassination, the twenty years' growth of corruption in the dominant party, which for the year past, beginning at Chicago last June, has been in process of elimination, again comes to the front, and regains control of the government. All the old thieving rings will be again paramount, and as many new ones will be organized as the ingenuity of rascals can suggest. There will be no more prosecutions of the Star route thieves, or any other public plunderers. Grave suspicions will always rest upon the yet powerful disreputable element of the republican party, that it had something to do with this great crime."

ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.

ST. LOUIS, July 3.—The Republican says: "It is a mystery how any man could have been excited against this man, whose manners and life have so little in them to arouse the fierce passions of an assassin. He was neither a heartless nor tyrannical ruler. His murder is causeless and will meet no defense from any creeds, sect or shade of opinion. The most sinister aspect of the case is the fact that we are no securer here than those who hold hereditary offices in the old country."

THE NEW ORLEANS BEE.

The Bee says: "Whatever may be the consequences of the odious act, we can but utter the sentiments of horror it inspires. Our people, one and all, hope that Garfield may be brought through the great and terrible blow which has been struck. His incumbency was accepted by the south in all faith and contentment. He was looked to with thousands of warm and pleasant hopes.

DENVER TRIBUNE.

DENVER, July 3.—The Tribune says: The news produced a national shock. The relations of parties and factions are very peculiar in the country at this time, but they have, in addition, a great importance which was not realized until the sharp flash of a revolver showed the republic that there was only one life between it and very grave complications. In President Garfield's moral strength it has a strong, abiding faith. He has shown a determination to do his duty, and he has been profoundly trusted by the nation. Its faith in his good intentions and his ability was strong, and when the unfortunate political row which made the early days of his administration so exciting was sprung by the rash Hotspur of New York politics it was earnest and united in its support of the president.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The Tribune says: "There is absolutely nothing to account for this horrible deed, which to a great nation is a terrible calamity, except the crazy spirit of faction and political fanaticism that has been showing itself in many phases little short of madness. The country has seen the wildest ravings of abuse about the president, and has paid little attention. But curses and threats are followed at last by murderous shots, and the country startled with horror. Must we not realize, in the light of the dreadful calamity at Washington that those who bleed and nurse this malignant, selfish, grasping spirit are aiming a blow at the life of the Republic?"

DENVER REPUBLICAN.

DENVER, July 3.—The Republican says: "As the attempted murder of President Garfield startles the nation, it will also carry sorrow and a sense of loss to every individual in the land. A man of the people, a conspicuous example of what is possible to energy, to ambition, and to fidelity to right, in this land, President Garfield held the sympathy of the people even much as they were held by Abraham Lincoln himself. Having achieved the highest eminence in congress, he promised to develop a greatness commensurate with the position to which he has just been raised."

LONDON OBSERVER.

LONDON, July 2.—There is a profound sensation here. Amazement, incredulity and great anxiety are felt, especially among the Americans, who have deserted every place and occupation to get news. Minister Lowell's residence is thronged. The queen and Earl Granville immediately and personally cabled condolences. The Observer prints special editions Sunday morning. It says: The first impression is to attribute the dastardly act to the same agencies as have attempted the lives of so many crowned heads, but there is no evidence of political crime. It seems to have been the act of a half-crazed lunatic. Regicide is an intelligible crime, but to kill one president to make room for another is an act of insane folly that no sane man would perform.

THE BOSTON HERALD.

BOSTON, July 3.—The Herald says: "Sad and lamentable and far reaching in its possible consequences as is this act of frenzy, it loses all sinister political significance when it appears as the deed of a disappointed man who has lost his wits. Assassination has no place in our political system, if ever justifiable in a land of free speech and universal suffrage.

NEW YORK TIMES.

NEW YORK, July 2.—The Times says: Though the murderer was obviously of disordered mind, it is impossible to ignore the cause which led immediately to this act, which directed his ill-regulated will to its final aim; he was a disappointed office seeker, and he linked the bitterness of his personal disappointment with passionate animosity. His resentment was inflamed and intensified by assaults upon the president, which have been common in too many circles for the past few months. Certainly we are far from holding any party or section of a party responsible for this murderous attack, but we believe it our duty to point out that the act was an exaggerated expression of sentiment of narrow and bitter hatred which has been only too freely indulged in. The spoils system of the civil service has led up to the event.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "It is no time for intemperate and foolish talk about conspiracy to take the life of the president. President Garfield had not a personal enemy in the world. He is a large-hearted, generous man, forgiving his enemies, and cherishing no hatred or malice. In these respects there was a striking resemblance between him and Lincoln, as well as in many other respects; and when the news came yesterday over the wires the popular feeling, manifested in words of sorrow and sympathy, showed how deep is his hold upon the affections of the people."

AN ASSASSIN'S ATTEMPT!

President Garfield Dangerously Wounded.

He is Shot in the Shoulder and Back.

NEWS OF THE SHOOTING.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The president was shot twice, one ball entered from the rear to one side and is believed to have passed through the kidneys. The doctors hold out some hope of possible recovery, but it is plain that they feel little if any hope. One shot went through the arm. The president talked to a reporter just now and said he felt pretty strong considering his wounds, but complained of a tingling sensation in his feet as annoying him more than anything else. The man who shot him wrote his name on a card as

CHARLES GITTEAUX,

attorney at law, Chicago. Washington is wild with excitement, and the whole populace is gathered around the Baltimore and Potomac depot.

SPECIAL DETAILS.

CHICAGO, July 2.—The following are the special details, but not so late as you have already had. At 9:30 this morning when President Garfield was at the Baltimore and Potomac depot, waiting to take the train, he was

SHOT TWICE

by a man who stood within two feet of him. The president's friends rushed to him as he fell, and Blaine called for Rockwell. Station Agent Carrey arrested the assassin, who said, "I did it;

I AM A STALWART,

and Arthur is now president. Take a letter I have here to General Sherman, and he will tell you about it." The man evidently had deliberately planned the assassination with the idea, so far as can now be ascertained, of making Arthur president.

HOW THE SHOOTING WAS DONE.

President Garfield went to the Baltimore and Potomac station at twenty minutes past nine, intending, with a reporter of his cabinet, to leave on the limited express for New York. The president had alighted from his carriage and was passing through the ladies' room to the cars. When about five feet inside of the room, the assassin, who was

WITHIN TWO FEET

of him, fired one shot. The president was dazed and made no attempt at self-protection. Blaine had turned toward the door. The assassin fired a second shot in ten seconds. The president fell, and Mrs. White, who attends the ladies' waiting room, rushed to him and raised his head.

BLAINE ALSO RUSHED

to the assistance of the president. The assassin passed out toward B street but Captain Parks, the ticket agent, jumped through the window and

CAUGHT THE ASSASSIN

and immediately afterward Officer Scott also took hold of him. Parks let the officers have him and turned his attention to the president.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S ACCOUNT.

Secretary Blaine was not going with the party but went down to bid the president goodbye. He said "the president and I were walking arm in arm toward the train. I heard two shots and saw a man run. I started after him but seeing that he was grabbed just as he got out of the room I came to the president and found him lying on the floor. The floor was covered with the president's blood. A number of the people who were around shortly afterwards have some of that blood on their persons. I think I know the man. I think he is Gitteaux. The weapon used was a revolver about seven inches long. It has an ivory handle. Calibre very large. It is what is known as a California pistol. It made a very loud report. Parks says both shots were fired while the assassin was behind the president. When the officers, Scott and Carney, got hold of the assassin and were taking him to police headquarters, he said voluntarily to them,

"I DID IT,

and will go to jail for it.

I AM A STALWART,

and Arthur will be president." He had a letter in his hand, and wanted the officers to take it to General Sherman, saying it would be all right. The prisoner made no resistance, saying that he had

CONTEMPLATED KILLING THE PRESIDENT,

and it was for the good of the country. About nine o'clock the assassin went to a hack stand adjoining the depot, and engaged a hack from Barton, a colored hackman. He said he wanted to go to Glenwood cemetery in a short time, and wanted the hackman to

DRIVE VERY FAST

when he should get in the hack. He agreed to pay $2 for the hack on condition that the hackman would drive fast. When stopped the assassin was going to the hack he had engaged, and he insisted that it was important for him to go and deliver a message to General Sherman. When the officers refused to let him go he begged them to

TAKE A LETTER

he had to General Sherman. The following is a copy of the letter the assassin wanted delivered to General Sherman:

THE MURDERER'S MISSIVE.

WASHINGTON, July 2, 1881.

To the White House:

The president's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the republican party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the president was a Christain and that he will be happier in paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, any way. I have no ill will toward the president, his death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am interested with the stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during canvass. I have some papers for the press which I shall leave with Byron Andrews, Inter Ocean correspondent, and his co-journalist at No. 1,420 New York avenue, where all reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

CHARLES GITTEAUX.

PUBLISHED BY
THE GAZETTE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

DAILY—IN ADVANCE.

Per annum	$10.00	Six Months	$5.00
Three Months	2.50	One Month	1.00

WEEKLY—IN ADVANCE.

Per annum	$2.00	Six Months	$1.00
Three Months	.50	One Month	.25

ADVERTISING.

Rates made known on application to the office.

JOB WORK.

Rates for Plain and Fancy Job Printing equal to those of any establishment west of the Missouri river.

All persons having advertisements in this paper and desiring them discontinued will please make it known at the business office, where they will be properly attended to. We cannot hold ourselves responsible for advertisements continuing in the paper unless notice is thus given. All subscriptions to the Daily or Weekly are struck off the list at expiration.

Mr. Harry Iles is the authorized collector and solicitor for the Gazette Publishing Company.

No claims are allowed against any employe of the GAZETTE to offset any of our accounts.

All advertisements for the WEEKLY GAZETTE must be handed in not later than Thursday noon.

Advertising agents are respectfully notified that we do not want any advertisements from them.

B. W. STEELE,
Manager of the GAZETTE.

From Wednesday's Daily.

A Denver and Rio Grande surveying party left for the mountains yesterday afternoon via Manitou and the Ute Pass.

The Seven Lakes house is now open for the reception of guests. Conveyances leave for this resort every Thursday morning. This is one of the pleasantest retreats in this vicinity. For further particulars enquire at E. N. Bartlett's office.

One hundred and seventy-five excursionists went from El Paso to Santa Fe to spend the Fourth. Among the number was Mr. Baker, formerly of the Mountaineer, of this city. He is editor of the El Paso Herald, and shortly will start a daily.

Quite a serious runaway occurred on North Tejon street last evening. A horse attached to a buggy in which was seated two young ladies, became frightened at the barking of a dog upsetting the buggy, and throwing them to the ground injuring both of the occupants.

A WESTERN SURPRISE PARTY.

How a Well Known Citizen of Colorado Springs Joined in the Festivities.

[From an Occasional Correspondent of the GAZETTE.]

ALAMOSA, Colo., June 29, 1881.—As I find you have no correspondent down in these parts I just thought I would drop you a few lines giving you an outlined account of a masquerade party that I had the honor of attending last night between 12 and 1 o'clock, twelve miles west of Alamosa. Well there were thirteen of us who left Del Norte on the stage coach at about 8 p. m., and continued on our journey towards Alamosa until about 12 o'clock. It was very dark and dusty. We reached a point where some of the friendly road agent, who inhabit these parts told us to halt, and having a very well broke team of fours of course we halted, and at that time had a bright light reflected in our faces with the request to hold up. The air being very light of course we held up. Now as it happened I had the honor of riding outside beside the driver, and owing to said honor I had the pleasure of looking down a forty-five calibre with the request to hold up and come down which I did, notwithstanding I felt a little tired just then. But I did not want to seem obstinate, so I climbed down. Then the driver, being a very clever fellow, did not wish to be outdone by me, consequently he climbed down also. Then wishing to show no partiality, I suppose, they put the black cap down over our faces, and then called forth the others in turn and served them in like manner. They then proceeded to tie our hands behind our backs, after which they proceeded to go through us for what we were worth. After which they requested us all to kneel, and we being all of humble disposition and well disposed, how could we refuse a request like this? Consequently we all knelt, and remained knelt for about half an hour, while they went through the mail. After which they departed and left us master of the situation.

Being somewhat rested by this time, and feeling refreshed, we concluded to adjourn *sine die*, reaching Alamosa about daylight feeling as well as could be expected. They got out of the passengers about $700, and out of your humble servant (for he was *very* humble) $130 to $150; cannot tell exactly, as I have done business in the western off-hand way, and was not very particular about the exact change. J. P. MCMILLEN.

EASTERN RATES FOR WOOL.

What Rates Now Obtain on the Atlantic Border.

We have received the following circular from Coates Bros., wool commission merchants, of Philadelphia: "The market has been but lightly supplied with wool so far. The clip has come forward rather more slowly than usual, and most of the early arrivals have met with prompt sale. Prices have been firm and many holders confident of a further advance. In most of the wool growing sections there has been much excitement, buyers eagerly competing with each other and bidding continually higher figures, until, in many cases, they have paid more than is justified by selling value in the eastern markets. Whether wool will go into consumption at higher values than are now ruling depends largely on the future market for manufactured goods. The prosperous condition of the country seems to warrant the opinion that we may expect a fair trade for goods; few manufacturers, however, are well enough convinced of this to buy supplies much ahead of wants. They prefer to wait for actual sales of their product rather than trust to logical reasons why their goods should sell, and they are accordingly now buying stock but moderately. Wool seems intrinsically cheap. We venture the opinion that it will be found a safe investment at present values."

COLORADO WOOL.

Medium and fine, choice	29@30c.
" Average	26@28c.
Common and quarter blood	18@20c.
Coarse carpet	15@16c.

HONORING THE FOURTH.

How the Firemen Came up to the Line.

Hooks and Ladders and Fireworks Close the Day.

The Fourth of July passed with serene skies and a pleasant prospect.

The conservative sleepers were awakened at 12, midnight, on the Fourth by the roar of the uncivilized anvil, or as those who exploded it would say, the "patriotic gun." This intermittent fusilade was kept up until the pale light of dawn began to creep in between the shutters of the student's window.

At this hour the Fourth of July fun began. Carriages and horses were called into requisition, and after this jolly parties of ladies and gentlemen boarded the cars for Manitou.

No especial celebration was made in this city, yet in the evening the site of the city was defined with rockets and Roman candles.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 4th the Hook and Ladder company appeared on running grounds on Nevada avenue and prepared to run for the citizens' purse. The race attracted much attention and was watched by a large concourse of people. The Hooks ran bravely and won the prize of $20 offered by the people.

The parade of the firemen in the morning attracted much attention. The hose carts were tastefully decorated and the officers and men dressed in full uniform. The line of march was as follows: From the engine house to Tejon street, up Tejon to Platte avenue, from Platte avenue to Nevada avenue, down Nevada to Pike's Peak, then across to Weber street, and down to Huerfano street, then to Tejon street, and south to Cucharas street, from thence west to Cascade avenue and north to Pike's Peak avenue and then down Tejon street to Huerfano street and then home to the engine house.

After the review of the companies they were received at the engine house by a large concourse of admiring friends with a round of rousing cheers. They then disbanded amid the congratulations of all their friends. The next parade will be joined by No. 3, and their exhibiting may be expected to surpass that of the present year.

CITY COUNCIL.

Doings of the Reverend Fathers.

The city council met last Saturday evening and did a considerable amount of business. We are not able to give the sequence of work in its regular order, but we are able to report a number of matters that are of especial interest to the public.

In the first place the city council decided to adopt a cheaper method of tapping. The rates heretofore adopted were very large. To show the change which was made at the last meeting, and all through a healthful competition, we have only to refer to the annexed table:

OLD RATE.	NEW RATE.
4.25	2.50
5.25	2.75
6.60	3.00

The new rates of course were adopted, and the bid which was accepted was of course the lowest bid given.

The council then turned their attention to the consideration of the distribution of water throughout the streets of Colorado Springs. Mayor France ordered that the following notice be made known:

All persons are hereby forbidden to use their hydrants for the purpose of irrigation from 9 o'clock p. m. to 5 o'clock a. m., and all hydrants must be closed upon the alarm of fire at any time. This order is made to protect the city in case of fire and is imperative. MATT FRANCE, Mayor.

After this the council took into consideration the matter of the new demand for extensions of the water mains. It has been discovered that many persons in the extreme north and south of the city want the water mains extended. The city council recognize the seriousness of their demands and refer them to the financial committee.

After covering these matters of especial interest the council turned its attention to the matter of irrigation and water works. After some desultory and *mal apropos* discussion the council decided to announce that the office of ditch supervisor and water superintendent were vacant and to declare that the offices should be vested in the mayor. The city clerk did not give these facts to the reporter of the GAZETTE. Neither did the mayor, who was interviewed, but the facts are facts, and we give them as worthy of remark. The mayor is now ditch commissioner, and also chief of the water works, and all who find fault will please direct their letters to Matt. France. The mayor now receives a salary of $1,000 a year. We do not doubt that with his varied duties he will fully earn his salary. Yet the disingenuous conduct of his friends, and the especially secret conduct of McGovney will prejudice the conservative people against him. The fact remains that Mayor France is chief of the roads and ditches, and we hope he will deserve the praise of all.

Hose Company No. 3 was accepted, and it was ordered that a hose cart should be secured. The Juvenile hose will be called Juvenile Hose No. 1 hereafter. This is as it should be. The Juvenile hose exhibits no end of enthusiasm, but we have no doubt that it is just that the new hose company should be dubbed No. 3. The members of this company are men, and should be recognized as one of the companies of the city. Doubtless they will be called No. 3, and their quarters will be assigned to the northern part of the city. The Juvenile hose will be designated as No. 1 Juniors, which is honor enough for them.

The council decided to purchase three new public drinking fountains. We are glad to see that the efforts of the GAZETTE have resulted in this tangible evidence of progress. We have urged the establishment of drinking fountains since last autumn, and we are glad to observe that they are at last to be established.

After passing a number of routine matters the council took up the consideration of bills, which were audited and passed as follows:

El Paso county, boarding prisoners	$ 22 74
W. A. Caswell, hose, etc	22 68
W. S. Walker, guarding engine room	14 00
Wm. Clark, cart work	12 15
W. T. Douglass, cemetery	7 00
A. Carpenter, poll tax	12 96
Giles Crissey, lumber	60 22
J. E. McIntyre, court fees	10 50
Durkee & Lee, hardware	5 00
Gas company	3 00
E. P. Howbert, stationery	1 50
Giddings & Stillman, carpet	63 80
A. Capehart, for taking census	70 00
L. C. Dana, jail fees	30 50
W. F. Tilton, cuspadors	6 75
Joseph Dozier, carpenter work	98 58
W. H. Converse, rent of pistols	3 95
A. Brown, shades for council room	10 60
Streets and ditches	97 00
Salaries	570 66
J. L. Marston, plumbing	64 35
J. L. Marston, tapping	
A. L. Hutchinson, boarding horses	30 18
L. E. Sherman, oil	4 80
Gazette Publishing company, printing	35 77
J. L. Marston, deal ends	20 62
Streets and ditches	150 85
G. S. Barnes, hardware	21 15
J. L. Marston, tapping	62 75
Rent for June	52 50
J. F. Carr, janitor work	2 50
El Paso county, boarding prisoners	57 00

U. P. VS. D. & R. G.

The Best Game of Base Ball Ever Played in the State.

The much talked of game of ball between the D. & R. G. club, of this city, and the U. P. nine, of Omaha, took place at the fair grounds in Denver, on Monday afternoon, the 4th inst. It was originally intended that the game should be played in this city, but as the U. P. club thought it would be impossible to come here it was satisfactorily arranged to have the game played on the Denver grounds.

The D. & R. G. nine left here on Sunday last in charge of their manager, Capt. W. B. Tuttle, accompanied by about fifty of their friends and backers. At Denver the entire party was provided with accommodations at the Windsor, Captain Tuttle having previously arranged for the same by telegraph. The Union Pacific nine arrived from Omaha on Saturday night previous, they being quartered at the Alvord, immediately opposite the Windsor. Both clubs were confident that they had the best ball players, although the betting on Sunday and Monday was two to one in favor of the Denver & Rio Grande. Several days previous the betting was just the reverse, the U. P. club giving odds of two to one, all of which bets were speedily taken up by the D. & R. G. boys. It was at first thought that the day set for the game would be a windy and disagreeable one, but by noon it looked favorable and at 2:30, the time set for the game, it was clear and pleasant and about 300 spectators had assembled on the ground.

When the game commenced betting was two to one in favor of the D. & R. G. club and remained so during the entire game, even when at the end of the fifth inning the score stood seven to nothing against them. The U. P. nine won the toss and of course sent their opponents to bat. For five successive innings the Denver & Rio Grande nine retired to the field without scoring a run, while in the meantime the U. P. boys by some strong batting and an error on the part of the umpire scored seven tallies.

At the conclusion of the fifth inning the game was interrupted by a brief shower, and although the Union Pacific nine had a score of seven to nothing in their favor, they were not willing to wager any money on the result. As soon as the storm cleared away the Rio Grande boys went to bat, and by several safe ones to right and center they succeeded in securing two tallies. Four times did the U. P. club slip to the home plate, and just so often did they retire to the field with a goose egg to their credit. This was owing to some remarkable playing exhibited by the D. & R. G. Base Ball club. Every ball that went to the field was gobbled in, and not an error was made in the diamond. It was very evident that the U. P. boys were becoming slightly mixed, and each time that the D. & R. G. nine went to the bat they increased their score. When at the end of the eighth inning the score stood six to seven in favor of the Union Pacific club, the excitement was intense, and it was with considerable difficulty that the spectators were kept from crowding upon the players. It seemed to be the universal impression in the crowd that the D. & R. G.'s would, in the ninth inning, at least tie, if not win the game. But not a score did they make. Even when the last batter stood on the home plate with two men out no odds were offered on the Union Pacific nine. This settled the game, the U. P.'s waiving the last inning.

At the conclusion of the game the score stood as follows:

D. & R. G.	R.	O.	U. P.	R.	O.
Kent, p.,	1	3	Whitney, p.,	1	3
Kessler, 3b.,	1	3	Bandall, 3b.,	1	3
Rockwell, 1b.,	1	2	Trafley, c.,	1	2
Phelan, 2b,	0	4	McKittosen, s. s.,	1	3
Newman, s. s.,	1	2	Nash, c. f.,	2	2
Donnelly, c.,	0	3	Neville, r. f.,	0	2
Stovell, l. f.,	1	3	Frankeiser, l. f.,	0	3
Willett, c. f.,	0	4	Howland, 2b.,	0	3
Hart, r. f.,	1	2	Mahoney, 1b.,	1	3
	6	27		7	24

Take the game as a whole, it was the best and most exciting game of ball ever played in the state of Colorado. Considering the fact that from the fifth inning the D. & R. G. club had up-hill work they exhibited some extraordinary playing.

It was universally conceded that the D. & R. G. club had by far the best ball players in both the inner and outer field and they have the satisfaction of knowing that the U. P. club won the victory by mere chance. From beginning to end they played against adverse circumstances, and we can safely say that they cannot credit their defeat to remarkably brilliant playing on the part of the U. P. nine. It is gratifying to know that the boys were not in the least discouraged by their defeat, and no sooner had the game concluded than the U. P. club were challenged to play a return game but they declined to do so under any circumstances. Colorado Springs has every reason to be proud of her base ball club and much can be expected of it in the future.

CHEYENNE CANON SOLD.

The Purchasers will make Additional Improvements.

Mr. J. H. Johnston, son of John Taylor Johnston, and J. A. Weekes, of the firm of Weekes & Fors-ter, both of New York, also B. F. Borge, a capitalist of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, bought Cheyenne Canon on the 2d of July. The property consists of 160 acres and comprises the entrances of both the north and south canons to almost the end of each.

The price paid was $2,250. The premises have already been rented to Mr. Beckwith, of Manitou Springs, for two years, at $225 per annum. It is the purpose of the purchasers to improve the property, make roads, so that both cañons may be driven through.

No timber will be cut down or destroyed. The cañon will be preserved in its natural state. All signs of photograph men and hotel men will be taken from the rocks. The company will not under any circumstances allow the fine rocks and trees to be decorated in this manner.

Mr. Beckwith will move into the premises in a week's time. He intends to build a dining room, where the tourists will be able to judge of his wife's excellent cooking while the horses are taking their oats in a new barn. The admission price of ten cents will not be increased, it is not the intention of the owners to prevent any one from visiting this delightful spot on account of expense. As the number of tourists and inhabitants of this region increase the owners will build a fine hotel, where good accommodations can be had.

Mr. Beckwith will have various articles for sale necessary for picnics. The inner man may be refreshed also by beer, lemonade, ginger beer, etc.; only harmless drinks will be sold. Mr. Beckwith and wife, his two sons and daughter will render all the assistance in their power to make the visit of the tourist pleasant. The property was bought through the agency of Captain De Coursey, who has been very kind and accommodating.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

They Meet and Pass Sundry Bills.

The following bills were audited and passed by the county commissioners:

Gazette Publishing Co	$104 09
John Farrill, work on Ute Pass road	26 00
Cornelius Murphy, work on Ute Pass road	56 00
John Langville, timber for bridge	76 50
R. E. Dickinson, paupor account	40 90
Walt. Smith, sheriff's fees	60 80
W. R. Collins, bailiff's fees	20 00
W. Smith, sheriff's fees	156 50
Frank Flanagan, road work	164 00
A. L. Willard, pauper account	25 50
E. J. Eaton, per cash	9 00
G. L. Barnes, hardware	5 00
Witnesses, district court	15 00
H. S. Clement, Sheriff's fees	4 80
J. C. McIntyre, clerk's fees	102 15
Chas. Reitler, shorthand notes	124 00
Jas. O. Phillips constable's fees	23 15
J. C. Binkerhoff, pauper account	1 50
Roby & Coulter, poor house account	2 85
Joseph H. Mann, jail	10 00
J. F. Love, pauper account	1 00
Geo. H. Thwaits, guarding Canty	2 90
J. H. Hindmin, guarding Canty	120 00
H. W. Scoville, washing for jail	5 40
Giddings & Stillman, towels, etc	42 20
Robert Finley platting roads	19 00
G. H. Stewart, coroner's fees	25 00
Aaron Bailey janitor's fees	26 00

The Denver and Rio Grande Railway company has to-day let a contract for grading its short cut line from a connection with its present main line near Acequia, to the South Fork, on the water grade extension from Denver to Fairplay and the valley of the Arkansas. A large force is being put on this line, and the work will be pushed rapidly to completion.

Mr. Fred. Ege, the art furniture manufacturer, has just completed two handsome corner cabinets for Mr. H. A. Risley. They are constructed of cherry and mahogany, and are of Elizabethian style. The interior of both are lined with looking glass, and the exteriors handsomely carved. Those interested in art furniture can see these cabinets at Mr. Ege's shop, where they will be on exhibition during the remainder of this week.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Colorado Springs, El Paso county, Colorado, for the week ending July 5th, 1881:

Armstrong, A.,	Lawton, Forrest F.,
Baker, Mrs. E. S.,	Long, Charles N.,
Berry, J. F.,	Lynch, Mory.
Craig, Mrs. D. A.	Madison, Albert,
Creamer, Francis H.,	Mason, Press,
Davis, Miss L.,	McDonald, Sandy—2,
Gun, Miss Ann,	Millett, Andrew,
Giger, B. H.,	Morgan, Thos. J.,
Goldsmith, W. S.,	Murdock, D. H.,
Graney, Thomas,	Nelms, Mrs. Mary,
Guiseppe, Zampodri,	Robinson, T. A.,
Hammond, M. M.,	Smith, L. F.,
Hart, W. D.,	Taylor, Addie M.
Helt, James J.,	Tebo, C. F.,
Husband, J. G.,	Yest, Bob,
Hurly, David,	Wadel, George,
Johnston, J. A.,	Woodruff, Arthur.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "advertised letters," and give the date of this list. If not called for within thirty (30) days they will be sent to the dead letter office.

E. I. PRICE, P. M.

COLE'S CIRCUS.

The Elephant Will Soon Go 'Round.

Cole's circus will pitch its tent in this city next Saturday, and all the small boys and many of the larger boys are counting on a day of unalloyed enjoyment. The circus is certainly a good one, as our people well know, to say nothing of the menagerie. The Melbourne (Australia) Age speaks as follows of the show:

The performance, once begun, proceeds without a break, everything runs like clock work, feats of sensational daring and exhibitions of grace and skill rapidly alternate, and the mingled astonishment and delight of the spectators is never allowed to flag for an instant. The astounding performance by the six performing stallions—Prince, Duke, Emperor, General, Sultan and King, reminds one of Swift's Houyhnhums: "Upon the whole, the behavior of the animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded that they must needs be magicians, who had thus metamorphosed themselves." To see these six stallions drill like soldiers, sit on chairs in a circle, come singly to the front at Mr. Organ's command, and finally march out on their hind legs, is alone worth the price of admittance.

These wonderful trick stallions are to be seen at each performance in W. W. Cole's great circus and menagerie which will exhibit at Colorado Springs on Saturday, July 9th.

GARFIELD'S MOTHER.

She Has a Premonition of Evil and is Brave in the Face of Facts.

The Sunset of Life Gave Her Mystical Lore.

It is sincerely to be hoped by all classes of people that our president will recover from this cowardly and dastardly attempt which was so nearly fatal. He has always been a temperate man and one of indomitable will and courage, this with his great desire to live is more than half the battle, and if he sustains the trust of the American people he will be the most popular man in the union and it will ensure him his second term, and with his executive capacity will stehr the republican ship of state still further down the broad river of prosperity into the calm sea of contentment. It seems strange that his loving old mother should have all along had a premonition of some attack which has so nearly ended fatally. A dispatch from Solon, Ohio says: The news of shooting the president was broken to his mother this forenoon. She had been so much overcome by the accident which resulted in the death of Thos. Garfield and Mrs. Arnold, that the family had kept from her the intelligence of the attempted assassination, but this morning she felt better and spoke of attending Mrs. Arnold's funeral, which took place at Bedford to-day. In announcing her intention she remarked: "Last Saturday, was buried to-day, Cornelia. I wonder, who will be next Sunday?" Mrs. Trowbridge, at whose house Mrs. Garfield was stopping, sent for Mrs. Larrabee, another daughter, and when the latter arrived Mrs Garfield inquired if she was going to Mrs. Arnold's funeral. Mrs. Larrabee replied she guessed not; she could not, as something had happened, so the sisters thought it best not to go. "What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Garfield. "We have heard that James is hurt," said Mrs. Larrabee. "How, by the cars?" asked the mother. "No, he was shot by an assassin, but was not killed," replied the daughter. "The Lord help me," exclaimed Mrs. Garfield. Mrs. Larrabee assured her mother that the latest reports were favorable and the president resting quietly and in a fair way to recover.

"When did you hear of this?" queried Mrs. Garfield. "Yesterday noon, but we thought best not to tell you. The news was not as favorable as to-day," was the reply. "You were very thoughtful. I am glad you did not tell me. I thought something had happened, as I had noticed your manners were peculiar toward me during yesterday." She bore up under the intelligence with such fortitude she was shown the dispatches received from Major Swaine, Secretary Judd and Harry Garfield.

From Thursday's Daily.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Some of the Remarkable Productions of the Rocky Mountains.

Mr. D. S. Grimes, in a valuable letter to the Prairie Farmer, says: "It is not generally known that the largest fruit of the native or wild plum is found growing in the mountains and valleys of Colorado and Wyoming. Since we first came to this country ten years ago our attention has been often directed to the superior quality of both natural and cultivated fruits. Many varieties of the wild plum found here are inferior and unworthy, but once in a while we find among these inferior kinds one that deserves more than a passing notice. In the valleys of the Arkansas, Platte, Boulder and St. Vrain, we have seen varieties of purple red and yellow plums double the size of the Wild Goose or Miner, with small seed, firm rich flesh, apparently filling the bill of this delicious fruit, plum full.

"In our wanderings along the upper Arkansas we came upon a variety of the plum differing widely from anything we have ever before seen or heard of. This plum was very large, roundish, the skin smooth but spotted with bright red and yellow spots. In this group were eleven trees. The parent or largest tree, measuring six inches in diameter, and about eight feet in height. The branches of all the trees in this group put on a pendent, drooping or weeping character. Whether this drooping of the limbs was owing to the bearing of heavy crops of fruit, the altitude, or was the natural growth of the tree we are unable to say. The tree being a dwarf with a symmetrical and weeping head laden with rich, ripe, spotted fruit as we saw it. Could it be transferred from its Alpine home and retain those peculiar characteristics, it would, indeed, be a valuable acquisition to horticulture. The time will come when the origin of some of our finest fruits and flowers will be traced to the Rocky Mountains. The famous Weaver plum—first found growing near Cedar Rapids, Iowa—was doubtless carried there from the Black Hills by the Indians. The same variety is found in several localities near Custer City and Deadwood.

"The Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington could do the horticultural industry of our country valuable service by a careful investigation of this region of country, gathering up, and sending out to intelligent cultivators many promising varieties of our wild fruits and flowers. In currants we find a large variety of the black, red and yellow, in size from the smallest to the very largest, many of which could be improved by cultivation.

"The flora of these grand old mountains for variety and beauty cannot be surpassed by any country. Our conifers on account of their beauty and hardiness are attracting the attention of western nurserymen.

"The beautiful dwarf oak, the dark green alder and gray-leafed sheperdi, intermingle with roses, spireas, columbine, lilies, and thousands of other flowers, while the mountain ivy and fragrant clematis covering trees and rocks, all combining to teach us that the Creator did not form these mountains and cañons as a hiding place alone for gold and silver, but has placed his richest treasures on the surface, free and visible to all; and yet, man in his greed for precious metals passes them all by unnoticed and unappropriated."

SCALING UNCOMPAHGRE.

Thrilling Experience of Some Fourth of July Celebrators.

At 12 o'clock on the Fourth of July, according to a special dispatch to the Denver Republican, twenty-five persons, including three ladies and two little girls from Lake City, with citzens of the capital of Ouray, and others from the Cimarron gold mining camp, assembled on Uncompahgre peak to celebrate Independence day, and to raise a twenty-four foot flag which, with a pole thirty-five feet high, had been provided by Col. Irving, of the Cimarron.

Immediately after the flag was raised, a dense rain cloud, mingled with hail, enveloped the peak, accompanied by high winds.

At 1 o'clock, Mr. Ripley, of the Ouray Times, was about to begin reading the declamation, when the flag seemed likely to tear the pole out of the pyramid of rocks on which it was planted, and J. F. Singleton and Col. Irving attempted to haul it down. At this instant the pole was struck by lightning and Singleton was prostrated. Col. Irving was made very sick, but was not knocked over. No one else was hurt by this stroke, but the company was appalled. Singleton screamed with pain and begged for water. He was rubbed and recovered sufficiently to be borne down to the pack train and thence to the Cimarron camp. He was not dangerously injured.

About five minutes after the first stroke another attempt was made to get the flag down, the gale then being severe, the hail furious and the cloud dense. Mr. Harbottle, of the Silver World, seized the lanyard to cut it, and while in the act another and a severer bolt struck the staff, shivering the top and spending its force along the lanyard and into the base of the pyramid, hurling large stones from it over the precipice, which is a sheer descent of 2,800 feet.

The part conducted by the rope struck Mr. Harbottle in the right arm, burning his fingers and temporarily disabling his right arm.

A panic now ensued, and the entire party fled down over the slide rock and soon to the base. No other injury was done. The party was successful only in the one act of raising the flag upon the highest peaks in the United States.

GUITTEAU'S FAMILY.

Something About the Assassin's Antecedents.

Guitteau seems to be pretty well known both in this city and in Denver. The GAZETTE published some reminiscences of the assassin on the day after the shooting, which were furnished by Mr. Stevens of this city. But little has as yet been said concerning the family of Guitteau. The Republican, of yesterday, has the following:

A reporter for the Republican had the pleasure on Monday of getting from Mr. F. M. Rogers, father of Senator Rogers, some facts about the father of Charles Guitteau, the assassin. Mr. Rogers is a resident of Freeport, Stephenson county, Illinois, and is here on a visit to his son, the senator.

He was well acquainted, he says, with the elder Guitteau, and also knew the uncle of the assassin, though he left New York before this uncle joined the Oneida community.

"With the young men of the Guitteau family Mr. Rogers was little acquainted, and his recollections therefore mainly concern Louis W. Guitteau, the father of Charles Guitteau, the assassin.

"Louis W. Guitteau was a man of excellent demeanor, and was quite prominent at Freeport and in its vicinity. He had the respect of the people there, for he was a sober, industrious man, of good character in every respect.

"In 1858 and 1859 he was county clerk of Stephenson county, and enjoyed the confidence of the community. Afterward he became president of one of the national banks at Freeport, and had the respect of the business men of Freeport until his death, which occurred about two years ago.

"There was nothing in the parents of Charles Guitteau to give any indication of insanity, nor was there anything of that kind, so far as Mr. Rogers knew, in the demeanor of the New York Guitteau. The Illinois Guitteau was a quiet, unassuming citizen, without anything unusual about him.

"There are in Colorado numerous people who came from Freeport, Illinois, and who were there acquainted with Louis W. Guitteau. Governor A. C. Hunt is one of these. The number also includes Mr. J. R. Hicks, Mr. W. W. Montelius and Mr. Hiram Bright."

SCALPED BY APACHES.

Stirring News From the Southern Frontier.

Calvin Upton, an old Denver & Rio Grande man, with five companions out on a survey, between El Paso, Texas, and Silver City, Arizona, were attacked, overpowered, massacred and scalped on the 1st of July. News of this slaughter was brought to this city by El Paso excursionists.

DENVER NOTES.

DENVER, July 6.—The supreme court to-day refused to grant a mandamus compelling the Lake county district court to certify the record in Rosencrantz' case to the supreme court at the expense of Lake county.

It is understood that his attorneys will ask for a supersedeas in the case; on what grounds is not known.

Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 1, Brotherhood of Labor to-day passed resolutions expressing sympathy with the president and family, and asking congress to pass laws making such offenses high treason.

STILL IMPROVING.

Hopes Growing Strong that the President Will Live.

He is Making a Gallant Struggle for His Life.

All that Science Can Suggest is being Done to Save Him.

Expression of Regret and Regard Received from All Directions.

BULLETIN NO 1.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 6.—6 p. m.—The following dispatch was sent by the surgeon in charge to the two consulting surgeons this afternoon:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 1 p. m.—Since our telegram of yesterday the case has continued to progress favorably. The president was quite comfortable during the day and needed no morphia until bed time last night. His mind was perfectly clear but he obeyed our injunction to refrain from conversation. The afternoon exacerbation of symptoms heretofore observed daily did not occur, on the contrary a slight dimunition of pulse took place: by 8:30 p. m. it was 106, temperature 100; 9 respiration 24.

BULTETIN NO. 2.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, 2:30 p. m.—The president's condition at this hour remains unchanged, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

BULLETIN NO. 3.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 6, 5.30 p. m.—Doctor Bliss says the president's condition and symptoms at this hour are favorable and satisfactory.

BULLETIN NO. 4.

WASHINGTON, June 7, 2 a. m. The president continues easy. There is no change in his symptoms.

GARFIELD'S APPETITE.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, July 6, 3:30 P. M.—Among other favorable symptoms of the president's condition to-day in fact is, he is beginning to find fault with his physicians because they do not give him enough to eat. He called this afternoon for beef steak, but upon being told it was not thought prudent at present to allow him to eat such hearty food he grumbled a little but consented to compromise upon an egg and say no more about it. The egg was given him. He wished also to know this afternoon whether he could not be permitted to hold a cabinet meeting, and evinced generally a disposition to talk which physicians were obliged to discourage and restrain. His symptoms at this hour, 3:30 p. m., continue to be favorable.

WHAT THE PHYSICIANS SAY.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Physicians have been engaged this morning cooling the atmosphere of the president's room. Cloths dampened with ice water have been placed where drafts of air pass through them and the temperature has been reduced to 84 degrees. Revolving fans will be placed in the chamber this evening. The weather continues very hot. It is a matter of necessity to keep the atmosphere in the sick room cool.

WHAT SURGEON-GENERAL BARNES SAYS.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Surgeon-General Barnes, who is in close attendance upon the president, says: "From my experience in the war I have abundant proof that injuries to the liver, either by stab or gunshot wound, are not necessarily fatal, although dangerous. Authors who usually forbid exploration of wounds of the abdomen allow extraordinary latitude in incisions for the purpose of removing foreign bodies from the liver. It is practiced extensively by French and German physicians, having been recommended by Ledrau and Messbaum, who are sustained by Percy. I remember that about sixty-two cases of recovery from gunshot wounds of the liver during the war came under my observation, and half of them were further complicated by lesions of other organs. At Harper's run a boy of nineteen years was shot in the back, the ball passing through the liver and emerging from the abdomen. He recovered in less than a month. I was so interested in the case that I looked over the pension list to see if he has applied for a pension, but his name was not on the list, so it may be presumed he recovered fully.

Another case which was thought important enough to be recorded in current medical journals was that of private Gilbert Smith. There beyond doubt the lesion was most severe yet when Smith presented himself to the pension agent here he was reported in health. All these cases were from a certain standpoint more hopeless than the president's, occurring where immediate attention and care were impossible. The president has every chance which careful watching of changes, excellent health and constitution and a gallant struggle for his own life can afford, and he will continue the manful struggle. We treat him internally with milk and lime water and give him hypodermic injections of morphine to allay nervousness. To the wound we apply a cold compress to prevent inflammation setting in. It is too early yet to say whether we shall attempt to extract the ball. I cannot be sanguine of his recovery, and yet we are justified in hoping for it.

PRESIDENT IMPROVING.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The last bulletin was issued at 1 o'clock shows pulse 100, temperature 99.7, respiration 23. This is an increase of two beats in pulse, but the doctors do not consider it as any bad showing, and attribute it to the heat of the weather, and say that all favorable symptoms continue. The president has continued to rest easily this morning, and to steadily improve and the doctors say that every minute that he continues to get along as he has since yesterday morning, greatly increases his chances of final recovery. Some fear was expressed of gangrene in the wound but surgeons do not apprehend this. They say that there is not a single symptom of gangrene as yet, and if gangrene has set in it would show itself by unmistakable signs. The president still has an appetite and his stomach retains nourishment. To-day there is every hope of his recovery. City doctors who have not seen the president, but are kept professionally informed, now generally agree that the chances are a good even. Those who yesterday thought he could not recover now admit that there are signs in his favor. The lowering of the pulse is pronounced the best sign. The quarrel that the doctors had over the case continues to cause comment. Some favor Bliss's course; others condemn him. Surgeon Barnes says the president's condition is much improved. The case is still involved in hidden dangers, because the course of the ball and the nature of the wound are unknown, but he feels hopeful of the president's recovery. He has not been hopeful before, and has predicted death.

During this afternoon the president had several evacuations from the bowels, the first since the shooting. They occurred without pain and any discomfort, and contained no trace of blood. During the early evening, from 7 to 10 p. m., he was troubled occasionally by acid eructations, but on suspending the administration of nourishment for a time this symptom disappeared. At 10.30 p. m. one-quarter of a grain of morphine was administered hypodermically, being the only morphia given since our telegram to you yesterday.

He slept very well during the night and expressed himself as feeling quite comfortable though weak. This morning at 8:30 his pulse was 98, temperature 98–99, respiration 23. The tenderness of the lower extremities to touch has considerably diminished. He is taking with a relish every two hours some chicken broth made more nutritious by the addition of raw egg albumen. At 12:30 this afternoon his pulse was 100, temperature 99, respiration 23. Will continue to keep you advised of his progress.

CAUSE OF THE CRIME.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Sir Edward Thornton thinks the president will recover on account of his physique, his bravery, and the favorable outcome so far. He was very complimentary of Mrs. Garfield and believes that Guitteau was alone in the crime, but unquestionably the fight against the president influenced and made the crime possible. This fact has much depressed Arthur whom Thornton believes would not enter upon the presidency if Garfield dies because he had arrayed himself against the president supported by the people. It is a sad fact the madmen have been inspired with the belief lately that the killing of a ruler would change the government.

A GOOD CUSTOM.

The English custom of locking up those who attempted to shoot the queen and flogging at intervals might be a wise remedy as it has proved there.

COMPARATIVE HAPPINESS.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—There is comparative happiness at the White House and in the city. The steady improvement of the president since last night has materially increased hope, but there is great anxiety. While he is doing well, the fact the danger is not as yet passed, is realized. The doctors say there has been improvement every hour, very little improvement and very slow but very perceptible.

A FOOLISH STORY.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—The story that the assassin Guitteau tried to shoot Blaine but was prevented by Benson, formerly of the secret service, is disproved by the testimony of ticket agent Park, at the depot, who says Guitteau tried to escape as soon as the shooting was over. Benson was not in the room at the time of the shooting.

THE TRIBUNE TO THE LEGISLATURE.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Both the Times and Tribune have stinging leaders on the duty of the New York legislature in the present crisis. The Tribune says it would gratify the whole country to know that the Albany struggle which was unquestionably the immediate cause, in some degree, of the wild excitement that started the deadly bullet on its way. The contest should be terminated by the good sense and patriotism of the republican members. Because the president would not proscribe any element of the republican party, a savage and malignant warfare against him has been commenced. Can the legislature in any way more fitly show the sympathy which all patriotic men feel for the president than by the election of two faithful and able republicans? It would not be bad news to send to Washington that the legislature respected his motives, recognized his patriotism, spurned the slanders which have been uttered about him and emulated his single hearted devotion to the public welfare.

THE TIMES' DENUNCIATION.

The Times declares that nothing but sheer perversity and wilfulness on the part of the minority of their number prevents them from agreeing upon senators to-day. Platt has withdrawn, and Conkling has no more chance of being elected than the assassin himself. There can be no object in continuing the contest but to still antagonize the administration, whose official head lies between life and death—an administration which commands popular sympathy and support as it never did before.

NEW YORK MEDICAL OPINIONS.

NEW YORK, July 6.—A city physician, who withholds his name, writes the Tribune concerning the president's wound: It is the opinion of a large number of intelligent medical men of this city that neither the liver nor any other vital part has been wounded. This is borne out by the fact that beyond the first shock there has been no material change either in temperature, pulse or respiration. The changes that might affect the former are the most important indications either of shock or peritonitis; but the body heat has not risen above 101 and a fraction. The most probable explanation of the wound is that the bullet took an upward course and lodged in the dense tissues of the spinal column. This injury would account for the pain in the legs and feet and it would be difficult to account for the pain in any other way. No man injured in the manner claimed by the medical witnesses would live so long without an accession of really unfavorable symptoms.

Dr. Cornochan also thinks if the liver was touched at all it was only slightly inpinged upon.

Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, says the exact location of the wound is in the right side, four inches from the spine, between the tenth and eleventh ribs, the latter being broken, from the exterior appearance of the wound. The presumption certainly would be that the liver has been traversed.

NO CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

Your reporter left the White house at 10 o'clock to-night, and everything was more quiet than since the president was shot. The members of the cabinet have gone home to get much-needed rest, being assured that no change for the worse is apprehended to-night. Secretary Blaine went home. For the first time the crowd that has been at the White house gates continually since Saturday departed to-night. The surgeons have decided not to issue any more bulletins until to-morrow to let the president sleep undisturbed for he seems inclined to sleep a good deal. His mind is clear and bright. He has not slept since last evening, fully seven hours. His sleep which has been calm and natural has benefitted him greatly. The question as to the source whence danger was feared has been inquired after many times. The Dr. replied that it would be difficult and improper to state. There might be pus in the cavity of the wound; there might be secondary hemorrhage which however he didn't seriously apprehend, or a variety of other causes to make symptoms unfavorable. At this time however, he felt under the circumstances strongly hopeful of recovery; more hopeful than at any time yet. The president's improved condition has been shown at 9 o'clock by the condition of his pulse which has dropped to 104, a difference of six beats for the better since 1 o'clock.

Secretary Blaine, who had left the White House about 7 o'clock spoke most encouragingly of the president's condition and improvements since this forenoon, and his stomach retains everything given. There is no intention to probe for the ball until the president recovers considerable strength. The president kept resting on his side most of the time, though his position is shifted frequently; pillows placed under him and arranged to give the greatest ease.

HIS LIFE INSURED.

Garfield recently took out a life insurance policy for $25,000.

NO CONFEDERATES.

WASHINGTON, July 6. Attorney Gen'l McVeagh says he won't give to the press Guitteau's papers till the president's condition is settled and the cabinet can get to business. They are not very important and the press knows about everything they contain. The keeping of them don't argue suspicion of confederate's MacVeagh scouts that idea. Conkhill also said it was not time yet to give out Guitteau's papers, but emphatically sat down on the confederate idea. He had not a single confederate. His only reason for holding these papers he says is that their publication would gratify the egotism of that damned beast Guitteau.

A COMFORTABLE DAY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, midnight, July 6.—The president passed a most comfortable day and his condition to-night is in every way as satisfactory as could be expected. He has taken more nourishment during the past eighteen hours than at any time since he was wounded, and the food has all been retained and perfectly assimilated. In order to relieve him as far as possible from the oppression caused by the intense heat, the attending physicians this evening put into operation a simple

REFRIGERATING APPARATUS

which it is thought will render the atmosphere of his room to-morrow much more comfortable than it has been to-day. It consists of a number of troughs of galvanized iron about ten inches in width and fourteen feet in length, placed on the floor along the walls and filled with water and broken ice; over these throughs and corresponding with them in length are suspended sheets of flannel, the lower edges of which are immersed in ice water which fills the troughs. The water is absorbed and carried upward by the capillary attraction of the flannel capillaries as oil in the wick of a lamp until the sheets are saturated. This cold water bath by direct contact with the air and by the rapid evaporation which takes place over an extended surface of the flannel lowers the temperature of the room. Although only a few hours have elapsed since this apparatus was put into operation, it has made a perceptible change, and its utility will be still more clearly demonstrated to-morrow. The day has been comparatively quiet at the executive mansion, for the reason that the favorable bulletins have to a great extent relieved the public anxiety and decreased the number of callers. At this hour, midnight, the president is resting quietly, and all his symptoms are encouraging.

AN INSANE IDIOT.

PHILADELPHIA, July 6.—The lunatic McNamara, an Irishman, served in the rebellion and the regular army for five years. He has been in the alms house here. He has been arrested for disorderly conduct, jailed and sent to the insane asylum. He has been in the locomotive works lately and went to Washington to get Blaine to secure him a pension. He denounced Guitteau's crime before leaving. He was always excitable and conceited.

THE FOOL, M'NAMARA,

said yesterday: "I came on here to get the authorities to call off the powers who are conspiring against me. There is a political conspiracy of spiritualistic mediums who are trying to obtain possession of my mind. They are trying to put Psyche in my brain. The, revealed to me in 1875, while I was in San Francisco, that I was to shoot Grant and the Prince of Wales, the eldest son of the Dutch widow, and they have been pursuing me ever since with spiritual exhortations to carry out their behests. I have been doing battle against them ever since. Last month I came from San Francisco to Philadelphia, and tried to make a statement in one of their courts, that justice might aid me to fight the conspiracy, but I saw no opportunity to be heard in court unless I committed some misdemeanor and got myself arrested. I split a brick in half and put the halves in my overcoat pocket. When I got to the postoffice I took one from my pocket and threw it through one of the large windows, calling out at the same time, "That is a better shot than the one aimed at the president of the United States."

He did actually perform this deed. He is of medium size, haggard, spare, with gray hair and ragged. He had only a dollar in his pocket.

WHAT ARTHUR WOULD DO.

CHICAGO, July 6.—The Tribune referring to Senator Jones' remark that Arthur's presidency would not mean much more than a change of men, says: As the representative of the rotten borough of the state of Nevada and particular intimate friend of Conkling, his utterances are particularly significant. If he means Arthur will dismiss the cabinet and appoint to office different men than those selected by Garfield it would be difficult to conceive a more radical change. It is the change most seriously apprehended, like the change of Tyler, Fillmore and Andy Johnson. If Jones speaks by authority the Tribune hopes he may say something more encouraging.

BOB. INGERSOLL MELTED.

CHICAGO, July 6.—A special from Washington says that great, big, bluff, hearty Ingersoll, who has loved Garfield many years but has lately been estranged during the most critical and dangerous period of the president's relapse walked through the upper halls of the White house the tears streaming down his cheeks. The president's good fellowship has drawn the cabinet to him as close personal friends. MacVeagh has been the most discouraged but one of the most loving and attentive companions. "Oh," said he, "There never was a better president than he that Guitteau's bullet struck down. He never saw more clearly and never had firmer and better purposes. He was going to be all that the best thought of the country ever expected of him. He was going to be a great president." He went on in this strain for a whole hour. The sudden change for the better was a joyful period in the White house halls Had the inmates dared they would have flung up their hats and shouted wildly.

FOREIGN FRIENDSHIP.

LONDON, July 6.—The town councils of Dudley and Bristol have passed resolutions of sympathy with the people of America.

GRAND ARMY SYMPATHY.

NEW YORK, July 6.—Representatives to G. A. R., veteran soldiers and sailors, met to-night and heard addresses and adopted resolutions on the assassination. A letter from Gen. Isaac Catlin disapproving of the meeting caused a storm of hisses. There is general satisfaction to-night over the outlook.

Conkling only made a business visit down town. It is rumored that Grant had a conference with him. Conkling will remain some time. He asked for news and expressed a hope for the president's recovery.

DAVID DAVIS' PRAYERS.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Senator David Davis sends his deep personal sympathy and heartfelt prayers for the recovery of the president.

ARTHUR'S KIND WISHES.

Arthur was told that the strictest quietness was enjoined and it was impossible that his wish should be granted. General conversation was then entered upon about the president's condition. The vice president feelingly spoke of the encouraging reports as to the president's condition, and expressed fervent wishes that he would recover. After a half hour spent with members of the cabinet he and Jones returned to Jones' residence where the vice president remains very quiet.

GREATLY ENCOURAGED.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Executive Mansion, 1 a. m.—The president is resting quietly, as are also his physicians and attendants. Everybody about the executive mansion is a great deal encouraged.

ANOTHER CURSED FOOL.

WASHINGTON, July 6.—Another crazy man went into the adjutant general's office and stopped General Drumon, and said he had a revelation that he must kill Vice President Arthur. He was promptly arrested.

From Thursday's Daily.

Hon. H. A. Risley went south on the morning express yesterday.

Ten thousand people visited Cole's circus in Denver, on the Fourth.

Although travel to Manitou this week is not as heavy as last, the hotels are crowded.

The hook and ladder company was out for a practice run on the Nevada avenue track last night.

Mr. G. S. Robins, the assignee of G. W. Turney, is offering some remarkable inducements in the jewelry line.

The Pasmore & Kaufman company will by special request reproduce the Pirates of Penzance in Denver within a few weeks.

Mr. W. W. Borst, superintendent of the western division of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe road was in the city yesterday.

Conductor Sayre, who runs the Manitou and Denver accommodation train, is one of the most popular conductors on the road.

Water was shut off from the city during the greater part of the day yesterday, in order to give time for the cleaning out of the reservoir.

Mr. Ed. Newton, of this city, is personally acquainted with Charles Julius Guitteau, the would-be assassin of President Garfield, he having lived and worked with him for years.

A break which occurred in the main between the reservoir and this city yesterday, was the cause of the water being cut off so long.

W. H. Milburn sent a very interesting Manitou letter to yesterday's Tribune. He is spending his honeymoon at the Manitou house.

Under the management of Mr. J. W. Purdy, the New England kitchen, on North Tejon street, is becoming quite a popular eating house.

The new hose company will have their hose house in the northern part of the city and the city council will order a new hose cart for the company.

Mr. D. L. Hughes inserts a for sale advertisement in this morning's issue of the GAZETTE which is well worthy the attention of our readers.

Mr. Irving Howbert and family have gone to Twin lakes to spend a few weeks. This is becoming quite a popular resort for Colorado Springs people.

Quite a large number of Colorado Springs people attended the celebration at Manitou park on the Fourth, and every one experienced an enjoyable time.

Mr. J. H. Hazleton, the former manager of the Opera House here, writes from Washington that he will return to Colorado in the fall with some standard attractions.

Mr. Isadore Davidson, the former comedian of the Sheridan company, is in the city. He has severed his connection with the Sheridan company, they having gone to California.

There seems to be a large demand for furnished cottages both here and at Manitou this season. Every convenient and well furnished cottage in this city has been taken.

Saturday next Cole's circus gives two performances in this city. No better circus than Cole's has ever visited Colorado, and it is favorably spoken of wherever it appears.

The Juvenile Hose company No. 1 claim that they secured first water at the fire on Monday night, and were playing a stream upon the flames when the other companies appeared upon the ground.

We understand that some of our citizens make serious objection to having the hose companies appear in running costume, as they did on Nevada avenue last Saturday. How very modest we are getting.

Fred. Hines, the irrepressible invalid from Kansas City, has accepted a position with Solomon Sommer, the cigar man. Fred. is better posted on "doggies" than cigars and tobaccos; but then he will soon learn the trade.

One of the hose companies at the fire on Monday night unreeled six hundred feet of hose to a fence post instead of to a hydrant before they realized their mistake. Considering that it was the Fourth of July and a legal holiday the boys are excusable.

Mr. C. J. Moore, of Denver, had an adventure while climbing Pike's peak on the Fourth that he is not likely to soon forget. He was mounted, and while crossing one of the narrow passes, the girth of the saddle broke, the horse missed his footing, and both animal and rider were thrown down the mountain side. After tumbling and rolling for forty feet or more Mr. Moore stayed his fall by catching hold of a stump. He escaped with no other injuries than a few slight scratches and a general shaking up. Fortunately the horse was uninjured also.

ORE OUTPUT.

What Leadville Has Done in the Last Six Months.

The Leadville Herald furnishes the following summary of the output of the mines of the carbonate district for the past three months:

The Grant Smelting company	$ 786,105
Eddy, James & Co	231,511
La Plata Mining and Smelting company	804,383
Billing & Ellers	545,526
California smelter	260,240
American smelting company	204,248
Cummings & Finn	366,655
Ohio and Missouri	160,692
Taylor & Brunton mill	107,155
Tabor Milling company	47,250
Aug. R. Meyer & Company	40,114
Oro Stamp mill	4,000
Colorado Prince mill	11,000
Shields mill	14,000
Gulch mines	13,000
Total	$3,403,993

The statement for the first quarter of 1881 shows as follows:

The Grant smelting company	$ 759,502
Eddy, James & Co	250,622
La Plata M. & S. Co	484,920
American Smelter	128,721
Billing & Ellers	872,176
California Smelter	213,010
Taylor & Brunton	79,091
Harrison Reduction Works	24,232
Cummings & Finn	384,247
August R. Meyer	48,500
Tabor Milling company	35,000
Colorado Prince mill	30,000
Total	$3,097,826

The total therefore produced at the Leadville smelters for the first half of the year amounts to $6,501,813.

The amount does not quite equal the amount produced in the first half of last year, and if not increased, the production of 1881 will fall about two millions below that of 1880. It must be remembered, however, that almost all the smelters have been closed down part of the time putting in new machinery and enlarging their works. The ore at present is plentiful and the outlook is most prosperous.

In addition to the above figures it must be remembered the outside camps which are in a measure dependent and tributary to Leadville are not estimated. For the first quarter of 1881 the Robinson mine alone produced and shipped ore and bullion to the amount of $200,000. For this last quarter over $400,000 worth of ore has been shipped, nearly all going through to Denver, besides which there has been shipped in bullion produced at the Robinson smelter a value of $104,000. The smelter has not been run continuously as it is doing at present, or this amount would be much larger. The White Quail smelter has also been largely productive of bullion.

A Monetary Failure.

PARIS, July 6.—The Bourse says the British speculators raised the price of silver on the strength of the bank of England proposition, but the members of the Monetary conference are unanimous in rejecting the proposal. There must be bi-metallism or nothing, the circles conference is considered a failure for the time being.

Hang the Survivor.

NEW ALBANY, Ind., July 7.—Wm. Willis and Robert Prunett, living near here, settled a feud to-day by a duel. Willis was dangerously wounded. Prunett was unhurt.

Bribed no Doubt.

ALBANY, July 6.—Scott in the assembly reported for the majority that the bribery committee thought proper not to report on alleged bribery as indictments were found by the jury. Both the charges and denials were positive and circumstantial. The minority reported if the charge is true a great crime has been committed. It bears somewhat on Bradley for receiving money at all and compares him with Judas Iscariot. Either Bradley or Sessions had the crime perfectly on their conscience. The Almighty alone knew which. The testimony shows no money was offered any legislator but Bradley. The whole testimony is reversed by the minority.

Franco-Turkish Relations.

PARIS, July 6.—A semi-official telegram mentions that reports are current among Arabs of Tunis that 50,000 Turks and Arabs have entered Tunis from Tripoli. Relations between France and Turkey are strained to the utmost extent. The sultan declared he would never again receive Tissat, the French ambassador at Constantinople, and Tissat replied the sultan might possibly learn some day what it costs to insult a great country in the person of its representation. Liberal papers sneer at the Turkish ambassador's disclaimer of responsibility for the Tunisian outbreak as the consequence of its sending troops to Tripoli. They say it will not satisfy public opinion until the porte recalls its troops from Tripoli and dissolves its camps on the Tunisian frontiers.

Russian Crop.

ODESSA, July 6.—The harvest prospects in southern Russia are so brilliant that it realized the abundance will be unprecedented. This is due to the abnormal quantity of rain which has fallen during the past two months. Its continuance in some parts now excites fear that they may have too much rain. Such numbers of corn beetles have appeared in the governments of Phankoff and Kherson the imperial government intend to lend 100,000 roubles towards the extermination of them.

Mexican Matters.

CITY OF MEXICO, July 6.—The attempt to assassinate Garfield caused great indignation.

The government has established an office to liquidate the accounts of the treasury from the 9th of August, 1867, to the 1st instant.

The newspapers of Mazatlan relate that the schooner Eustaces, Captain Thornsby, from San Francisco, has been set on fire by the cook. There were prisoners on board for having killed Captain Day. Only four sailors escaped. They have arrived at Mazatlan.

Magnificent Debt Paying

Pall Mall Gazette.

It is small wonder if the prosperity of the United States excites envy in this country, and leads unthinking persons to suppose that to secure wealth no agency is so infallible as a ruthless customs tariff. Mr. Secretary Windom has notified that no more 5 per cent. bonds can be received for reduction to 3½ per cent. The remainder will be paid off out of surplus revenue, and between now and next August, in pursuance of this plan, £15,600,000 of the 5s and £3,200,000 of the 6s will accordingly be paid off. What with reductions of interest and repayments of principal, the expenditure of the United States will thus in a few months time be lightened to the extent of at least £2,000,000 per annum. That is undoubtedly a magnificent result, and we trust that the progress will continue equally rapid in years to come. We may not like the way much of the money is obtained, but that can make no difference to the sincerity with which we can congratulate the United States on the rapidity of its debt reduction. Debt is as much a curse to nations as to individuals.

Evils of Early Rising.

Story Stories.

John Quincy Adams and Josiah Quincy, Sr., were enthusiastic advocates of early rising. They practised it from boyhood, and attributed to it their physical vigor in old age. Judge Story, who was an intimate friend, loved dearly a good morning nap, and their opposite opinions often gave rise to sharp and witty discussions. On one occasion, when the two eminent men had dined with the judge, he invited them to accompany him to the law school in Cambridge, where he was to deliver a lecture. He invited the ex-president to talk to the students, and Mr. Adams made interesting practical remarks, touching among other topics on his favorite theme of early rising. The judge went on with his lecture. The afternoon was hot and the lecture room close, and toward the close of the lecture he noticed that the class were nodding to each other and smiling. Looking first on his right hand and then on his left, he discovered the secret of their merriment, for both of the distinguished visitors were asleep and nodding. He could not resist the temptation to add a postscript to his lecture. "Young gentlemen, I call your attention to the visible proofs of the evils of early rising." The loud laugh that followed awoke the gentlemen, but they did not understand the joke that caused it.

ASH-TONIC

The great remedy for Dyspepsia, Bilious Diseases and Functional Derangements attendant upon Debility. In 1-2 lb. bottles, 75 cents. Six bottles, $4. Accredited Physicians and Clergymen supplied with not exceeding six bottles at one-half the retail price, money to accompany order. Sold by Druggists and by D. B. DEWEY & Co., 46 Dey St., New York.

TONIC.—"*Increasing the strength, obviating the effects of debility, and restoring healthy functions.*" WEBSTER.

Castoria—35 doses

35 cents. A pleasant, cheap, and valuable remedy for fretful and puny children.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

For Sprains, Wounds, Scalds, Rheumatism, and any pain upon Man or Beast.

College Library.

Conkling fears personal injury.

Our citizens are anxious to see work commenced on the new hotel.

Senator Hill passed through the city yesterday morning on the Leadville express.

Telegraphic news is confined to accounts of the president's condition. All other matters are forgotten.

Laura Dainty and Madame Rita will give an elocutionary and musical entertainment at Manitou to-morrow night.

It is possible that the question which has been so long before the Albany assembly will be settled to-day. It is full time.

All members of hose company No. 1 are requested to attend the regular monthly meeting in the chief's office to-night.

Mr. W. W. Nichols, of Manitou, has gone east to pass preparatory examination for entrance to Yale College at the fall term.

Mr. B. F. Follett and family, who have been spending the past two months in the city, left yesterday for their home in Kokomo.

Cascade avenue is being graded and repaired. It is one of the most attractive drives in the city, and has for some time needed attention.

The water will be shut off from the city today between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock in order to give time for the repairing of a break in the pipes.

Prof. Plummer gave an entertainment in the Congregational church at Manitou, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the church building fund.

More cottages and places of residence are being erected at Manitou this season than for several years past. We are only too glad to see these indications of prosperity.

There will be a meeting of the Denver & Rio Grande base ball club this evening. A full attendance of the members is desired, as business of importance will be transacted.

Mr. Ed. Creighton, the proprietor of the Manitou House billiard parlor, has completed his popular place of resort, and he now has one of the neatest billiard rooms in the state.

Mr. John W. Guire, formerly connected with the Monument Mentor, was married in this city yesterday to Miss Francis Elick, of Buena Vista. The GAZETTE extends its congratulations.

Mr. Charles A. Foster, of the Manitou Park house, was in the city yesterday. He reports that quite a large number of tourists and pleasure-seekers are sojourning at the Park this season.

We find the first number of the Evening Press, a new afternoon paper published at Denver, upon our table. It has a neat dress and contains considerable local and telegraphic news.

Nearly all the hotels at Manitou are comfortably well filled although the season has not fairly commenced. Next month will probably be the liveliest one that Manitou has experienced.

To-morrow Cole's circus will give an afternoon and evening performance in this city. This circus is well and favorably known by the Colorado Springs people and the attendance will probably be very large.

Owing to a typographical error in yesterday morning's issue of the GAZETTE, Mr. Sommer's name appeared as Solomon instead of Moses Sommer. We are always glad to rectify any mistakes of this kind that occur.

Conductor Sawyer, of the Manitou branch of the Denver and Rio Grande, reports that the little road is doing considerable business. On the Fourth of July he conveyed over 800 passengers between here and Manitou, while the freight carried over the road is exceedingly large considering the length of it.

Two colored men by the name of Oliver Johnson and Jerry Anderson, became involved in a fight in front of the GAZETTE office yesterday afternoon. After scuffling for some time they resorted to the counting room of the GAZETTE and continued the fight but were promptly expelled by the book keeper.

Mr. William H. Phelan, of Fond du Lac, Wis., died last night at Mrs. Phelan's boarding house, on Cascade avenue. The friends of the deceased have been telegraphed to as to what disposition should be made of the remains.

It is suggested by a correspondent that our new hotel be called the Palmer house. It might perhaps be well to ask General Palmer's permission first. The idea, however, will doubtless meet with general approval.

Mr. David Thornton died at the Cliff house yesterday afternoon of consumption. The body will be embalmed by Messrs. Reynolds & Westerfield and forwarded to his former home in Chicago for interment.

Mr. Chas. A. Sigler, of Dr. Horn's office, was unexpectedly called east last evening by the illness of his mother. Mr. Sigler will continue his course of studies in the medical college at St. Louis before returning. He will be absent about nine months.

It is not definitely decided whether the Queen City base ball club, of Denver, will play the D. & R. G. boys in this city to-morrow or not. Should it come off an announcement of the same will be made in to-morrow morning's issue of the GAZETTE.

The Denver Republican rather reflects on the character of the Omaha sporting men who are at present in Denver. It rather implies that they jumped the town without paying their bills. Perhaps the Union Pacific club's followers did so, but we cannot for a moment allow ourselves to think that any members of the club would be so indiscreet, for they all showed themselves to be gentlemen.

COLORADO'S STATE FAIR.

Arrangements Made for a Representative Exhibition.

The Denver News, of yesterday, contains an extensive article on the approaching state fair. We condense some of the more important facts as follows:

The Colorado Industrial association announce their ninth annual fair for September, commencing on the thirteenth—Tuesday—and continuing until Saturday, the seventeenth. The announcement is officially made through the annual pamphlet, a piece of typographical work which the News only could produce in so splendid a manner.

"The contents of the pamphlet under notice are varied and quite interesting, being from the pen of John S. Stanger, secretary of the association. The following extracts from the book may not prove uninteresting:

"The fair will open Tuesday September 13, 1881, and continues five days.

The gates will be open at 8 o'clock, a. m., each day.

The exhibition of stock in the ring will commence at 10 o'clock a. m., each day, and continue until the programme for the day is through.

Trials of speed horses will be called at 1.30 o'clock, p. m., each day, and for horses not on the track at 2 o'clock, the rules of the national association will be enforced.

Entries of articles or animals can be made through the mail at any time previous to the fair, by addressing the secretary, at Denver. Entries can also be made by calling on the secretary at his office at any time up to 9 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, September 10. Exhibitors are requested to make entries during the week previous to the fair, and thus prevent any error by reason of the crowd at the fair grounds. This request is specially made to persons residing in Denver and vicinity.

On Monday morning, September 12, the entry books will be removed to the secretary's office on the fair grounds, where all entries must then be made.

Entries will be closed against all persons living in Denver at six o'clock on Tuesday evening, September 13, and to all others on Wednesday, September 14, at noon.

No entry can be made after the time above mentioned unless in case of unavoidable detention arising from accident or other sufficient cause. And no entry shall be made in any case after the books are in the hands of the awarding committee.

As no fees will be charged to enter articles or animals competing for premiums of the association, all exhibitors will have to pay the regular admission to the grounds.

"Where no premiums are offered, space will be alloted to those wishing to exhibit articles of late invention, and every convenience offered for advertising. Parties so exhibiting will be permitted to place signs and showcards over their stands. Entries must be made with the secretary in the same manner as when the premiums are offered.

"Persons desiring space for the exhibition of articles of machinery must make the same known to the secretary at as early a day as possible, and give the name of the article, of the exhibitor, his place of residence, and specify the amount of space required."

Masonic Notice.

The M. W. Grand Lodge A. F. and A. Masons, of Colorado, will convene in special communication at Cañon City, on Saturday afternoon, July 9, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of laying the corner-stones of the Masonic building and the new county court house. All masons in good standing are fraternally invited to unite with the Grand Lodge on this occasion.

LAWRENCE N. GREENLEAF,
Grand Master of Masons in Colorado.

Masons desiring to attend the ceremonies can obtain tickets at one and one-fifth rate (or, in other words, by paying a full fare there and a fifth fare for the return), on application to Grand Master Greenleaf.

It will be well for many in this city to read the article on irrigation in yesterday's edition of this paper. Many lawns are so carelessly watered that the street and walk are flooded. It must be remembered that our water supply is not too great. There should be attention given to water waste by the city authorities.

MUSIC AND ELOCUTION.

Entertainment to Be Given in the Saratoga, Manitou.

Miss Laura Dainty and Madame Rita will give a musical and literary entertainment at the "Saratoga," Manitou, to-morrow evening. It is not necessary for us to speak of the merits of Madame Rita's singing, as she is well known here. Of Miss Dainty the Detroit Free Press speaks as follows:

Laura Dainty was introduced to the Detroit public at Merrill hall last evening by the Detroit Light guard, for whose benefit she gave one of her charming entertainments. She had an intelligent and unusually critical audience, and before she had gone through half of her programme she had succeeded in completely "capturing" them. She is in the first place a vivacious, animated, bright and altogether captivating little body, and the "business" air with which she addresses herself to the work of the moment at once impress itself upon the spectator. Entirely unaffected and yet strikingly effective, she flings herself into her theme or the passing character of self-forgetfulness rarely observed in those professionals who represent this branch of art. She has very great skill in the delineation of eccentric character, and her recitations are the perfection of naturalness. A vigorous appreciation of humor is one of her strong points, and her efforts in selections in which that element predominated were greeted literally with shrieks of laughter. Again, one cannot help melting under her pathos, which never appears, even in the strongest temptation, to be forced or overdone, its seeming spontaneity being its best recommendation. Her recitation of Holmes' "How the Old Horse Won the Bet," was a most vivid and graphic illustration of the art of story-telling. Indeed so pronounced was its effect upon her audience that they broke out in a tempest of applause in the midst of the recitation. Other selections were given with admirable finish and effect. Mrs. Dainty has obviously found her true vocation. An evening of more real enjoyment is not often experienced.

THE CURSED CRIMINAL.

The more familiar the life of Guiteau becomes to one, as the past record of the man is looked over, the more does one feel inclined to heap curses upon his miserable head, and the greater becomes the desire to see some punishment inflicted which shall be worthy of his mean, contemptible and hideous act. No pity can be wasted on the man. He is today the lowest cur in the country, and if we may believe all that is told of him, he should long ago have lived within the four walls of some dark and loathsome cell. He was never worthy to breathe the same fresh air which others enjoy. No hardened criminal lives who would not despise him, and no heart, be it ever so tender, but would be made glad to see the man torn asunder on the rack. Shooting is too good for him, hanging too honorable. His was a crime for which only the most ignoble, the most terrible tortures should be given. Not only for this act, but the others committed in his worthless life, he deserved any punishment the ingenuity of man can plan. If he has to live, millions will pray that his coming years will be where sunlight cannot penetrate, and where only the foulest air is given to breathe. His presence among loyal men and women is worse than the most dreaded malaria; it would poison our self-respect to feel that he could still be allowed to breathe the air we breathe, to be cooled by the same breezes we are refreshed by, and warmed by the same sun. If he is allowed to exist, he should have no rest from sleep, no comfort, no gratification of any kind. Let his crime be kept continually before him, and if capable of feeling, let his every moment be one of anguish. His life should be hellish torture, a long, never-sleeping punishment.

The crime he committed was not one against an individual alone, but against every man and woman, the young and the old of the country. Had his aim been surer the nation would have been the mourner, and not alone the relatives and friends of his victim. He had no bravery when he committed the deed. The shot was given from behind the man he would have killed. He fired for the sake of no principle and for no purpose save the imagined honor and glory of himself. He would have been an administration man, but failing in that he attempted to murder the one from whom he asked favor. No excuse can be offered in palliation of his crime. It was as selfish as it was horrible and no grain of pity can find place in the mind of even the most charitable.

The plea that insanity was the cause of the act is useless. It was not an insane mind which led him on. It was conceit. Over his passions and desires he never had exercised control. From boyhood he has ever allowed his impulses to guide his actions. At one time he threatened to kill his sister, and no story is told of him which does not show him in a contemptible light. He was a newspaper bore, and would stoop to any meanness in order to see his name in print or his articles accepted. He was a noted dead beat in the meanest sense of the word. To cheat any one was his aim and greatest object. Boarding houses, churches, ministers and publishers have all been duped by the cunning of this detestable man. For his own comfort, and his own ends he disgraced religion itself. Now as a preacher, now as a spiritualist and again as a praying christian he has brought disrespect and shame upon a holy name. He distinguished himself by taking prominent parts in the exercises of Christian associations, was a revivalist with Moody and Sankey and in his office has often been discovered upon his knees offering prayer to One who must already have given His curse instead of blessing. While offering these pious protestations, he was engaged in the most disreputable law practices. He has been arrested for embezzlement, and is long familiar with the interior of jails. Indeed, search the world, and no parallel instance will be found of one so totally depraved.

This is a case where the law should be changed. This man has committed crime enough to earn for himself a punishment not provided by our laws. He must not escape. It is an insult to the people if he is punished lightly. He has escaped his just rewards too long even now. This act should be the last he can commit. Let no plea of insanity be listened to. Pity should find no place in our hearts. He is simply a cursed criminal, utterly depraved, wicked for years, selfish, egotistical, a despised, miserable being whom God, for some reason unknown to us, has given breath, reason and understanding.

FRANCE AND TURKEY.

There is a prospect, slight though it may be, that France and Turkey will engage in a destructive war. Should there be a conflict of arms, the doom of Turkey as a nation would be sealed. She has not the power to contend successfully with France. Her treasury is empty, her discipline gone and her power weak. France on the other hand never was richer, stronger or more able to meet a foe. Treasury and army, both are in perfect condition. Her strength for ten years has been husbanded and woe betide whoever shall attempt to dispute her will.

Civilization is marching from the west to the east in Europe. Turkish barbarism must fade away. The country as a nation, distinct and powerful, must open its doors and let the influence of the east prevail. Eastern and western civilization once stood side by side. Moslem, Jew and Frank started together, but the Franks have surged far ahead. Only the western civilization can resurrect the east. Egypt and Tunis have taken new lease of life since they accepted western thought and culture. In Turkey there must also be accepted the new life. If France declares war against the sultan the eastern question will come into prominence again, and that is only a conflict between two civilizations, one of which is decaying, and the other progressive. It is a strife between the culture of the Moslems and the Franks, and there can be no question but that the days of the Moslems are numbered. The impulse of Mohamedan civilization was long ago spent. Its decay has been continual. Moslem and Jew started with the chances in their favor. The seminaries of Cordova and Toledo had their rise in the schools of Bagdad and Damascus. Europe at first learned from the east all arts and sciences, and in commerce as well, the east was superior to the west.

But all supremacy is now departed from about and beyond Bosphorus. Turkish indifference and laziness have cost their country its independence. France will have an easy victory, and another country will be ready to be benefitted by Moslem civilization.

It would be appropriate and proper to have the president's recovery celebrated on some appointed day. If he survives his injuries the people will gladly devote one day to joyous celebrations. The Fourth was mournful. The new Fourth would be the reverse. We believe that party feeling would be forgotton, and that the day when our president is pronounced out of danger would be the happiest one of all our holidays. It is very likely that the people will demand that an opportunity be given them to express their joy and their gratitude that the president lives.

The opinion is becoming more general that the assassin is not insane. The reports of his conversation wherein he regrets that the president is not dead, are enough to drive one insane with anger at the man. Here is the country waiting anxiously for good news and this miserable cur lies in jail and regrets that his pistol did not do its work.

Nearly every state and country in the world telegraphed sympathy to the president. It is to be regretted that the governor of Colorado did not send a message of condolence, sympathy and love. It would have been the universal desire of the people of this state to have Gen. Garfield know that they watched his illness with all the anxiety they would that of near and dear personal friends.

STICKNEY.

How He Looks and Acts, and What He Expects in His Favor.

From the Denver News.

Those who knew Charles W. Stickney four weeks ago would scarcely recognize him now. His confinement in the county jail has apparently sapped the very life-blood from his system. Instead of the bright and animated countenance the visitor sees through the iron gratings a face of leaden dullness, whose lines have deepened into premature old age, and whose general appearance is made the more ghastly by the almost fixed and fading eyes. His black suit, which once clothed in neatness the sufficiently plump form, now hangs about his fleshless bones; the pantaloons seem to have grown too long, and the sleeves of the coat likewise.

The man is the very impersonation of wretchedness. He talks but little, even to the brother who is bending his energies in anticipation of the coming trial. To the turnkeys and jail attendants he says nothing. His manner, when meals are sent in to him, is that of one absorbed in the workings of his own mind. He sees not clearly, though evidently conscious to a certain extent of what is passing about him.

Very few people are admitted to his presence. Indeed it may be said that the only visitors who call upon him are his brother from Chicago and his attorney, Mr. Henry C. Dillon. One or the other of these come to him daily. He receives them in a quiet way, but takes no pains to conceal his sadness, and has not been known to smile since the memorable evening when his hand caused the double tragedy at Seventeenth and Stout streets. His melancholy is thought to be deepening, and it is possible that he will eventually lose what mind he has remaining. His wife is said to be in Chicago.

There is a strong probability that no stone will be left unturned to procure for Stickney a verdict of acquittal. It is known that the attorneys are working like beavers, and in this they are aided by the relative above mentioned. Whether they will be successful or not remains for time to answer. It may be stated, however, that the prosecution are active in their work; and altogether it is quite likely that a vigorous fight will be made when the time comes—in September.

Guiteau's Confession.

Cincinnati Commercial.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—Guiteau asked this afternoon that District Attorney Corkhill be sent for. He said he was desirous to talk about the assassination. The district attorney, who has been working almost incessantly to ascertain all the circumstances connected with the crime and criminal, was resting for a few minutes after his hard labor, but at the call of duty he arose, jumped into his coupé and was soon at the jail. There he was shown to Guiteau's cell, and with his stenographer locked up with him. Guiteau commenced the conversation by saying that he wanted to set the matter straight in the mind of the district attorney. He wanted his motive as clearly understood as to the circumstances surrounding the crime.

"What was your motive?" asked Corkhill.

"It was just what I said it was in my letter to the public," responded the assassin. "I attempted to kill Garfield for the good of the republican party, of which I am a member. I attempted to kill him because I was a stalwart, because I thought I would in that way make Arthur president and aid the party. I am only sorry to hear that I was not at once successful. I hope, however, that he will die, so that I may have the pleasure of success; I didn't want him to linger in pain. I wanted to shoot him dead. I regret his sufferings, although I would not regret his death."

"Do you realize what a terrible crime you have attempted, perhaps succeeded in committing?" said the district attorney.

"Yes; but I do not consider it a crime. It was a political necessity."

"Well, permit me to assure you," said Corkhill, "that it is regarded outside as a dastardly crime. It is regarded as so important that every one who is even suspected of being your accomplice is arrested as an accomplice. You know, I suppose, that it is believed outside that you had accomplices. You know the stories of your having a carriage waiting, and of your having companions in and around the station."

"Are all those things said?" he asked.

"Yes," said Corkhill.

"Then you had better let me tell you about myself up to to-day."

Thereupon he talked for three hours about his antecedents and his actions since he has been in this city. Practically all that he has said has been heretofore published. All that passed was taken down by the stenographer, who also induced Guiteau to write a short letter on general topics in order to secure a specimen of his handwriting. The note book, a large one, is almost full. After the interview, District Attorney Corkhill drove to the White house and had the confession read to the cabinet. They agreed that it was an important contribution to the evidence in the hands of the government. MacVeagh was not present. Corkhill took it to him and to Gen. Sherman. This confession is, perhaps, the most important evidence yet obtained.

Corkhill is working like a beaver. He has several special assistants, and is doing everything that can be done under the circumstances. His investigation is entirely independent of that which is being conducted by the chiefs of room fifty-nine, they pursuing their investigation on the hypothesis that the star route thieves are at the bottom of the whole thing. This is discredited by Corkhill and the secret service detectives.

Belles of the Kitchen.

A few days ago the proprietor of a New York jewelry store called a New York Sun reporter's attention to two customers who were departing with quiet dignity after having made some purchases. "We think a great deal of such customers here," he said, "though they are only servant girls. Their taste in jewelry is often equal to their mistresses'—sometimes superior. They are not led away by the follies of the too utterly intensely intense. I know many ladies who never buy our kind of goods without first consulting with their maids."

"Do you do much business with the maids themselves?"

"Considerable; some of it is on the lady's account, some on the maids, and some on their joint account. I do much repairing for servants who have broken or indented expensive pieces of plate. The girls always want them well repaired, and do not stand at expense. Besides, I often receive very valuable jewelry from servants, who will offer to pay almost any charge if they can have it repaired at once, and in such a way that the injury will not be perceived. These customers are very nervous, and I always know that they have been wearing their mistresses' jewelry to a waiting maids' ball. In New York there's a good deal of high life below stairs. Just after the holidays I had an expensive ear-ring brought me to match. The servant had lost its fellow at a ball. Some months ago a fine-looking lady's maid came in and described minutely a handsome brooch that she had lost, and I was directed to spare no expense in replacing it at once. She tried to appear like a fashionable woman, and played her part well; but I had seen her too often passing the store wheeling a baby carriage not to know who she was."

"'It will be expensive,' said I 'to do this hunting up, and will require an expert; why not advertise for the one you have lost?'

"'Oh, dear, no!' she said hastily, 'it wouldn't—I mean I must have it at the earliest possible moment.'

"You see, sir," continued the jeweler, "she knew the loss might be discovered if the lady read the paper."

"How much did it cost the girl?"

"I made it light; $80, charging just $5 for my time. The girl was very grateful, and it turned out a good thing for me. She brought me all the family's repairing and some other paying work. It is a good plan for us to treat the ladies' maids well."

"These girls must have money."

"They get well paid, and many perquisites. All of them have a nice nest-egg until they are foolish enough to get married. The smaller jewelers all like to have their trade, and they do not buy so much cheap jewelry as you might suppose. Their trade is worth often more to us than their mistresses. You would be surprised to see how my lady will haggle over a trifling sum for repairing that the maid would be too proud to dispute. Then, too, the rich woman, when she wants something new and stylish, won't go to the small jeweler, who has, perhaps, been losing money on her repairing, but to one of the greater houses, where she will seldom do as well. At their parties the maids are bound to have everybody know they've got on their mistresses' jewels, but you'd get a bad result if you just hinted that their clothes were not their own. Sometimes I think that they own up to the jewelry, because people would know that they couldn't afford to have such expensive things of their own. They almost always put on their ladies' manners with their jewelry, very often call themselves by their mistresses' names, and go through the upper-ten ceremonies in the grandest style you ever saw.

"So you have seen some of these parties?"

"Often. The maids cannot always get at their mistresses' jewelry, though they use all sorts of dodges to get at it. Then they come to me to hire my goods, and I go to the party to keep my eye on the stock, for they are not always able to pay a full deposit."

"What are the dodges resorted to by maids who want to get hold of their mistresses' jewelry for an evening.

"There are many of them. One of the safest is to pick up a brooch and suddenly find that one of the stones is loose. I've known them to loosen a large diamond just to get possession of the article of jewelry, and then come to me hastily to have it tightened for the night's wear. Then in the morning the maid will loosen it again, and bring it for me to pinch it up once more. On the second occasion I am directed to 'send it home, please,' and so it gets back to the hands of my lady. Sometimes they will break or bend out a clasp."

"How do you get such accurate information on the subject?"

"Young man, if you would just call in here some morning, right after a fashionable ladies' maids' party, and watch the quantity of splendid jewelry that is brought here for the most trivial kind of repairing, you wouldn't ask that question."

"Did you ever make an estimate of the value of the diamonds and jewelry worn on any single occasion of the kind you name?"

"I made three estimates—just for my own amusement—at the most fashionable affairs held last winter, not very large, but select. The figures do not include watches, for I could not examine them. 'This,' continued the jeweler, pointing to a column of figures, 'was the largest.'

The footing was $83,000.

CITY LOTS, CITY LOTS,

FOR SALE IN ALL PARTS OF TOWN. ALSO CHEAP LOTS IN

PARRISH'S ADDITION.

GARDEN TRACTS

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Ranches, Ranches.

COTTAGES FOR RENT OR SALE.

In all parts of town. Apply to

M. L. DE COURSEY, REAL ESTATE AGENT

Office Next Door S. El Paso Co. Bank.

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MARRIED.

GUIRE-ELICK—In this city July 7, 1881, Rev. W. L. Slutz officiating, Mr. John W. Guire, of Monument, and Miss Francis Elick, of Buena Vista, Chaffee county, Colorado.

WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

CORRECTED BY L. E. SHERMAN.

[The quotations are in pounds, and retail prices, except when otherwise specified.]

APPLES—	
Dried Alden	13@15c
Michigan sliced	10@12½c
BRAN—	
Colorado	$1 35@1 40 cwt.
BUTTER—	
Colorado ranch	25@30c
CRACKERS—	
Premium soda	10c
Oyster	12½c
CHEESE—	
Per pound	20c
COFFEE—	
Rio	20@25c
Java roasted	40c
Mocha, roasted	40c
EGGS—	
State, candled, per dozen	25c
Ranch, per doz	30c
FLOUR—	
Per hundred	$3 60@4 00
Buckwheat	6@7c
MEAT—	
Ham	12½@15c
Dry salt	11@12½
Bacon	12@13c
Lard	14@15c
RICE—	
Sandwich Island	12c
Carolina	11@12½
SALT—	
Per barrel	$4 25@4
SUGAR—	
Granulated	13@14c
Extra C	11½@12½c
STARCH—	
Pearl	8c
Silver Gloss	12½c
SYRUPS—	
Honey, per gallon	$1@1 20
New Orleans	90c@$1 00
Fine table	90c@$1 00
TEAS—	
Imperial	75c@$1 00
Gunpowder	75c@$1 00
Japan	50c@$1 00
Oolong	60c@$1 00
English Breakfast	75c@$1 00
HAY—	
Baled upland	$25 per ton
POTATOES—	
Per cwt. old	$2 50@3 25
" " new	$3 50@400

FOR SALE.—A Walter A. Wood mower and rake. Apply to Mr. Mooney, Spaulding House. w-g-9-4*

SHEEP MEN ATTENTION.—I have two large vats 600 gallons each suitable for dipping sheep, used in cheese factory one season. XXXX tin, double hard wood frames, coiled pipe, and in good order. Will sell for $25 each, to be taken at Castle Rock. Address Sim W. Cantril, care U. S. marshal's office, Denver, Colorado. g-7-3*

Proclamation.

All persons are hereby forbid to use their hydrants for the purpose of irrigation from 9 o'clock p. m. until 5 o'clock a. m. and all hydrants must be closed upon the alarm of fire at any time. This order is made to protect the city in case of fire and is imperative.

MATT FRANCE Mayor.

July 5th, 1881. g-6-2

An Ordinance Concerning Water Works.

Be it ordained by the city council of the city of Colorado Springs.

That section 26 of an ordinance entitled "An ordinance in relation to water works, adopted November 25, 1878," be and the same is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

SECTION 26—Whoever shall have a water license and shall use, or suffer to be used, the water from the hydrant designated in his license, for any other purpose than that specified therein, or shall suffer any person not having a license to use water from such hydrant without informing the city clerk of such use, or shall permit any unnecessary waste therefrom, or shall cause or negligently suffer or permit the water to run from such hydrant without being used, or who shall suffer or permit the water to run from such hydrant contrary to or in violation of any proclamation of the mayor of this city issued in reference thereto, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

Passed and approved July 2, 1881.

[SEAL] MATT FRANCE, Mayor.

Attest A. A. McGOVNEY, City Clerk.

dw-g-6-2

An Ordinance Concerning Wooden Buildings.

Be it ordained by the city council of the city of Colorado Springs:

That section 2 of an ordinance entitled "An ordinance to prohibit the erection of wooden buildings," be amended so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2—That all that portion of the city of Colorado Springs within the following described limits, shall be known as the fire limits of said city: Commencing at a point on Cascade avenue where the center of said avenue intersects the center of Cucharas street, and running thence north along the center of said avenue to the center of the block next south of Bijou street, thence east along the center of said block to the centre of Nevada avenue, thence south along the centre of Nevada avenue to the center of Cucharas street, thence west along the centre of Cucharas street to the point of beginning. Said description includes blocks numbered eighty-one (81), ninety-one (91), one hundred and one (101), eighty-two (82), ninety-two (92), one hundred and two (102), and the south half of blocks seventy-one (71), and seventy-two (72).

And be it further ordained that section 4 of said ordinance be amended and added to so as to read as follows:

SECTION 4—No wooden buildings within the fire limits aforesaid shall be raised, enlarged or removed to any other place within the same, nor shall any such building be removed into the fire limits, and no owner, lessee, builder or other person shall hereafter place or pile or cause to be placed or piled within the fire limits aforesaid any lumber, shingles, lath, hay or straw or other combustible material for purposes of sale unless such lumber, shingles, lath, hay or straw or other combustible material be so placed or piled within and entirely enclosed by a building constructed in conformity with the provisions of section three (3) of this ordinance.

Passed and approved July 2, 1881.

[SEAL] MATT FRANCE, Mayor.

Attest, A. A. McGOVNEY, City Clerk.

dw g-6-2

HORSESHOE.

One of Park County's Good Districts.

Something About Its Mines and Prospects.

From the Regular Correspondent of the Gazette.

HORSESHOE, Park county, June 29.—This is one of the old mineral districts of Colorado, having been the busy scene of mining operations when California gulch, now Leadville, was yielding its wealth of placer gold in '59 and '60. The general physical features of this district are almost identical with those of Leadville, from which it is distant less than seven miles in a southeasterly direction. It is also connected with Fairplay by a good wagon road, six miles long. Two good general stores supply the wants of the miners and other residents, and two hotels cater to the demands of the inner man in an obliging and substantial manner. Some of our mines are well known; having been worked to a profit for years, notable among them being the Peerless, a fine piece of property of large proportions. The Crusade mine adjoining it also shows a large quantity of good mineral in its different workings. The East Leadville mining company have been conducting their operations in the same neighborhood.

Two other companies have been formed this season to develope a number of adjoining claims, viz: The Silver Glance company, who are now taking out some fine looking argentiferous galena in good quantity and a mining corporation of which Judge Belford is president.

The Badger Boy, Last Chance, Cato and others, have bodies of both high and low grade ores in sight, only awaiting the capital and labor both so necessary to the development of all mining property. The World's Wealth, Champion and four other claims, all adjoining on Hamlin Hill, have recently been sold, the buyers of which have commenced work upon a substantial basis.

The Hannah lode on the top of the South Horseshoe, owned by Seymour, Webb & Co., shows at a depth of about sixteen feet a vertical vein eighteen inches wide of fine sulphuret ore. Messrs. Young, Benjamin, Wheatley & Kellogg are drifting upon a fine mineral contact in the same locality with very encouraging results, their property consisting of three parallel claims upon the same contact with a porphyry cap and lime bed-rock. The Fanny Kellogg upon the same hill is yielding some good looking galena ore.

Messrs. Buchanan, Otto & Co. have opened up the same contact lower down with every promise of an early reward. The old Grand View mine, now called the Manitou, has been shipping pay ore to Leadville the last week. The Walton and Walton extension, both on the same vein (a true fissure), show up finely for the amount of work done, owned by George H. Thwaites and others. A sale of the Mudsill is reported pending.

The Hoppel Bros. have commenced a contract for sinking 50 feet upon Heisler hill adjoining Sheep mountain. Several strikes are reported during the past few days, particulars of which are not yet announced. The great desideratum of this district is machinery to treat the ores which are now opened up and awaiting a home market. It would be hard to find a district in Park county offering more inducements to the investment of capital than Horseshoe gulch to-day. Come to the front as a heavy producer of mineral it must; how soon depends on capital. MINER.

THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Very Interesting Meeting Last Evening.

The regular meeting of this society took place last evening in Colonel Ensign's office, on Tejon street. Owing to a misunderstanding in regard to the place of meeting, the attendance was not so large as usual. Mr. Ege exhibited fine samples of rhubarb, beans, peas, tansy, Smith's improved gooseberries, etc. Major McAllister exhibited Smith's improved gooseberries, Red Dutch currants, and Early Richmond cherries. Mr. Bush showed splendid currants, both white and red cherry, and a beautiful sample of Early Richmond cherries.

The water question was discussed at some length by President Parsons, Mr. Snyder, Mr. Ege and others.

The meeting adjourned to meet on Saturday evening, July 16, in the council rooms, in the new Opera house.

HATTIE AIMEE MINING COMPANY.

Some Account of Property Owned Here.

The following items from the San Juan Herald will be found of interest, the mines spoken of being owned chiefly in this city: "The property of this company is situated on the southeast face of Tower mountain and extends from 300 yards above the Howardsville wagon road up to timber line, consisting of three extensions, and entering the body or vein from the western side are the Florence Villard, the Eunicia C. and the Three Doctors lodes. On the right hand side of the gulch are the Mattie B. and the Annie A. lodes, making eight in all. The superintendent, Paul Beckwith, Esq., informs us that this entire property will be thoroughly developed by means of a level or tunnel to be driven on the Hattie Aimee extension, No. 2, and the lateral veins will be drifted upon by the main tunnel on the center vein. From our personal examination of the property we consider it very promising. The superintendent is now at Colorado Springs and will return in a short time and commence active operations upon the property in accordance with the plans he is now laying before the company. The property was located by Mr. Beckwith last summer and relocated for the company this spring and the assessments worked, etc. This company also own several claims on Bear mountain on Mineral creek, which show well in chlorides and carbonates from grass roots. We congratulate the company in the active co-operation they have in their superintendent, as upon our visit to the property we found him doing good service with pick and shovel.

"Some of the richest and most desirable mining property in the San Juan country is to be found in Bear mountain, southwest from Silverton. A large number of assessments have been worked there this season, and the opening of the Ophir Toll road will render access to this locality far easier and more comfortable than it has hitherto been. Parties camping near timber line on Bear mountain have seen several herds of deer, also bear and mountain lion, so that it would seem to be not only the miner's but the hunter's paradise.

"The property of the Tower Mountain Mining company is located on the southern slope of Tower mountain extending over the summit. Major Macomber is the superintendent. The property consists of the Huntington, Hamlin, Wizard, Gifford and Chicago Boy lodes, all of them show well in gray copper and galena. The major intends to thoroughly develop the property this season, and will add another group to the paying properties of our camp."

FIREMEN'S TOURNAMENT.

Yesterday's Contest Between the Two Hose Companies.

The much-talked-of race between the W. S. Jackson and Matt France Hose companies, for a nickel-plated nozzle, offered by Messrs. Alexander & Russell, took place on the Nevada avenue track, at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Messrs. B. F. Crowell, A. Sagendorf and Charles Walker were chosen judges, and Messrs. J. H. Bacon, G. S. Robbins and John Hall were selected for time-keepers. Both companies had been in constant practice for several weeks, during which time they had both made some excellent bursts of speed. It was universally conceded that the race would be a close one, in fact so close that few ventured to bet money on the result, and as a consequence but little money changed hands. Ropes had been stretched upon either side of the track from the starting point on Pike's Peak avenue to the terminus just south of Huerfano, back of which the spectators were compelled to stand. Special officers, composed principally of firemen were stationed at various points along the line to see that the spectators were kept back of the ropes. The W. S. Jackson won the toss, which gave them the advantage of second start.

According to tournament rules the race was to be 500 feet straight, unreel 250 feet of hose, attach to plug and get water.

Shortly after two o'clock the Matt. France drew their cart into position at the starting point. They were arrayed in blue and white and presented a very attractive appearance. After some little delay they got a good start and came down the course amid the cheers of the spectators, passing the plug in 22 seconds. An excellent connection was made at the hydrant and the water rushed through the hose close upon the heels of the runners. A murmur passed through the crowd when it was discovered that the company had failed to secure water. The members of the company at first thought that they had been misled by a distance mark on the track, but it was subsequently alleged that there were but four sections of hose, instead of the requisite number of five, upon the reel. When the company made their practice run in the morning they were confident that they had 300 feet of hose upon the cart when it was returned to the hose house. That it had been tampered with in the meantime was the general opinion of the company, but by whom they were unable to say. Although the defeat under the circumstances was discouraging, the France boys took it in good grace, and but little was said about it on the track.

Several timers at the end of the track gave 38½ as the time made by the Matt France company, but the judges gave no time, as they failed to secure water. As soon as the excitement had subsided, the W. S. Jacksons took their position at the end of the track, and were ready for the word go. The members were attired in white, with blue trunks, and red handkerchiefs upon their heads. Before starting they knew they would get the nozzle, but this did not prompt them to stint their running in the least, and they came down the track in excellent style, passing the plug in twenty and one-half seconds. From the hydrant to the terminus considerable time was lost, and water was secured in 51½ seconds, thus giving them the race. The judges in rendering their decision awarded the nickel plated nozzle to the W. S. Jackson. The second prize, $10 in gold, also offered by Messrs. Russell & Alexander, was not granted to the Matt France company as they had failed to secure time.

Mr. Ed. Cowan, of the Denver Republican, passed through the city on the morning express yesterday, on his way to Santa Fe.

The residence of Rev. C. C. Creegan, on Nevada avenue, was yesterday sold by Mr. Rowe to Mrs. Mary K. Bartlett for $3,600.

MANITOU LETTER LIST.

The following are the letters remaining in the postoffice at Manitou, Colo., July 1st, 1881:

Armstrong, Wm.	Ligh, Henry
Blake, L. D.	Lin, John
Brooks, B. F.	McDermott, Matt, 2
Boly, Mrs. Betty	McGee, M. W.
Baily, Wm.	Moore, Charlie
Brodfield, Walter	Murray, Mr.
Churchill, Nathaniel, 4	Maclachlan, Wm., 2
Cooley, Herbert	Northrup, Wm. R., 4
Cunday, Mrs. N.	Reinhardt, Miss Katie
Coleman, Robt. J.	Russel, Miss Nellie
Carroll, Miss Mary	Roberts, Miss M. E.
Cavanaugh, Michel	Sutherlin, Rev. H.
Clark, George	Sulevan, Miss Julia
Dyas, Miss Minnie	Soiten John
Ellison, David S., 2	Stiers, W. D., 2
Eastburn, Thomas	Sprague, Henry B.
Eley, Jims.	Sanderson, Dr. Wm. R.
Flattery, Thomas, 2	Sutherlin, Harvy
Frank, Italian	Thayer, Harry B.
Gifford, Benjamin	Taylor, James C.
Gilkerson, James H.	Winslow, Mrs. Betsy
Hamilton, Albert	Welsh, John A.
Haven, W. C., M. D.	Wheeler, S. S.
Holmes, James H.	Watkins, Mrs Melissa
Howard, B.	Williams, Charles M.
Jones, Michael	Wright, W. W.
Jones, M.	Young, Dr.

To obtain any of the above please call for advertised letters, giving the date of this list.

A. B. WILLIAMS, P. M.

STAR ROUTES.

Something About the Swindle in Arizona.

A reporter of the Kansas City Evening Star has just interviewed Colonel Carpenter, the Oklahoma boomer, who relates the following concerning some Arizona star routes that is likely to prove of interest: "I know a great deal about the star routes in Arizona and New Mexico. There is one route from Socorro to Tularosa, about eighty miles, which is the boss route. The contractors get $20,000 a year for running a buckboard or a horse once a week. All the mail they ever carried there were letters to the station agent at Tularosa, which letters contained vouchers for him to sign. Oh, it was a fat thing. When the mail carrier got tired of carrying the empty bags, he would hang them up on a tree until he returned. There are hundreds of such routes just like this that I might name, but it would take me a week to tell about them."

"How are the fraudulent routes worked up?"

"The contractors send out a gang of men to sign a petition for a mail route. This petition is sent on to Washington and a route is established between some known point to an unknown point in the sage brush, where no one lives. Now, there used to be a route between Silver City and Santa Fe, for which the contractors got $80,000 from the government. They sublet to Bennett Bros., of Las Cruces, for $20,000; don't do a ——thing and make $60,000 a year."

"Who is the head of the ring?"

"Congressman Barlow, of Vermont."

"Why, his name has never appeared in the expose?"

"No, but it will. He is not only a congressman from Vermont, but formerly the head of the Barlow, Sanderson & Co. stage company. It is now Sanderson & Co., but Barlow still holds his stock. Through him, as congressman, all the star routes in New Mexico and Arizona were worked. His name will soon appear. He is the back ground of the whole thing yet. Under Barlow, Sanderson & Co. are many small fry who are deeply interested.

BLOWING GREAT GUNS.

Experiences at Mt. Washington During a Storm with the Thermometer Way Below Zero.

A writer in Harper's Magazine in an article upon Mt. Washington and the Signal Service Station there says: Noticing that the sides of the summit were strewed with boards, beams and debris of all sorts, my guide explained that what I saw was the result of the great January gale, which had demolished the large shed used as an engine house, scattering the loose fragments far and wide. I begged him to give me his recollection of it.

"During the forenoon preceding the gale we observed nothing very unusual; but the clouds kept sinking and sinking until the summit was quite above them. Late in the afternoon my comrade, Sergeant M——, came to where I was lying abed sick, and said, 'There's going to be the devil to pay, so I guess I'll make everything snug.'

"By nine in the evening the wind had increased to one hundred miles an hour, with heavy sleet. At midnight the velocity of the storm was one hundred and twenty miles, and the exposed thermometer recorded twenty-four degrees below zero. With the stove red, we could hardly get it above freezing inside the house. Water froze within three of the fire—in fact, where you are now sitting.

"At this time the noise outside was deafening. About one o'clock the wind rose to one hundred and fifty miles. It was now blowing a hurricane. The wind, gathering up all the loose ice of the mountain, dashed it against the house with one continued roar. I lay wondering how long the building would stand this, when all at once came a crash. M—— shouted to me to get up; but I tumbled out in a hury on hearing the glass go. You see, I was dressed, to keep myself warm in bed.

"Our united efforts were hardly equal to closing the storm shutters from the inside, but we finally succeeded, though the lights went out when the wind came in, and we worked in the dark.

He rose to show me how the shutters of thick oak were first secured by an iron bar, and secondly by strong wooden buttons firmly screwed in the window frame.

"He had scarcely done this," resumed Doyle, "and were shivering over the fire, when a heavy gust of wind again burst open the shutters as easily as if they had never been fastened at all. We sprang to our feet. After a hard tussle we again secured the windows by nailing a cleat to the floor against which one end of a board was fixed, using the other end as a lever. You understand?" I nodded. "Well even then it was all we could to force the shutters back into place. But we did it. We *had* to do it.

"The rest of the night was passed in momentary expectation that the building would be blown into Tuckerman's, and we with it. At 4 o'clock in the morning the wind registered one hundred and eighty-six miles. It had shifted then from east to northeast. From this time it steadily fell to ten miles, at 9 o'clock. This was the biggest blow ever experienced on the mountain."

"Suppose the house had gone and the hotel stood fast, could you have effected an entrance into the hotel?" I asked.

"We could not have faced the gale."

"Not for a hundred feet? not in a matter of life and death?"

"Impossible. The wind would have lifted us from our feet like bags of wool. We would have been dashed against the rocks, and smashed like egg-shells," was the quiet reply.

"And so for some hours you expected to be swept into eternity?"

"We did what we could. Each wrapped himself in blankets and quilts, binding these tightly around him with ropes, to which were attached bars of iron so that if the house went by the board we might stand a chance—a slim one—of anchoring somewhere, somehow."

Decadence of the Digger Indians.

California Letter to Chicago Tribune.

"There is still something pathetic in the history of the Digger race," said my friend. "In the days of Kit Carson and other famous scouts they swarmed through every valley in the state; and, even down to the time of the pioneers of '49, they thronged the streets of the frontier towns, and their rancherias were so densely populated that the barest necessaries of life were with difficulty obtained. But during the last twenty years they have disappeared more rapidly than ever before; and, before many more years have passed, not a vestige of this once powerful race will remain. What is the cause of this decline? you ask. Undoubtedly it has been war; pestilence and the contact of civilization. In early days the different tribes were fighting unceasingly among themselves, while the Americans and Mexicans aided largely in decreasing the number of their common enemy. In Trinity county thirty years ago a party of whites surrounded a rancheria, and during a night a whole tribe was destroyed. Similar butcheries have occurred in other parts of the state. Not long since I read, in Menetee's 'History of Sonoma County,' about the ravages of the cholera among the Indians in 1833. In one rancheria in the Sacramento valley more than three hundred died within the space of four days. One little girl alone escaped the frightful disease, and when she was rescued the ground was literally covered with the bodies of her dead companions.

"The contact of civilization has been more potent in the extinction of the Diggers than pestilence or the sword. The game is no longer abundant in the mountains, and there is a scarcity of fish in the interior streams; and without fish and game the Indians are put to all sorts of shifts to keep body and soul together. When they are hungry it matters little what sort of food is offered, for they will eat anything which is digestible. Their bread is made generally from acrons, or the kernels of the pine-nut and buckeye; the worms and edible roots are their meat and vegetables. Grasshoppers are one of their favorite dishes, while snakes are said to be eaten with a relish. Between the two evils, starvation and work, there is not much difference in the average Digger's mind, and in escaping both the grand end of existence is obtained.

Abraham Lincoln in Congress.

Washington Star.

In December, 1847, Abraham Lincoln took his seat in congress as a representative from the state of Illinois. It was not long before he became a great favorite with the members and officers of the house, for his genial manners, pleasant voice, and ready wit gave him a magnetic influence on all who came within his social sphere. He possessed but few personal attractions, his figure being tall and ungainly; but these deficiencies were amply compensated for by his many shining qualities of mind and heart. He was a fluent and ready speaker, and his speeches were remarkable for their directness and precision, although lacking in retorical grace and finish. He possessed a rich and inexhaustible fund of wit and humor, to which he gave expression in anecdotes and quaint observations which it was pleasant to listen to.

HIS APPEARANCE ON THE FLOOR.

Whenever he obtained the floor to speak, the house gave him its undivided attention, and never failed to greet his sallies of wit and quick repartees with laughter and applause. One of the most remarkable of his speeches during his first and only term in congress was delivered in July, 1848, in reply to one made a few days before by Mr. Iverson, of Georgia. The subject of Mr. Lincoln's speech was "Military Coat-tails." In the speech of Mr. Iverson, that gentleman accused the whig party of having deserted all their principles and taken shelter under the military coat-tail of General Zachary Taylor, the candidate of the party for the presidency. In the course of his remarks Mr. Lincoln proceeded to show that the democratic party were amendable to a similar charge, having for twenty-five years relied upon the military reputation of General Jackson for success, he having been made president out of it for eight years, while enough of it remained to make presidents of several comparatively small men who succeeded him, and still relying upon it for the success of General Cass, the nominee of the party at the time, their campaign papers everywhere declaring that Cass and Butler were of the "true hickory stripe."

AS A MILITARY HERO.

Toward the close of his speech Mr. Lincoln poured a torrent of ridicule upon the military reputation of General Cass, and then alluded to his exploits as a soldier in the Blackhawk war, "where," he continued, "I fought, bled, and came away. If General Cass saw any live fighting Indians at the battle of the Thames, where he served as aid de camp to General Harrison, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, and although I never fainted from the loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker," added Mr. Lincoln, "if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade in federalism about me up as their candidate for the presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of us as they have of General Cass by attempting to write me into a military hero."

HIS MANNER OF ADDRESS.

The notes of Mr. Lincoln's speech on this occasion were written on sheets of foolscap paper, and lay on the desk before him. It was not many minutes after he had begun to speak before he abandoned his manuscript and walked slowly down the narrow aisle leading to the area in front of the clerk's desk and speaker's chair. He carried his left arm behind him, and with it slightly lifted the skirts of a black swallow tail coat, worn nearly threadbare, which hung loosely from his shoulders, while his right arm was extended, and his long bony forefinger pointed toward his auditors on the opposite side of the hall. As he walked he spoke with great earnestness, until he had crossed the area and stood face to face with the democratic representatives, when he would quickly turn, and hurrying back to his desk, look at his desk, look at his manuscript for a moment, and then resume his walk. When the speaker's hammer fell he resumed his seat amid peals of laughter and applause, which continued for several moments before order was restored and the regular business of the house resumed. Mr. Lincoln's seat in the old hall of representatives was on the outer row and near the western entrance. The marble statue erected to his memory stands within six feet of the spot formerly occupied by his chair and desk.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the matter of the estate of James N. Crouse, deceased, notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the 25th day of July, A. D., 1881, being one of the regular days of the July term of the county court of El Paso county, in the state of Colorado, I, Sarah Crouse, Administratrix of said estate, will appear before the judge of said court, present my final settlement as such Administratrix, pray the approval of the same, and will then apply to be discharged as such Administratrix, at which time and place any person in interest may appear and present objections to the same, if any there be.

Dated at Colorado Springs, Colorado, June 25th, 1881. SARAH CROUSE, Administratrix of the estate of James N. Crouse, deceased. wf 25 4.

Summons.

STATE OF COLORADO, } COUNTY OF EL PASO. }

The people of the State of Colorado send greeting:

To John Miller, James Miller, Joseph Miller, William Miller, Hanna Barrett, Polly Worthington and Nancy Mahan.

Whereas, an instrument in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of George P. Miller, late of said county, deceased, has been presented by Jerome Plummer of Independence, Penn., to the county court of said county for probate, and the 25th day of July, 1881, has been set for hearing the application for the probate of said instrument, as the said last will and testament of said George P. Miller, deceased: and whereas it appears from said instrument and other satisfactory evidence that said deceased died, seized and possessed of real and personal estate in this state and in the states of Ohio and Pennsylvania, and that you, the above named persons are heirs at law of said deceased. Therefore you are hereby notified to be and appear before the county court of El Paso county, at the court house in Colorado Springs on the 25th day of July, A. D. 1881, then and there to attend the probate of said will before said court.

Witness E. A. Colburn, judge of said county court, and the seal thereof, at Colorado [SEAL] Springs, in said county, this 25th day of June, A. D. 1881.

wf 25 4. E. A. COLBURN, County Judge.

WILLS & HALE,

Successors to

HALLOWELL & WILLS

DEALERS IN

Real Estate of Every Description.

CITY LOTS A SPECIALTY.

Colorado Springs, w b 19 tf Colorado

Hurrah for the

GREAT JULY MARK DOWN

—OF—

DRY GOODS

—AT THE—

Pike's Peak Dry Goods Emporium

Standard Prints at 5c worth 8c.
Standard percales and foulards at 8c worth 12½ and 15c.
Standard plain cretones, all shades at 15c worth 20c.
Standard ginghams at 10c worth 12½.
Beautifully printed lawns at 10c worth 15c and 20c.
Beautiful printed Llama cloths at 8⅓c worth 12½c.

The above goods are first class in every respect and there is no humbug in the statement made.

One lot of fancy dress goods at 10c worth 20c and 25c.
One lot of fancy dress goods at 15c worth 25c and 30c.
One lot of lace buntings at 10c worth 25c.
One lot of ALL WOOL plain and colored buntings at 15c worth 30c.

Take special note of this last lot of good as it is hardly probable that you will ever see again so good an article for so low a price.

200 yards of beautiful real French white plaid organdies at 20c worth 40c. A choice article and lovely for hot weather. Look at them.
Three ready made suits at $1.50, were $7.50. This seems absurd but it is true.
One lot fancy dress buttons from 30, 40, and 50c down to 10c.
One lot of childrens ready made wastes at only 25c.
A large lot of fans marked down from 20c to 10c.
One lot figured silks, bright color, at 40c, were 75c.
One lot grey striped silks at 50c, were 90c.
One lot colored striped silks at 75c, were $1.

Any person wishing a summer silk should look at these goods; they are new and beautiful, and the last lot especially desirable.

FERRIS & JONES.

dwa 1 ly One door east of Tejon st. on Pike's Peak ave.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT PUEBLO, COL., June 22d, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof in support of their claims, and secure final entry thereof, and that said proof will be made before the judge and ex-officio clerk of El Paso county, at the county seat, on Saturday, July 23, 1881, viz:

Alonzo Welty, Homestead entry No. 1102, for the se¼ sw¼ sec. 8, and e ½ nw qr, ne qr sw qr sec. 17, tp 14 s, r 70 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: James Tomlinson, S. P. Faulkner, T. Marcott and B. F. Roberts, of Florissant, El Paso county, Col.

George Welty, Homestead entry, No. 1104, for the se qr sw qr sec. 17, n hf nw qr and sw qr nw qr sec. 20, tp 14 s, r 70 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz; James Tomlinson, S. P. Faulkner, B. F. Roberts and T. Marcott, of Florissant, El Paso county Col.

Francis S. Hutchins, Homestead entry, No. 639, for the sw qr sw qr sec. 15, nw qr nw qr sec 22, and n hf ne qr sec. 21, tp 13 s, r 66 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: A. P. Hall, A. Brinker, S. W. Cropper and H. C. Piggott, of Husted, El Paso county, Col.

Theophilus Lawson, one of the heirs of John Lawson, deceased, who made Homestead entry No. 834, for the s hf se qr ne qr se qr and se qr sw qr sec. 29, tp 14 s, r 64 w. and names the following witnesses to prove continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: Joshua Sumner, J. W. Gilluly, Sam'l Willard and F. L. Martin, of Colorado Springs; El Paso county, Colorado

William B. Ross, Declaratory statement, No. 5550, for the nw ¼ of ne ¼ and n½ of nw¼ sec. 1, tp 15, s of r 67 w, and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tracts, viz: Oscar Rose, Fred. Buck, I. Buck and Alfred Brown, all of Colorado Springs, El Paso county Col.

wf-25-5. MARK L. BLUNT, Register.

Commutation of Homestead.

LAND OFFICE AT LEADVILLE, COL. June 13th, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler, Albert Anthony, has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: July 23, 1881, before the judge and ex-officio clerk of El Paso county court, at Colorado Springs. His claim is made by Homestead application No. 187, and is for the se qr of the ne qr of the n hf of the se qr of the sw qr of the se qr of section 24, tp 13 s, range 71 w, and he names the following as his witnesses, viz: A. Fromm, H. H. Bean, John Barker and H. S. Root, all of El Paso county, Colorado.

wf 25 5. JOHN J. HENRY, Register.

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the matter of the estate of John Langmeyer deceased, notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the 25th day of July, A. D., 1881, being one of the regular days of the July term of the county court of El Paso county, in the state of Colorado, I, Beatrice Frederica Langmeyer, Administratrix of said estate, will appear before the judge of said court, present my final settlement as such Administratrix, pray the approval of the same, and will then apply to be discharged as such Administratrix, at which time and place any person in interest may appear and present objections to the same, if any there be.

Dated at Colorado Springs, Colorado, June 25th, 1881. F. B. LANGMEYER, Administratrix of the estate of John Langmeyer, deceased. wf 25 4

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